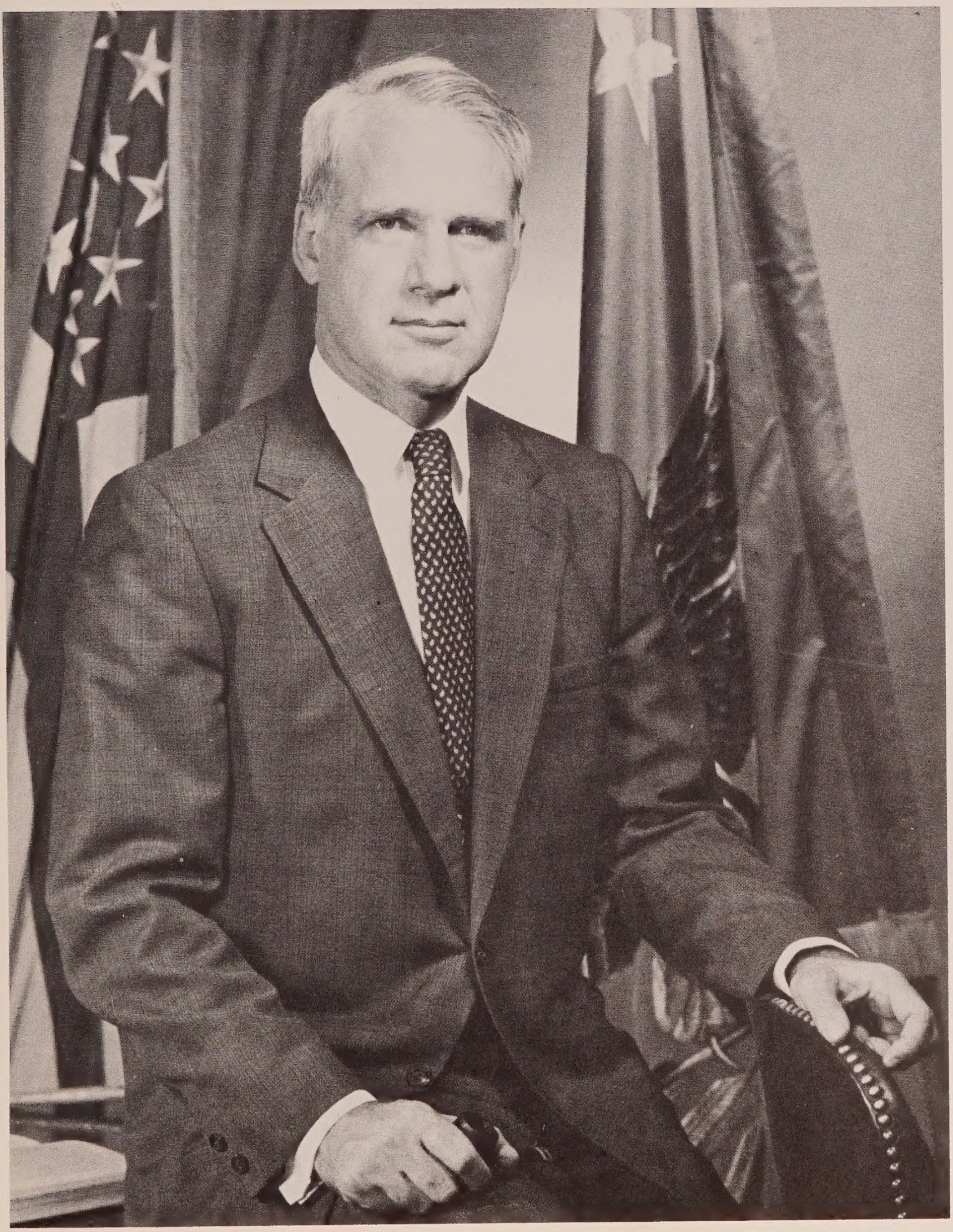
lucky bag

nineteen hundred and seventy-four

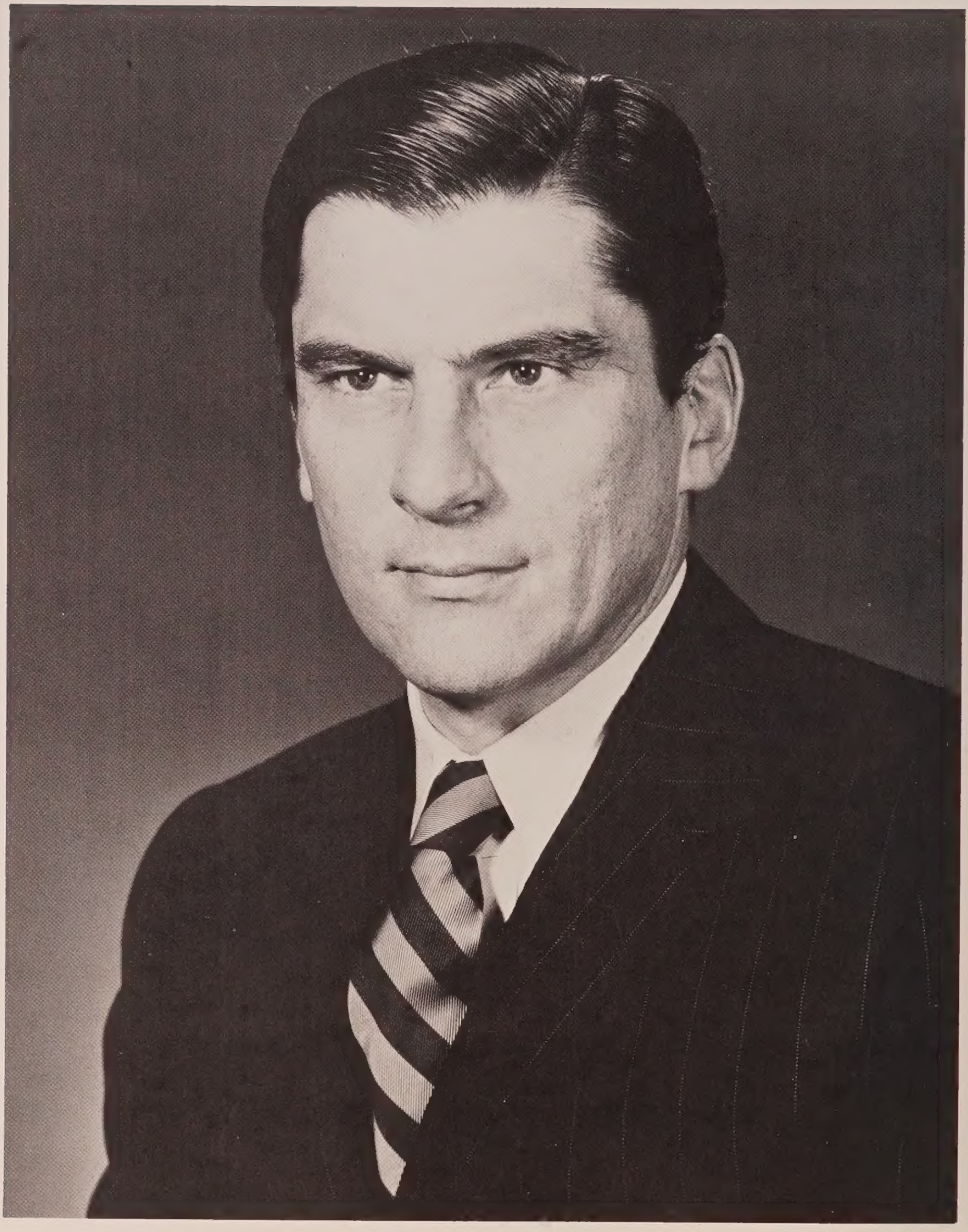
Archives, U.S. Naval Academy

1974 LUCKY BAG
VOLUME II

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
Richard M. Nixon, President of the United States



SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
James R. Schleisinger



SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
John W. Warner

CHAIRMAN, JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF
Thomas H. Moorer, Admiral, United States Navy

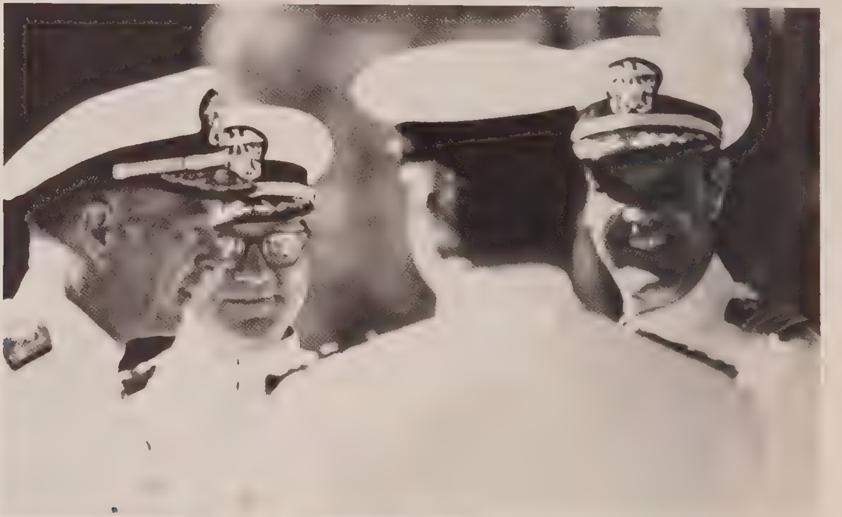
CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS
Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr., Admiral, United States Navy

COMMANDANT OF THE MARINE CORPS
Robert E. Cushman, Jr., General, United States Marine Corps

SUPERINTENDENT, UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
William P. Mack, Vice Admiral, United States Navy

COMMANDANT OF MIDSHIPMEN
Donald K. Forbes, Captain, United States Navy

VICE ADMIRAL WILLIAM PADEN MACK
Weelie (pronounced a-la-Sweetbriar) has successfully lived down his status as a Navy junior. With his quiet, unobtrusive manner he possesses the indefinable affinity for success as shown by the stars on his collar and his performance on practically every athletic field. Yet, despite this success, he finds time to give full vent to his favorite hobby, sleeping. Bill's main gripes are his bilging of profs on exams and the restrictions on dragging at this Alma Mater. We can wish him no better luck than that he continues as he has begun, taking all hurdles with his easy stride.



CAPTAIN DONALD KERRY FORBES
No, he is not a Navy Junior, but DK was destined for the Navy from infancy when his folks decided that he had sea legs. It was not just luck that brought him to our midst after two and one half years in the fleet. Don qualifies in every respect for the life he chose, possessing exceptionally well-balanced abilities in both academics and athletics, particularly basketball and baseball. Never having a lonely moment, tall lean DK always managed to find the right company, especially on a dragging weekend when his gigantic ear-wide grin was only a meager indication of the good times he was having.

ASSISTANT DEAN FOR ACADEMIC AFFAIRS
DR. JOHN F. KELLEY

ACADEMIC DEAN
DR. BRUCE M. DAVIDSON

OFFICE OF THE

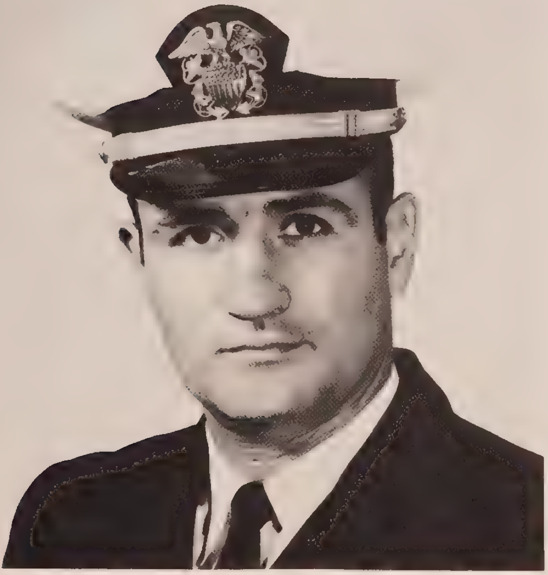
OPERATIONS OFFICER
THOMAS P. TAYLOR
COMMANDER, USN

TRAINING OFFICER
ROBERT M. McEWEN
COMMANDER, USN

MIDSHIPMEN PERSONNEL OFFICER
BRIAN M. DENEEN
LIEUTENANT (JG), USN

MIDSHIPMEN ACTIVITIES OFFICER
MICHAEL P. CURRIE
LIEUTENANT, USN

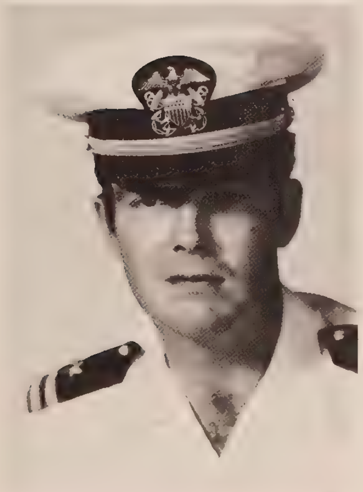
COMMANDANT



ADMINISTRATION OFFICER
HENRY L. PHILLIPS, JR.
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER, USN

MOVEMENT OFFICER
WILLIAM G. BARTZ, JR.
LIEUTENANT, USN

PERFORMANCE OFFICER
THEODORE C. LOCKHART
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER, USN



FIRST LIEUTENANT, BANCROFT HALL
ROBERT G. NOLAN
LIEUTENANT, USN

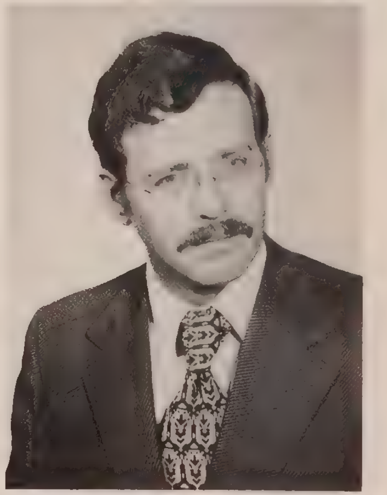
MIDSHIPMAN FINANCIAL ADVISOR
J. A. Dickey
Commander, S. C. United States Navy

SENIOR CHAPLIN
Captain O'Connor

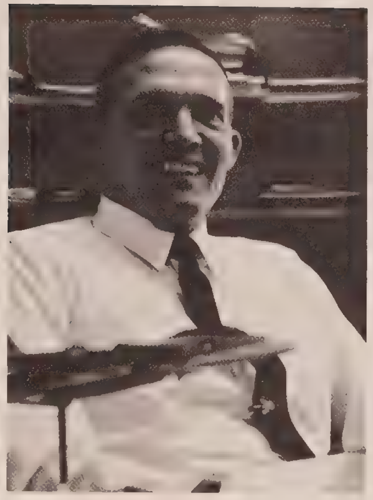
DEPUTY COMMANDANT
William G. Fisher
Captain, United States Navy

BAND LEADER
Lietenant Phillips

SOCIAL DIRECTOR
Mrs. J.G. Marshall



DIRECTOR OF MUSIC
Mr. John Talley



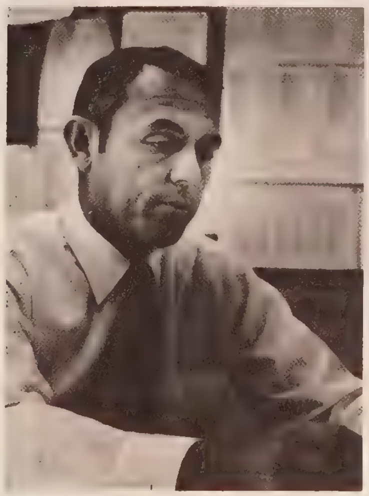
SECOND BATTALION OFFICER
Jackie D. Hamilton
Commander, United States Navy

FIRST BATTALION OFFICER
Carl J. Albrecht
Commander, United States Navy

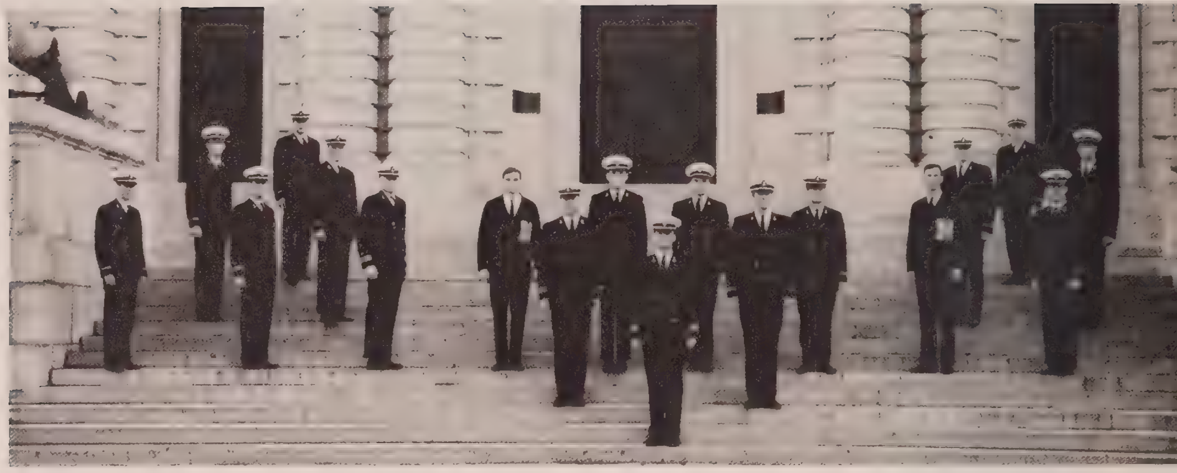
THIRD BATTALION OFFICER
Bruce F. Ogden
Lieutenant Colonel, United States Marine Corps

FOURTH BATTALION OFFICER
William W. Hargrave, Jr.
Commander, United States Navy

FIFTH BATTALION OFFICER
Roy R. Wright
Captain, United States Navy

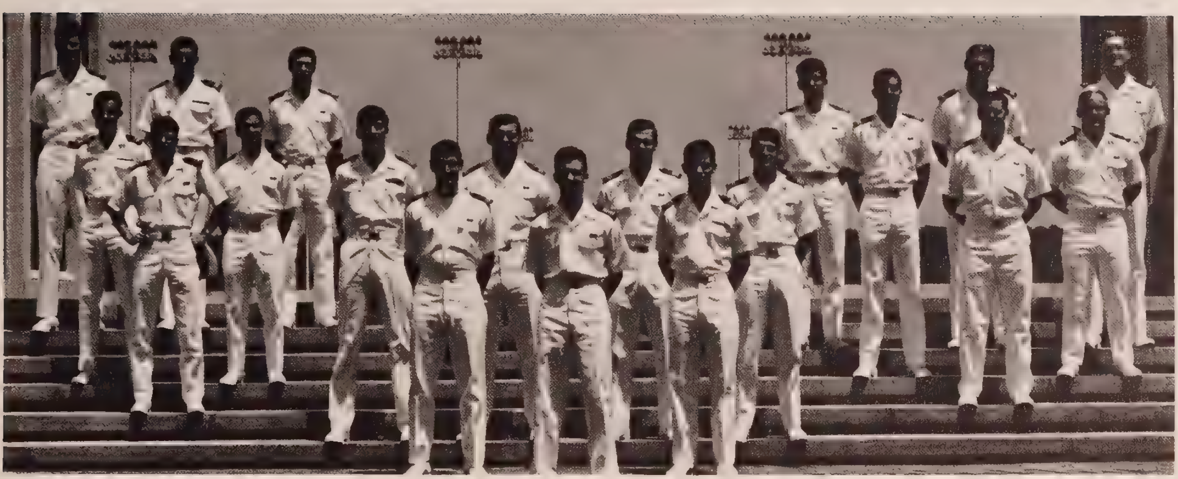


SIXTH BATTALION OFFICER
John W. Renard
Commander, United States Navy



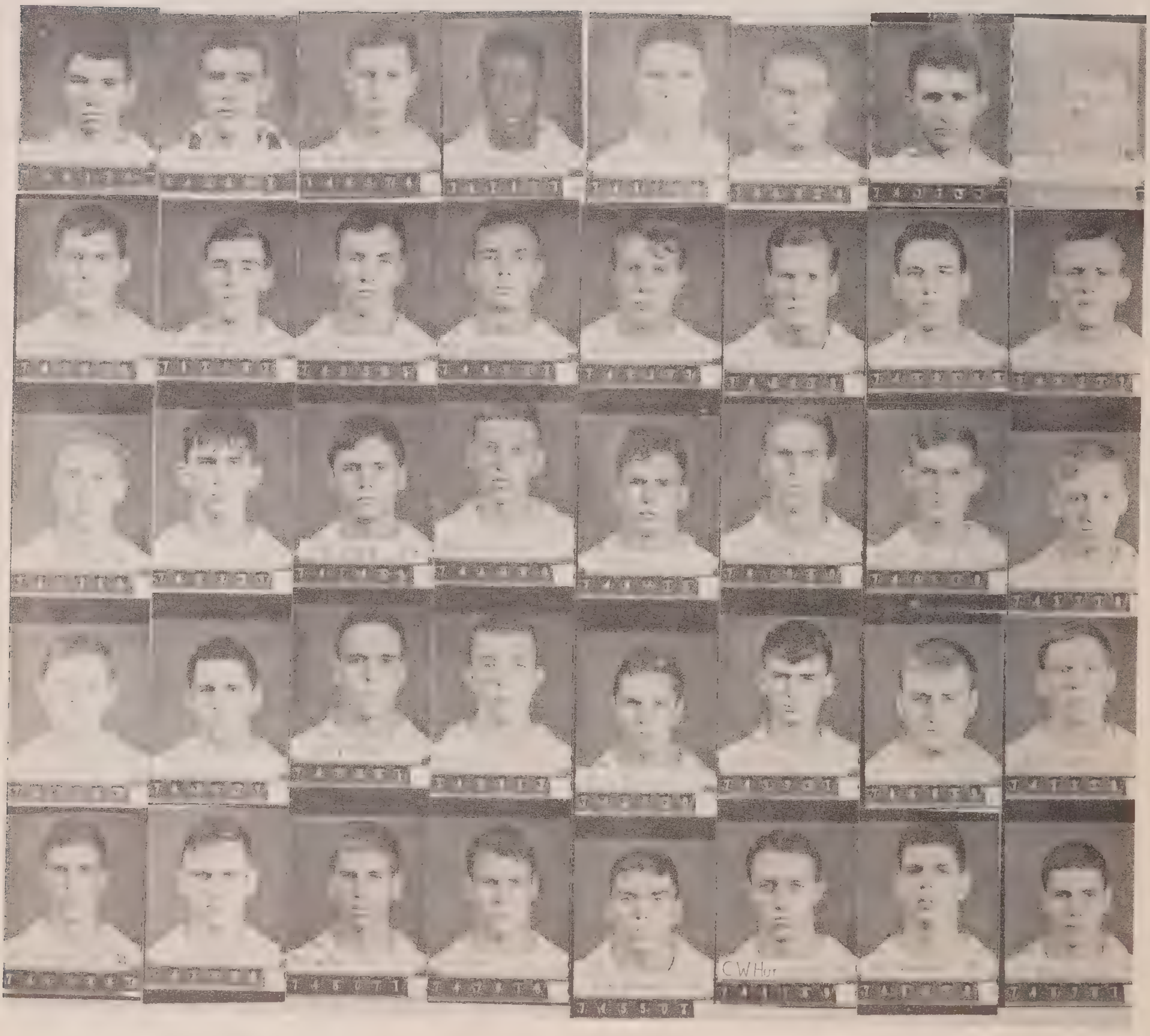
FALL SET—FIRST REGIMENTAL STAFF: R.L. CULVER, F.J. BALL, R.M. CASPER, W.J. LAHNEMAN, J.T. FRY, J.L. JOHNSON
BRIGADE STAFF: R.W. SAVAGE, J.L. RUCKS, M.B. WACHENDORF, H.J. NETZER, H.R. POWE, M.J. BOSSE, M.A. BLAHNIK
SECOND REGIMENTAL STAFF: C.D. WESTFALL, R.C. BRUCE, D.A. VIDAL, S.J. BREWER, T.R. HORRIGAN

WINTER SET—FIRST REGIMENTAL STAFF: P.J. SULLIVAN, D.J. KASKIE, S.P. KANE, J.E. ODEGAARD, J.S. STEVENS, B.D. LOWMAN
BRIGADE STAFF: D.A. DRISCOLL, J.D. LUND, T.S. EVANS, H. CRULL, R.B. JONES, L.O. ANDERSON, G.J. SCOTT
SECOND REGIMENTAL STAFF: H.R. HRIBAR, W.A. WALSH, D.P. CLITES, K.P. WOOLLEY, D.A. GOULETTE, M.J. CHAPLAIN



SPRING SET–FIRST REGIMENTAL STAFF: J.A. SESTAK, R.D. REEHM, G.H. ADKISSON, S.J. BURICH, W.J. CLARK, T.M. LUKETICH
BRIGADE STAFF: J.R. FITZSIMMONDS, C.T. BRANNON, L.J. PIERZCHALSKI, K.M. McBRAYER, J.W. DEGOEY, L.J. MAY, J.E. CARLSON
SECOND REGIMENTAL STAFF: R.D. WHITMIRE, R.A. PENNELL, J.C. MEYER, J.E. CHRISTIAN, T.J. WEAVER, W.M. HIGH

First Company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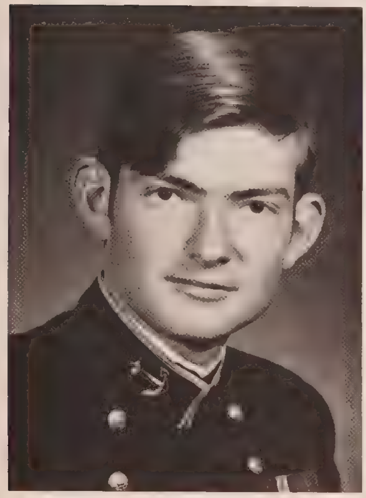
7 4 5 5 0 7
C W Hur

LIEUTENANT
RICHARD ALAN BUCHANAN

LIEUTENANT
RICHARD ALAN BUCHANAN

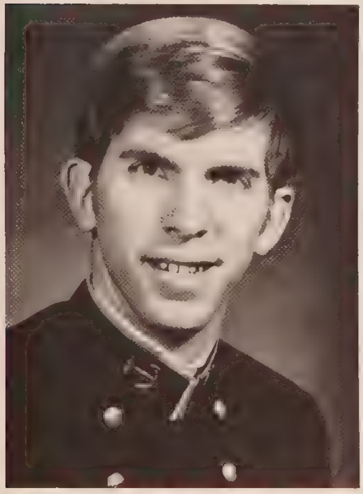
Rick's approach to academy life was one of confidence and the determination to leave each job well done. Rick came from Paoli, Pennsylvania and entered the academy after graduating from high school, and as a plebe contributed much to the plebe football and baseball teams. Rick's hearty appetite, any baseball topic, or general good-natured fun could be the topic of a discussion that centered around him. While a youngster Rick lettered as a varsity pitcher for the Navy baseball team. Rick was also a very enthusiastic member of several fine intramural teams and quarterbacked his company football team to many victories on the gridiron. Rick's athletic prowess, however, was not his only attribute as shown by his fine achievements in the academic department culminating in a double minor in Electrical Engineering and Mechanical Engineering. Rick had many fine experiences at Navy and one was his exchange cruise with the British Navy for first class cruise. We wish Rick the best of luck in the years to come and know that we will hear many fine reports of him in the future.



STUART ARTHUR ASHTON, JR.

STUART ARTHUR ASHTON, JR.

Stu originally hails fron King George, Virginia but came to these Severn shores via the University of Virginia, where his habits of wine, women and song amply prepared him for the rigors of a naval career. During his plebe year, Stu somehow survived his chow calls and carrier landings in good enough shape to want more of this natural life. As far as his academic endeavors go, it can only be said that Stu built a lot of character while he was here. He will always be remembered for his continual quest of a good time. At the top of his many fine memories must lie that fateful night when he first met Janet. May she always carry herself so well. Wherever his future takes him, it is evident that Stuart will be successful. We wish him the best of luck in his immediate goal of joining the ranks of those "Nav Av" types.



GARY GENE BEHNEY

GARY GENE BEHNEY

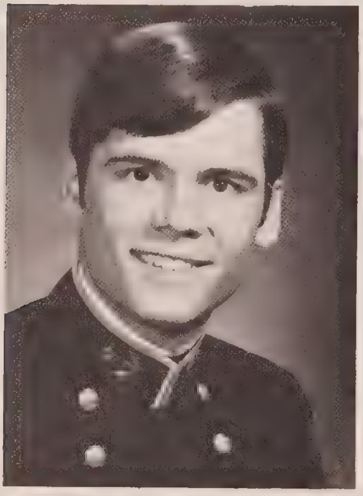
BANES came from Lebanon, Pennsylvania to the city on the Severn in pursuit of higher education, girls, and a chance to play baseball. During Plebe Summer, he was known for his crewcut and his not so witty jokes. Gary struggled through Plebe Year as academics and "Hover the Lover" did not get along too well with him. He finally made it to Europe on Youngster Cruise, and he thoroughly enjoyed the sights and people of Madrid, Copenhagen and London. He wasn't the life of too many parties, but his roommate was glad to have him along to bring him back from them. During the year he was part owner of the third class wardroom, and he became acquainted with the company staff by means of his stereo. Gary received his N* during June Week, as he was cheered on doing a fine job behind the plate. Gary also got to Norfolk, where T.C., Bill and he will remember Patty and Pammy. Banes, what is Lebanon famous for? Babe Ruth, huh? Bologna? Still working hard for higher grades and someone to tag along with, he hopes to divert his enthusiasm toward the Surface Navy after graduation.

VAN LESLIE BENEDICT

VAN LESLIE BENEDICT

Not many companies have the privilege of having their own Buffalo. Ours came in the form of Van Benedict. Leaving the maze of gravel streets that made up the metropolis of Mountain View, Wyoming, "Buff" came to U.S.N.A. with dreams of a career in the Navy. While fighting a losing battle with the rack, Van always managed to come out ahead when academics were involved. Buffalo's chief asset was his ability to grope into the hidden depths and always extract the needed information. Buff is equally famous for the good times he had at parties (but seldom remembered) and his experiences with girls too numerous to mention. Van was never one to turn down a party, and if given the opportunity, would always rather drink some sloe gin than look at it. Van's lively spirit, good humor, and desire to excel promises a rewarding career whether it is spent in the Navy or in a civilian role.

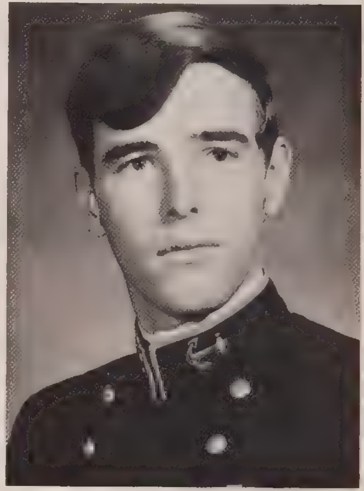
LESLIE FRANK DUER



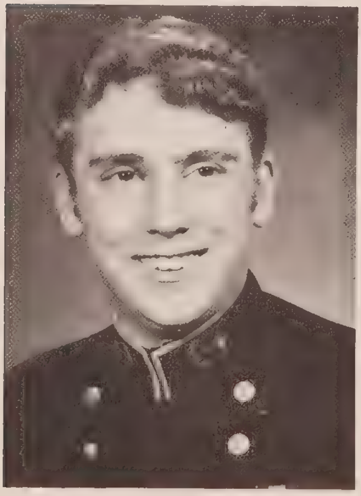
THOMAS KEITH COLE

THOMAS KEITH COLE

"Quill" came to Annapolis from the land of hoops and hardwood courts. A super guard from the hot little basketball team of Mansfield, Pa., Tom set out with high goals to achieve the max scores on the NAVY team. We were soon to find out, however, that his high games did not occur in athletics or academics. Yes, the hoops and hardwood had turned into Pennsylvania pretties and Holiday Inns. Keeping with the spirit of athletic competition, Tom dealt crushing blows to the opposition, which unfortunately turned out to be his buddies. Noted especially for his offensive "Astroturf" play, Tom never let us in the game. In his activities around the home base, Tom worked diligently at the mathematics curriculum hoping to win a billet with Admiral Rickover's boys. With his quick wit and determined manner, Tom should make it in any endeavor, whether at work or at play.



STEVEN MARK ENDACOTT



LESLIE ALAN DOTSON

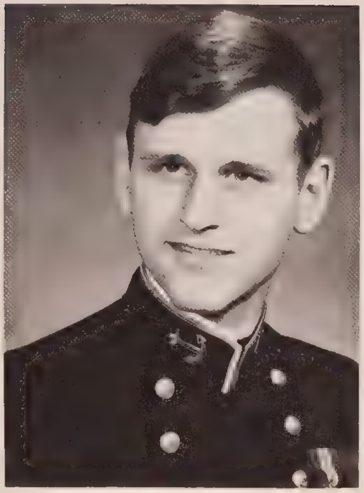
LESLIE ALAN DOTSON

Les "Spots" Dotson, is one of those die-hard Missourians who still insists that Missouri is spelled with an "A" instead of an "I". Hailing from that German town of Concordia, Spots had an edge on the rest of us when it came to appreciating the qualities of varying types of lager. Being in D & B helped Spots to occasionally escape the grips of Mother B during his first two years, and allowed him to enjoy the finer things in life, namely wine, women, and song. Les always had a friendly smile and a cheery "Hi" for anyone he passed in the hall. And, as with all midshipmen, Les was always faced with the choice of books or bedspread. His comeback from near disaster at the end of 1st semester youngster year impressed many and showed the numerous fine qualities that Spots possesses. Wherever the future finds Les, he is sure to be appreciated.

RICHARD JAY GREY

LESLIE FRANK DUER

Les, our resident "hick", hails from Coldwater, Kansas. He struggled along with grades, grease, and girls and never seemed to get on top of any of them. An ex-Coldwater quarterback, Les soon proved his worth in intramural football. He even got to play in a couple of games! He was never one to sweat the little things, for he was always counseling those with high grades not to worry about them. After graduation, Les's parents will be proud to say, "My son is a United States' Marine!"



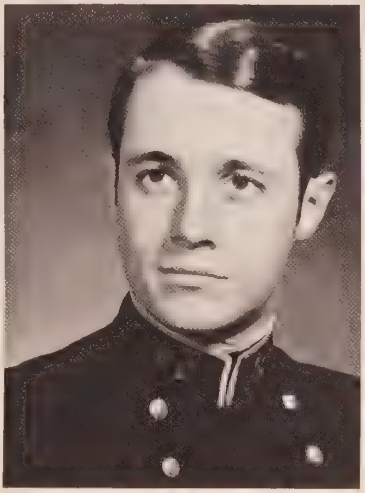
STEPHEN KENT HENDRICKS

STEPHEN KENT HENDRICKS

From off the Indy-500 fast track, "Steve" came roaring from Emmerich Manual High School and into our hearts. His boyish charm and goldfish imitations endeared him to us all. His quiet, reserved personality masked the firey heart of the fireyest latin lover, and it wasn't long before the cry of "call Jan ASAP" was a company watchword. With a major in International Relations and a growing interest in Italian, Stevie promises to soon become the fleet's Marcello Mastroianni. Stevie wisely presented a very low profile plebe year by hiding in his con locker. Unfortunately, he left it open and things soon flew after that. His dry, ready wit coupled with his outstanding professionalism will make him a welcome addition to any wardroom.

STEVEN MARK ENDACOTT

The "ace of the aerospace" department streamlined his way into Navy on the seat of a crew shell direct from Jeb Stuart High School and his second SBRA National Lt. Wt. Championship. A Navy junior from Falls Church, Virginia, Steve left a cheering Navy family and a string of broken hearts on his way to the "uncollege." Dashing and daring, Steve tactfully managed to date two or more fair maidens at a time. Turning dinghy after winning his Plebe Crew letter, our man was decidedly attracted to sailing and managed to earn varsity letters in his last three years. The nickname "Dynamite" changed to "Captain" First Class year as we found Steve in charge of the blow-boat team. Tearing himself away from Santee Basin, he found time for study and the BAC on his government job. Though leaves found him thumbing about the world, we know that after graduation Steve will travel via Navy Airways in the style befitting this fine naval officer.



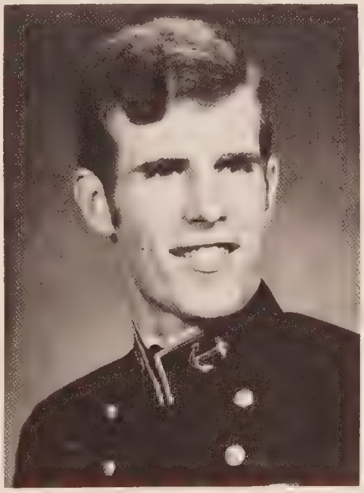
CHARLES WILLIAM HUTCHERSON, JR.

CHARLES WILLIAM HUTCHERSON, JR.

Chuck was one of the lucky few who managed to make his escape from the beer, broads, and easy living of the University of Colorado NROTC to the safety of Bancroft's hallowed halls. Chuck soon discovered Navy crew, and on many an early morning or free weekend one could see Chuck on the Severn "putting out" for Navy. Chuck was our resident nostalgia rep. He could settle any small point of rock & roll trivia from "Blue Suede Shoes" to The Beach Boys. An eager advocate of "the Corps has more", Chuck's professional dedication and degree in General Eng. will make him one of the best of "the few good men".

RICHARD JAY GREY

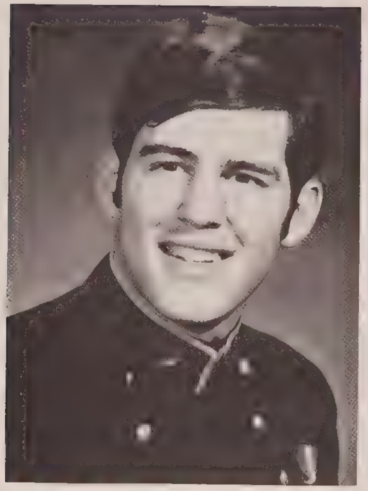
Richie, before he joined the Navy, called home the land-locked city of Clearfield, Utah. Up to that time the biggest body of water Richie had seen was Great Salt Lake. After enlisting and graduating from that famed institution, the Great Lakes Training Center, "The Grey Ghost" was selected for grooming to Canoe U. At the Naval Academy Prep School, life was always a barrel of laughs. During his stay at the "Annapolis Hilton", "Goat" majored in math and Mormon church parties. Determined not to lose his pin, Rich has filled his stalls with many a young Maryland filly. After graduation, Richie plans to enjoy the beautiful white sands of Pensacola.



JEFFREY NED KRAMER

JEFFREY NED KRAMER

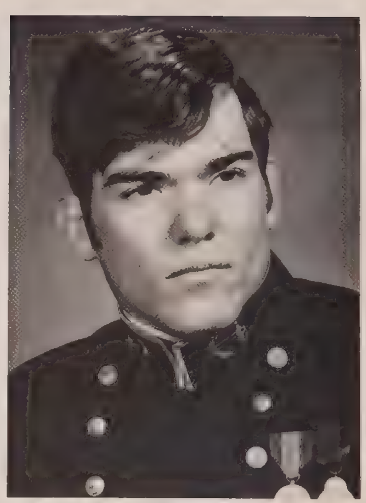
Jeff or Jim as he is often called by his classmates, left a rather notorious and carefree life in Shaker Heights, Ohio for the soft and sunny life of a midshipman in the promised land, Annapolis, Md. Starting with a "rough" plebe year of training tables and "carry-on", Jeff began his career as a mid struggling with academics, sweating watches, and pursuing a "major" in cross country and track. Almost always the first man in the company to bed at night, he was the earliest to rise for his morning workouts, waking roommates as he stumbled around the room suiting up. Always up for tricks, Jeff is determined to be an effective Marine Corps officer and ought to liven up any wardroom he enters.



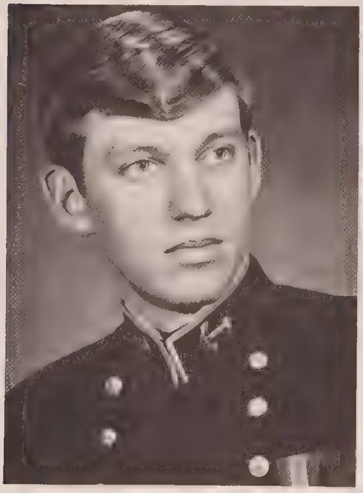
SAM HENRY KUPRESIN

SAM HENRY KUPRESIN

Known to his friends as "Kup" or "Serb", Sam came to the Naval Academy from East Moline, Ill. Never one to let things get him down, Kup validated plebe year (excused squad?). Sam thrives on competition which has led to his being a fiery competitor on the athletic fields. He majors in operations analysis and hopes to attend post-graduate school later in life. An especially interesting sidelight on Sam is his uncanny success with the ladies back home during his years at the Academy. He has captured many a girl's heart with his Serbian charm and good looks. In Sam, the Navy will gain a truly outstanding person as he fulfills his lifetime dream of being a flyboy.



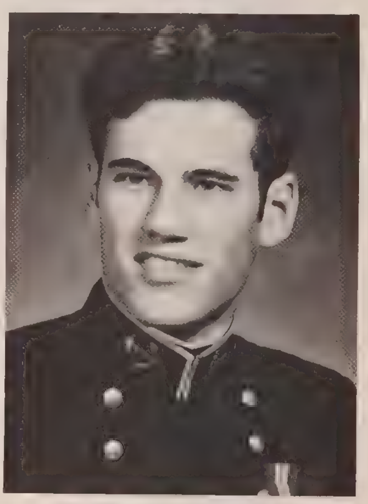
DONALD ROBERT MASON



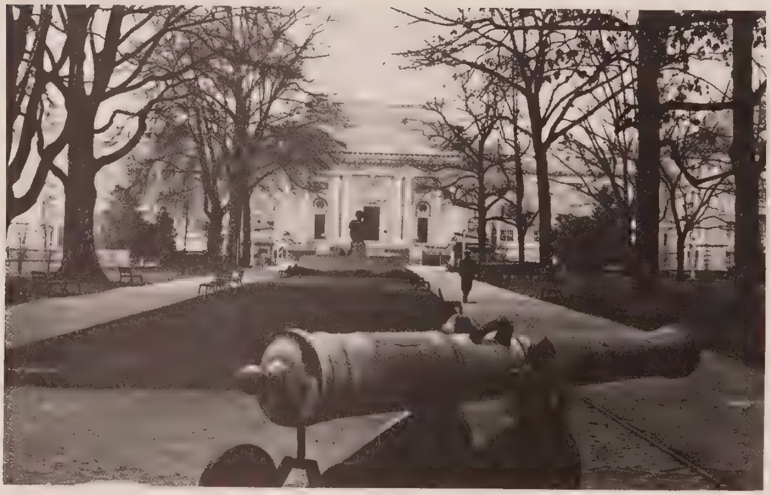
MARK MERLIN LANGERMAN

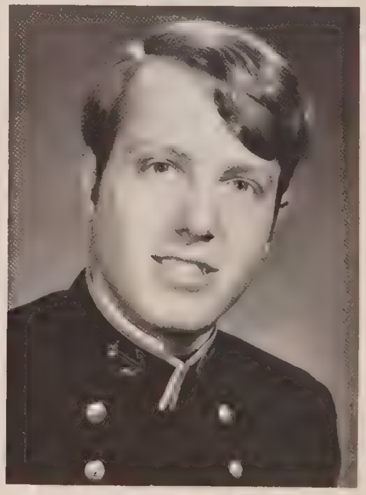
MARK MERLIN LANGERMAN

June of '70 saw Mark setting out from "God's Country," Northern Iowa to pioneer his way to Navy College. Mark, a tall, well-mannered, fair haired boy was so articulate that you needed a dictionary just to shoot the bull with him. Masqueraders, Antiphonal Choir, and D&B came naturally to this mild mannered and talented midshipman. But suddenly, you find him in the ocean depths with the Scuba Club, high in the mountains with the Ski Club, down at the pistol range with the Varsity team, or brazenly thumbing his way about the world on leave. He even had time for an occasional "2/c Night Out" to D.C. A gourmet of Broadway Plays, wines, and music, Mark had a charm that caught the eye of many a member of the fairer sex. Mark had done so much, in so many areas, in such little time, that winging his way through Pensacola will be a breeze.



TIMOTHY ALBERT MEYERS





PAUL MICHAEL MYERS

DONALD ROBERT MASON

Don came to Crabtown on the Bay from the metropolis of Moses Lake, Washington. After arriving at what later became a home away from home, Don had to kick off his spurs and jeans for Navy blues. Although western culture hadn't made it big in Annapolis, Don introduced Tammy and Charley to many of his classmates. Being a real down-to-earth person, Don chose wrestling as his forte. He excelled in his sport both on and off the mats, introducing the Sidney hold to many of his friends. Don will be remembered for his quick wit and great sense of humor, along with being one of the Dynamic Duo of the fourth wing barber shop. Whether at sea or in the air, Don will make his place among the best.

TIMOTHY ALBERT MEYERS

Tim arrived here at the Academy after slashing his way through high school in York, Penna. From his first day here you could tell that he was determined to excel. Despite majoring in Ocean Engineering, he still managed to get excellent grades throughout his four years. "Thin Man" (as he was nicknamed because he used to hide from the upperclass as a plebe by turning sideways) was definitely no bookworm, though. On weekends he could always be seen dragging some young (and I do mean young) lady around the Academy. After graduation, he'll be heading to the skies for a career in Navy Air.

WILLIAM CANNON MOYE

WILLIAM CANNON MOYE

"Swamp-frog" came hopping out of the marshes of Mt. Vernon High School and into our jolly company. A much traveled "Navy Brat". Bill finally found his true homeland in sunny Jacksonville. Bill's fine ability to organize and warped sense of humor soon led him to the position of #1's "shower party rep". He was so good at his job that sometimes he was soggy for weeks. Bill's natural affinity for water carried over into his participation on the dinghy sailing team, where he excelled as ballast. A true abassador in uniform, Bill never missed the many opportunities that cruise offered to make new friends and sample local beverages and delicacies. Whether he decides to strap that big bird on his back or ride the storm-tossed seas, Bill's outstanding professional ability, outgoing personality, and talent to "smack" will guarantee him success.

PAUL MICHAEL MYERS

Paul, known to some (and especially one) as "G.B.", came to these hallowed halls from Bellevue, Washington. He soon found that the best parts of Academy life are the vacations. When at home, he is always to be found with a very special redhead, whether he is on the tennis courts, on the ski slopes, or just partying it up. G.B. decided to take the rough path with Aerospace Engineering as his major, but he always found time to make sure he graduated not only morally and mentally fit, but socially fit as well. Nuclear power school is where he will head after graduation, so it looks like he will be spending at least some of his future beneath the waves.

CHARLES ROBINSON

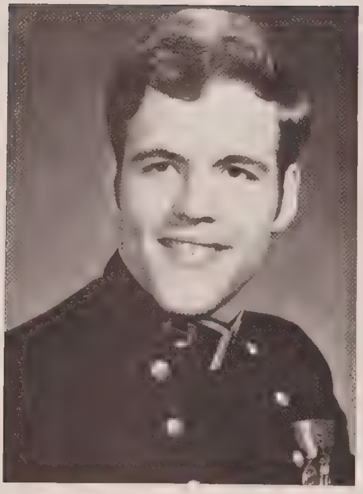
CHARLES ROBINSON

Hailing from East St. Louis, Illinois, Rob left the ghettos and riverboats of the Mississippi River to join the Navy. After boot camp, he went to Naps and excelled in football and basketball. Having gained this experience, he was ready for the "big time" of USNA. He soon became the biggest sensation to hit Annapolis, since the "Hoppy Adam's Show". He was seldom found in the company area, but he could easily be recognized by his webbed feet. Besided being a permanent member of the "swimming rock club", he excelled in football and basketball and dabbled at track. His high point was youngster year when he cooly sunk two freethrows with seconds remaining to secure a one point victory over Army. When Charlie wasn't working hard trying to get the "gouge", he could always be found in the rack. Although a silent member of the company, he will be remembered for being the only man at Navy who never owned a slide rule. After graduation, when he is not found on "the block", he'll be found on his LST in Little Creek.

GARY STEPHEN SANTI

A proud son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Santi, Gary came to the Naval Academy from the small town of Walsenburg, Colorado. His major is economics, and he intends to pursue Navy Air as his career in the service.

GARY STEPHEN SANTI

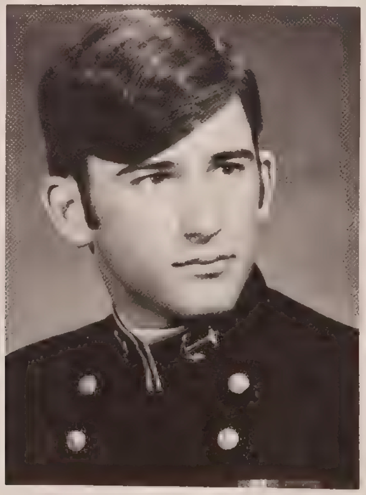


JOHN WINTHROP SERGEANT

JOHN WINTHROP SERGEANT

Sarge, born in Beirut, Lebanon, arrived at our beloved Canoe U. from Johnstown, New York in the summer of '70, along with the rest of the Class of '74. During his years at the Academy, John participated actively in such extra-curricular activities as scuba club, ski club, photo club, and French club. Also, he enjoyed his many hours of athletic competition, particularly swimming, water polo, and drinking at Pee Wee's. In his study of management at our hallowed institute, he has successfully remained to the dreaded AC Board. After graduation, Sarge plans to become another ace pilot for the U.S. Marine Corps.

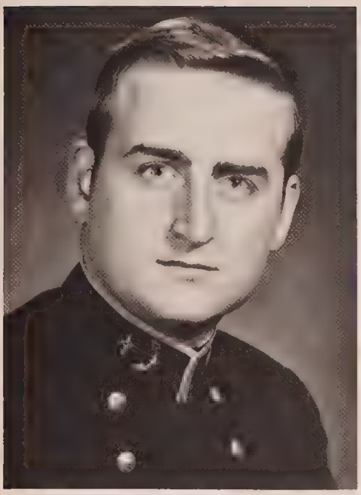
JEB ERIC BUTLER STEWART



THOMAS PETER STAUDT

THOMAS PETER STAUDT

Tom came to the hallowed halls of Bancroft from Kings Park, Long Island. Although he was surprised to find any civilization south of New York, he recovered enough to excell in Plebe Soccer and LaCrosse. After living through plebe year under the watchful eye of his favorite second classman, Tom quickly adjusted to upperclass life as fourth wing barber. As a Political Science major, he learned to defend his ideas in debates with his classmates, but he never learned to pick the right profs. His concern for others was shown in his involvement in Big Brothers and the POW/MIA campaign. There is a Phantom in the fleet waiting for Tom at the controls. Whether it is Marine Green or Navy blue, Tom will be an outstanding pilot.



WILLIAM DYER TALBOTT, JR.

WILLIAM DYER TALBOTT, JR.

Bosun's Mate Striker "Regs" Talbott reported aboard at USNA fresh from a year at NAPS and eager to see how an old salt like himself was going to fare at our dear institution of higher learning. Despite attempts made by the physics, wires, and math departments to thwart him in getting his well-earned sheepskin, our resident authority on professional topics flourished in the English department and did very well in non-academic areas. "Kermit" is known for his tolerant understanding of others, especially our liberal friends (Nuke 'em till they glow!), a quality possibly picked up at his podunk, Catonsville, Md., just outside "Balt'mer". Slow to anger, Bill is a man of peace—never known to resort to violence or to lose his temper. Far from being a typical lit. major, Bill often shocked his contemporaries with his down to earth philosophy. Politically to the right of Attila the Hun, Bill will make a fine officer of Marines.

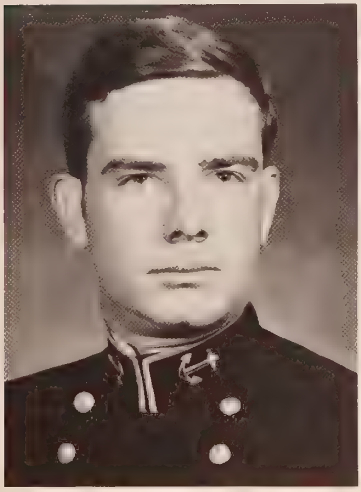
JEB ERIC BUTLER STEWART

Lacrosse stick in hand, Jeb came to the Academy from Timonium, Maryland, determined to work hard during his four year stay. He was soon straightened out, though, and his easy-going outlook enabled him to fit right in with "Hardcore (?)". Wild Mouse (as he was nicknamed because of his letters from Minny), spent most of his time either playing lacrosse as our mighty goalie, or diligently (?) studying, as he was one of our famous "Ana Mana Men". His friendly disposition made him well liked by all at the Academy, and will certainly help him as he pursues his career in the Marine Corps. There he should do well because of his dedication to the service. You've got to admit that the title "General Jeb Stewart" has a certain ring to it!

CECIL ANTHONY TROSCLAIR, JR.

CECIL ANTHONY TROSCLAIR, JR.

Cecil came to Canoe U. from the bayous of South Louisiana, where he attended E. D. White Catholic High School in Thibodaux. Later, during his stay in Annapolis, his family migrated up the bayou to Lafayette. The Cajun crooner charmed us all plebe summer with his amazing ability to sing off-key. When the p-rade season began, Cece soon found his true niche in the Academy . . . the left rear corner of the company. Youngster cruise found the Norfer in the "land down under" where he learned how far he could go with a twenty dollar bill. After receiving the inevitable "Dear John" letter from home and after an all too short-lived ego trip with a local maiden, Cece decided near the end of Youngster year to go into celibacy for the remainder of his stay at Happy Hollow. However, Army-Navy season brought out the best of his Cajun charm, and Trog soon found his life teeming with girls once more. Graduation will place Cece on the bridge of a brand new DE, the USS MOINESTER.

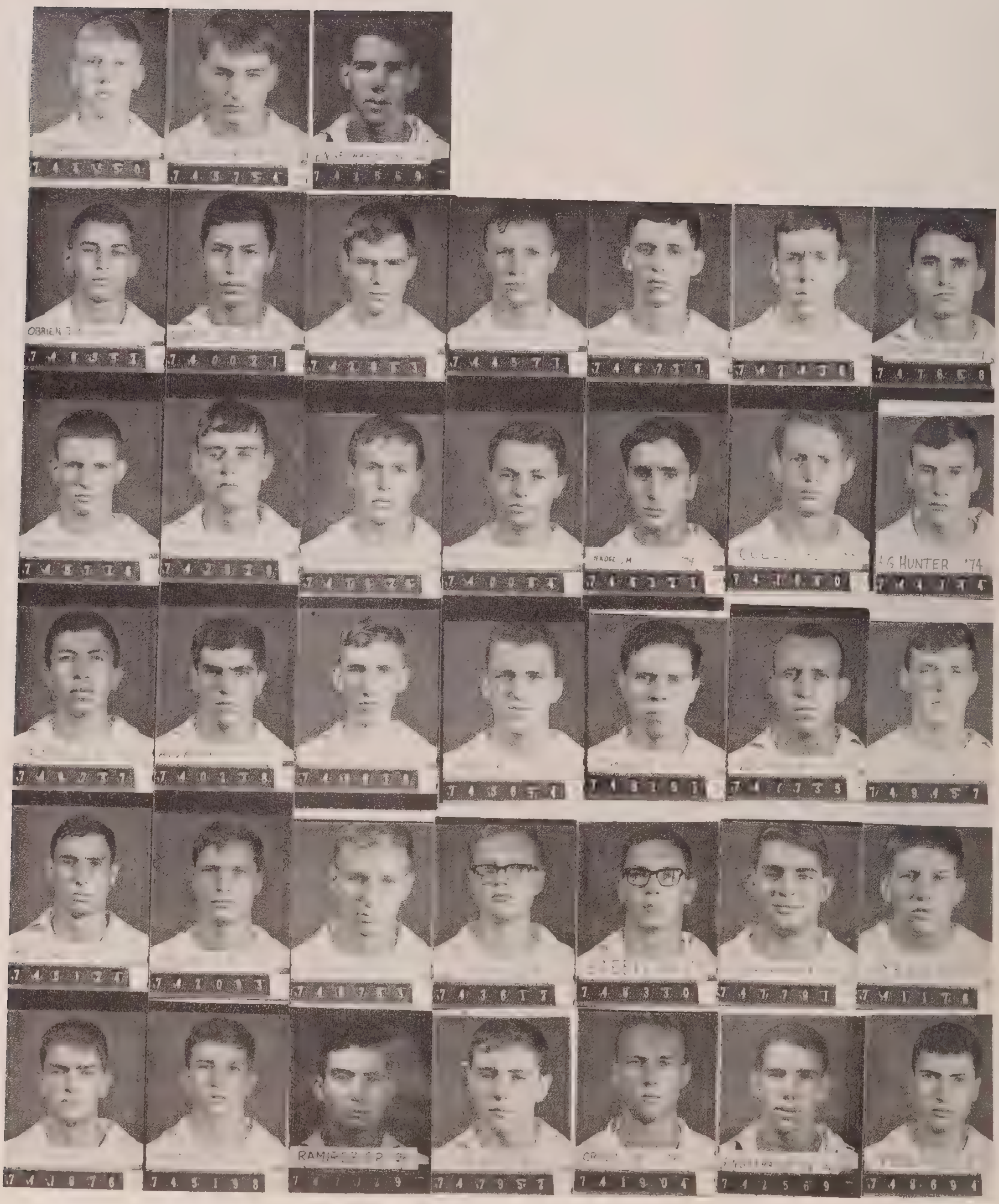


MILES BENTON WACHENDORF

MILES BENTON WACHENDORF

Ben came from out of the sleepy riverside village of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Fun 1 has never been the same since. Our resident culture nut, bon-vivant, and reconteur, Miles had sampled the worldly fruits of travel in his wanderings as an "Army Bratt" and it clearly showed in his quiet sophistication and command presence. Never one to "slash out", Ben has taken a double major in math and Soviet area studies in his stride. With his well deserved stripes, his superb professionalism and his ECA's in NAFAC and sailing, Bill is truly first company's "Renaissance Man" and whatever part of the naval service he chooses, that part will be much the better for his choice.

Second Company


OBRIEN
HUNTER '74
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LIEUTENANT THOMAS NUNNO

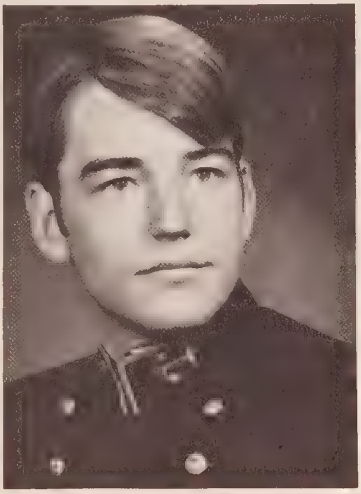
LIEUTENANT THOMAS NUNNO

Thomas Nunno attended Los Angeles Valley College on a swimming and football scholarship. He was a member of the Les Sevants Scholarship Society. Won two letters for football and received the "Coaches Award", first year and the "Most Inspirational" Award the second year. Completed L.A.V.C. with an Associate of Arts Degree. (1960-62) In 1962 attended San Fernando Valley State, Northridge, California on a football scholarship. His major was History and geography was his minor. Between his junior and senior year, he was married in June, 1963. At that time he worked instructing swimming and scuba diving. In 1966 entered the U.S. Navy as an Aviation Officer Candidate. Seventy-nine days later, he was commissioned as an Ensign, U.S.N.R. His interests include boating, water skiing, scuba diving, billiards, handball and camping with his motorhome and motorcycle.

DANIEL JENSON STEELE

MICHAEL THOMAS KEVILLE

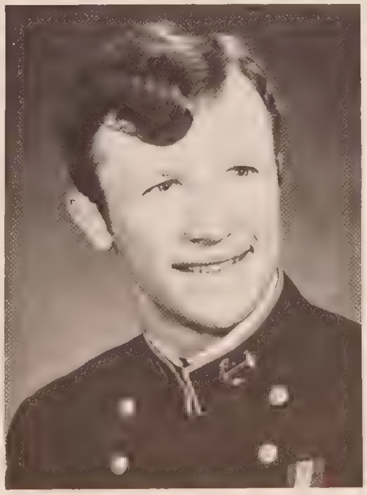
A product of Chittenango, N.Y., Mickey (piano mouth) quickly made many friends upon entering the Academy. He snored through Plebe summer and maintained a "management major" 3.5 average when academic year began. Indoor and outdoor track took up a lot of his time, but it was all worth it when he earned an N* against Army in the triple jump. Thanks to Mick's tutoring, many of his classmates "pulled it out" in the end and will forever be grateful. Grandpa Keville focused his love life on only one particular girl during his four years here, and we'll always remember the thirteen letters he received one soggy Plebe summer day. Let's hope he "really" knows how to handle a woman. Mick's friendliness and drive will make up for his humor as time goes on, and he'll long be remembered as lead singer for the "Crackers" and as King Arthur. Mick can be counted on to give his best effort in anything he does (even the rack) and will definitely be a credit to whatever branch he chooses.



THOMAS BENNETT MCMULLEN, JR.

DANIEL JENSON STEELE

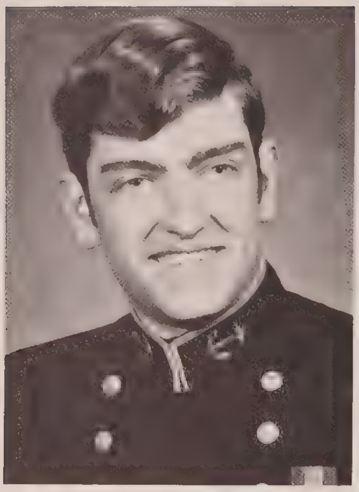
"Bear" came from the great state of Washington right after high school to try to square away the Naval Academy. After two tough years Dan decided to relinquish these thoughts in favor of the better life of skiing, girls, and corvette. Never one to sweat academics, Dan could generally be found with a science fiction book in one hand and an apple in the other. Although a varsity member of wardroom "tabe" team he managed to keep the QPR well up there in his math major. He will always be remembered for his big smile and amiable sincerity. Upon graduation Dan will be found providing excellent leadership for the elite nuclear power men.

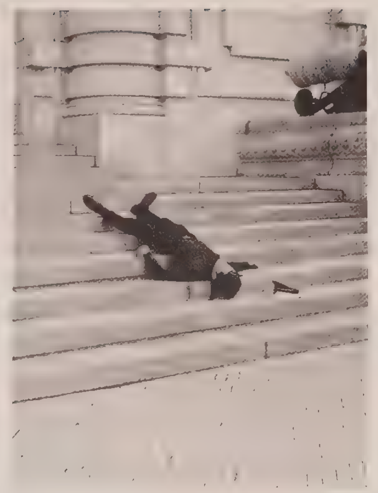


MICHAEL THOMAS KEVILLE

THOMAS BENNETT MCMULLEN, JR.

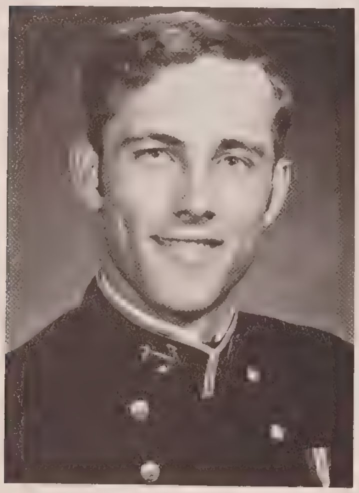
Another face in the crowd . . . a little uglier than most.


JAMES MICHAEL CROWDER



JAMES MICHAEL CROWDER

Jim came to USNA from Hawaii leaving behind his surfboard, several girls and a childhood. He quickly replaced the girls and settled down to beating his drum and trying to get away with the longest hair in the brigade. Jim had little trouble with academics, even managing to pick up stars once in a while pursuing a math major. He learned a few new tricks here besides surfing, including scuba diving, skiing and the ability to juggle three girlfriends at the same time. It's too bad that no one will see much of Jim after graduation as he plans on spending most of his time underwater.


HENRY CRULL, IV

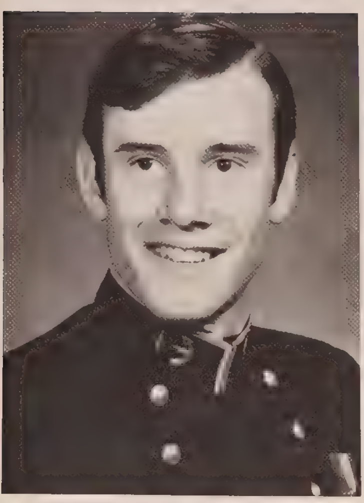
HENRY CRULL, IV

Hank's purity, honesty, and integrity in his 4 years here at the Academy leave him equaled only by Abe Lincoln and Dudley Do-Right. Having spent a year in ROTC at the University of Illinois, Hank finally decided USNA was the only way. Hank quickly adjusted to life here at the Academy, earning both high grades and high stripes. Hank's musical talents will long be remembered, glee club and chapel choir along with a brief but memorable stint with the "Fourth Class Alley" plebe summer. Johnny Mathis and Perry Como (much to the chagrin of his roommate) rounded out his musical tastes. Always willing to help a friend in need (long hours of Calc. EI, along with wires, engines, etc.) marked him as a friend who could be counted on. His determination, hard work and friendliness mark him as a man who is sure to go far in surface nuclear power.

WILLARD JOE HARNDEN, JR.

WILLARD JOE HARNDEN, JR.

The change from the mountains of Denver to the flatlands of Maryland was almost as much of a shock as plebe year for Joe. Although the target of much of the upperclasses' flak the beginning of his plebe year, he soon adapted to the Academy's rigors. Coming close to, if not making, the Dean's List most of his academic career he did not need to "sweat" grades with his roommates. On weekends the "Wizard" was more commonly referred to as "Broadway Joe" as he pursued the members of the fairer sex on Sunday afternoons. Nuclear Power school is next on Joe's agenda and, God willing, he hopes to attack it with the same success he's had here.



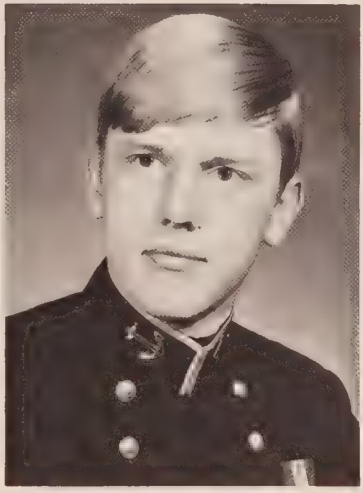
HARLAN GREGORY HUNTER

HARLAN GREGORY HUNTER

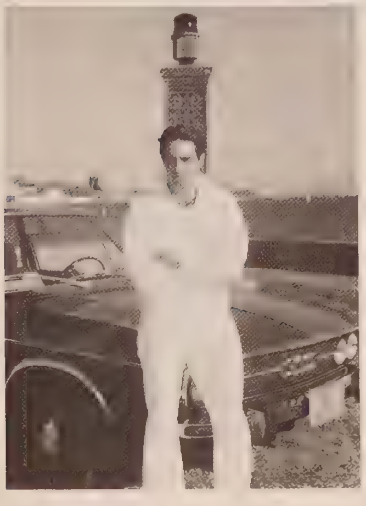
Harlan, hailing from Hollywood, California, was a well liked individual who always had something to say to anyone who passed by. Harley came all the way across the continental U. S. from Hollywood High to Navy. Harlan, through his three years at the Academy, was the star center for the 12th company heavyweights. He had a running battle for four years with the "God of 2.0", but never gave up. Never really liking the east coast girls, he hopes after graduation to return to the beaches of California as a "steamer".

REED BARRON KENNEDY

Reed, out of Richmond, Virginia, is basically "a nice guy." His main interests at Navy were being company rep and icor, sweeping out and having "concentrated" study periods. Weekends usually found Bub at the library or with a favorite girl. Maintaining an unbroken perfect match record in batt handball, the champ also was an asset in intramural wrestling and football. He was the first mid in his class to shoot the M-60 from the hip and make the cut for the varsity balloon volleyball team. Bub will never forget grooving on his room's famous "G Elflein" posters. A master canoeist and date-setter-upper, Reed was the mastermind in getting thirteen dates for his classmates plebe year, a feat for which he will long be remembered. A real party goer, he had a perfect dry attendance record at all company parties, including those that were raided. The Pensacola trip took care of his aspirations toward wings, but his aero major will keep him in good stead no matter what branch of the service he enters. Reed always gave everything he had before and during his mile run, and his favorite singing group was Bill Deal and Rhondels. Even though he was from Virginia, Reed soon had a right good knowledge of the English language. We expect "old sideburns" to do well after he escapes from the Academy. With his mild, positive manner, Reed can be counted on to get the job done no matter what he chooses on "service selection" night.



REED BARRON KENNEDY



BRUCE LEE LEWIS

Since his previous blurb was lost he feels that it was not all that important. So here is a short summary of his lost summary. He came. He saw. He left on a reserve destroyer out of Philly. ON YOU!

BRUCE LEE LEWIS

FRANCIS RICHARD SHORT
Frank came to Navy from Jersey City and lived for four years with John Peskuric, the only roommate he even had who managed to survive with him. His duty choice of Marine Corps is well suited to Frank's superb sense of humor.

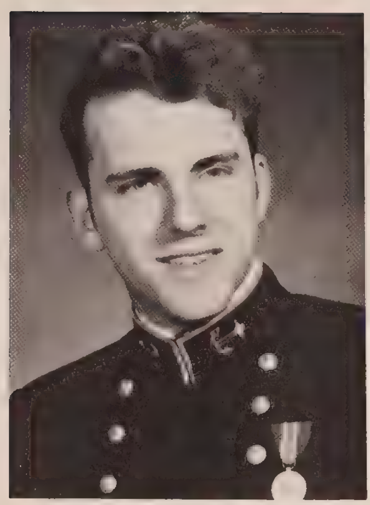
JOHN GEORGE PESKURIC

MICHAEL MCBRIDE BRYAM
Mike arrived at U.S.N.A. with the tan and bleached blond hair of a dedicated California beach boy. He stayed on the water with the plebe crew team, but retired as a youngster to take up less rigorous pursuits. Mike never could make VADM. Calvert's 30 hour study week (he cut out about 27 hours of it), spending most evenings listening to his Joni Mitchell albums or roaming the halls. A music freak (when not having to listen to Johnny Mathis—thanks Hank) Joni Mitchell, Quicksilver (Fresh Air') and Tom Rush provided some of his favorite hits. His easy-going personality and ample free time have allowed him to get to know almost everyone in the class. One facet of his many contacts is his amazing ability to get the 'gouge', for Mike always seemed to know what was going on in the hall and throughout U.S.N.A. When he sets his mind to it, Mike has always had the ability to do an outstanding job, and this will stand him in good stead when after graduation he returns to his first love, California, and a stint with surface line.

FRANCIS RICHARD SHORT

JOHN GEORGE PESKURIC
John was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. John went to high school in Houston, Texas. John lost his identity in Annapolis, Maryland . . . . .

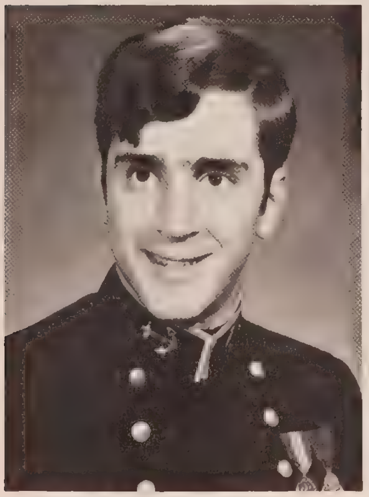
MICHAEL MCBRIDE BRYAM



RALPH LAKE MCGHEE, JR.

RALPH LAKE MCGHEE, JR.

Ralph comes from Mascot, Tennessee, which according to him has Knoxville as its most famous suburb. Shortly after his arrival he proved that he was completely incapable of putting three sentences back to back without cracking a pun. This, along with his fanaticism for the color orange (any shade as long as it matches the shade of the Tennessee jersey) has been sufficient to make Ralph one of the first members of the Class of 1974 to drive three roommates insane! As a math major, Ralph has found the wisdom and learning of this world difficult at times. Turning to find the key to life, in this mixed up world of strife, he believes that Jesus Christ is the answer. Only by God's grace could Ralph have gotten to and through USNA and yet God was willing to supply that grace. Ralph would challenge anyone, no matter who they are, to consider the new life only Christ can provide. Only by trying Jesus can one know this grace and peace in life. As he is led forth into the exciting surface navy, he can look back at real friendships and lots of growing up at Annapolis. Hopefully, he will continue in God's way—Jesus Christ, who said in the tenth chapter of John, "I have come that they might have life, and have it abundantly."



MARSHALL NADEL

MARSHALL NADEL

Marsh came to USNA from the nice little town of Monroeville, in the Garden State of New Jersey, thankful to be a first generation American. Since he first arrived at Navy, he has been one of the tops in everything he does. He was a very hard worker in academics, with grades to prove it. With all his success however, he was always willing to help those around him who were less fortunate. Marsh not only excelled in work, though for he had many irons in the fire. He was an ace photographer for the Lucky Bag and Log, the second class pro-rep, one time swim team manager, lifesaving instructor, and scuba diver. He could also be counted on to know all the latest rock groups and their hits of the past. Marsh was also widely traveled, journeying over Europe and the Middle East. With such a well-rounded life style and record of achievement, Marsh will do well in the Naval Service and hopefully in Nuclear Power.

JOHN FRANCIS NEUMANN

JOHN FRANCIS NEUMANN

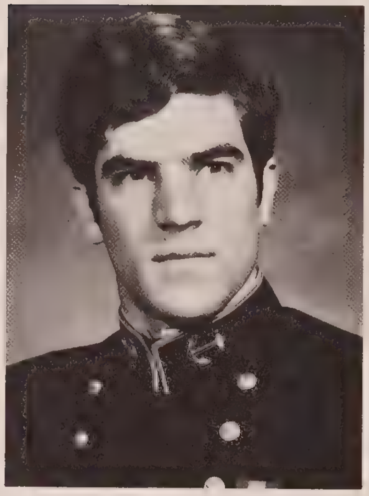
John came to the Severn shores from the beautiful lake-land of Bolton Landing in upstate New York. His transition plebe year from Lake George sailor to YP sailor on the Chesapeake has left his life marked as a surface warrior all the way. Although he never seemed to be outstanding in the academic departments, John sure shined on the Bay! Life at USNA has been a battle for John at times, yet by God's grace he has had success and peace. John has learned that one *can* have peace despite external forces. John's great love for the sea and his skill at shiphandling are forces that drove him to the surface navy. Whatever his ships are in the future, John will undoubtedly put the basic skills, learned as a YP commander and leader, to excellent use.

SAUL ZAVALA

Saul first gained distinction here at U.S.N.A. by being our only foreign national from the great nation of El Paso, Texas. After graduation from high school, Saul qualified in the enlisted Navy Nuclear Program, but alas after four years in Canoe U., he found out he was no longer qualified (through no fault of Dickover). Always one for pride in himself and the service, Saul decided that the Marine Corps is the only way to go.

SAUL ZAVALA

JEFFREY MICHAEL OBRIEN



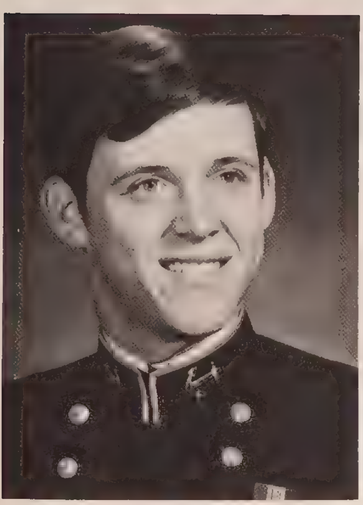
JOSEPH PETER AVVEDUTI, JR.

JOSEPH PETER AVVEDUTI, JR.

Joseph Peter Avveduti, besides being a woman killer and lacrosse stud, is a good classmate. Joe is never one to let studying get in the way of a good melvin party or room war. Seneca Falls, New York, can claim this talented athlete and stellar student for her own. All those associated with Joe in any way know that he will be an officer they can be proud of, unless the Corps gets him first.

JEFFREY MICHAEL OBRIEN

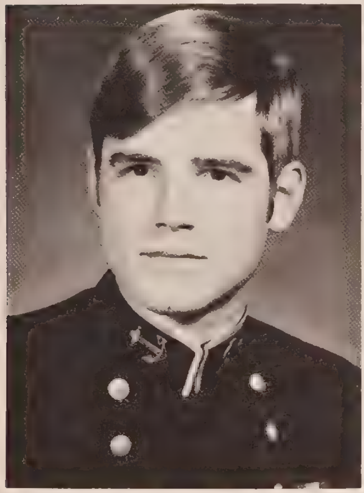
Obe came to us from a place called Bayport, Minn. He has been called a variety of names, most of which are unprintable. He starred in many activities while at the Academy such as the milerun, sleeping on closet shelves, and champagne drinking in New Zealand. The two important things in his life are obvious by the pictures on his desk. All he needs to keep him happy is a tank of gas and a quick cruise to Lou's in his machine. Just don't let him fool you with his 10 minute sleep routine. Navy air caught him before anyone else because they needed a new dilburt for their dunker, and this clown sure fits the part.



DAVID DOUGLAS PATTILLO

DAVID DOUGLAS PATTILLO

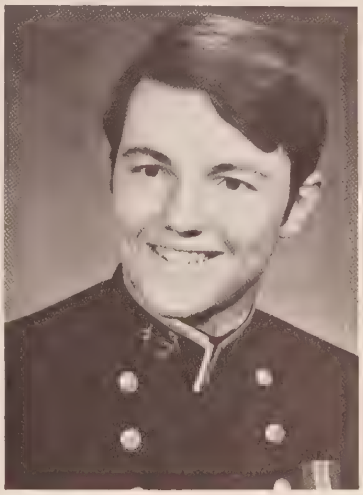
"Tater" comes to the Naval Academy from Little Rock. Arkansas and Central High School. "Pearl" contributes to Academy athletics as a keen competitor in company intramural sports. He has lead his companies to many a football game victory as a scrambling and pinpoint passing quarterback. If you can't find him in the wardroom watching college or pro football, you'll probably run across him in his room busily engaged in horizontal study. The one surviving out of three that came to USNA from his high school. Dave never had any OAO while at the Academy. but he liked it better that way. He does occasionally take time out for studies in order to graduate as an analytical management with a respectable QPR, and he will be heading toward Pensacola upon graduation.



JEFFREY EDWARD FORT

JEFFREY EDWARD FORT

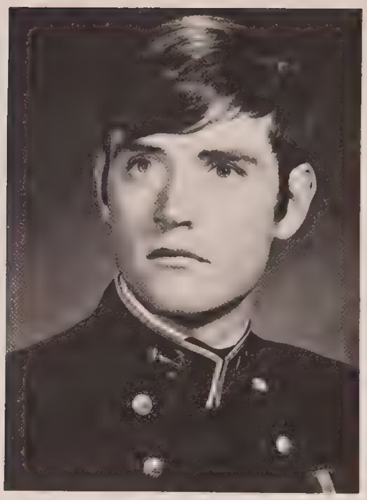
A tremendous safety from Shelby, Ohio, left a house of women to become a recluse at an all male school on the Severn River. This fine young gentleman is majoring in Bull with secondary interests in girls. skiing. and T.V. His nickname given to him by a member of the Class of 1971 in the Summer of 70 is unprintable but obvious. He lived in the Ghetto on 3-2 during his stint as an upperclass mate where his name and interesting story were added to the B.F.O.D. Log. He is steadfast in his decisions and ideals and an outstanding leader. When Uncle Sam really calls. November. 73. the Greyhounds will catch this prize.



JAMES ANDREW ALDON

JAMES ANDREW ALDON

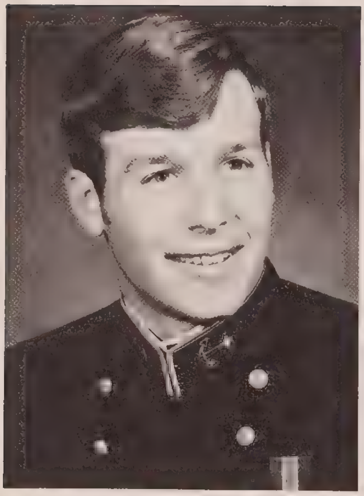
Entering USNA after a lucrative career at Archbishop Curley High School, excelling in lacrosse enough to be recruited. Jim. like many prospective athletes at USNA. was lost in the shuffle. Undaunted. he applied his skills to the intramural league and won many brigade championships for his company. A lover of a good time. Jim always distinguished himself at parties and with the women. Truly a man of the world, the reserve force is gaining a natural leader



KEVIN LEE FLANNERY

KEVIN LEE FLANNERY

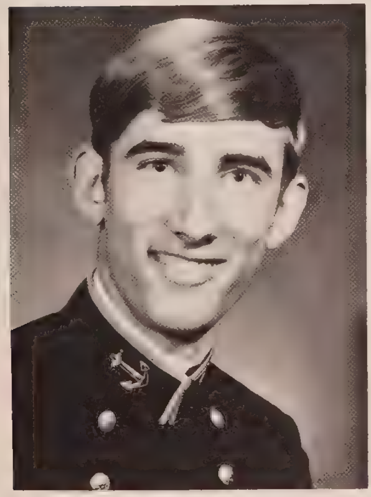
Kev hails from the booming metropolis of Wessington Springs, South Dakota. A definite Airedale from the outset, Kevin is destined for the sunny sand and sky of Pensacola. A veteran of many Saturday night sorties to D.C. (both firstie year and before), he has long been a member of the Canoe U. Weekend Escapes, LTD. A dedicated believer in the rack and the Firebird, Kev is sure to grasp success in whatever he flies, be it jet, prop, bicycle, or civilian air.



DAVID SAMUEL RUEHLMANN

DAVID SAMUEL RUEHLMANN

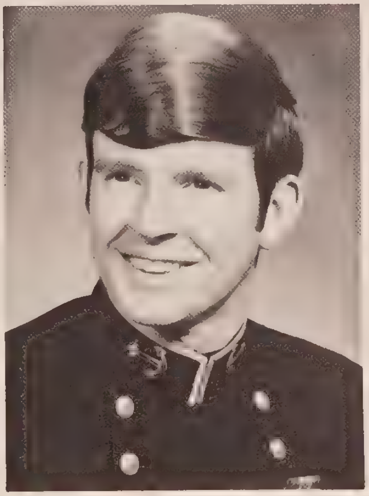
Rule stumbled down to the Academy from the heights of Rolling Hills High School in Southern California. Although he was quite the jock in high school, Rule's main competition now is with the academics and "bio"-management is quite a competitor. Dave is easily recognized as the ugly half of the second co. 'odd couple.' He closely resembles his older brother, Lou. Being an outstanding dancer, he usually steals the show at company parties, but he only operates on a full tank. The Navy has made Rule a "man of the world," with such continental tastes as Coor's beer and rum soaked cigars. He is also very fond of a certain Italian dish. Right now, Surface Line looks mighty fine, and this old soak should make quite a splash.



PAUL DASHNER WOHLERS

PAUL DASHNER WOHLERS

Paul. "Robin" Wohlers came to Navy straight from a number two graduating slot at Fairfield High in Iowa. He apparently had to limit his traveling during plebe year after living in five different countries throughout his "pre-academy" days. Academically, Paul is majoring in International Security Affairs and spends long hours in the library trying to keep up his GPA. Being unique in that Paul is the only midshipman to be able to get "A's" on all of his book reports without reading any of the books and spending more time in the instruction pool than either the rack or the wardroom, he seems to carry a certain "atmosphere" with him especially after parties. An avid skier, proof-reader, current event source, and Navy Yard tour guide, you can bet that Birdman can lead anyone to the Stratford's Army/Navy flagpoles. Although no one ever figured out exactly what sports Paul was out for, he proved his abilities in other areas such as giving his roommate disasterously false directions at the VMI game and showing his purple passions. Paul will long be remembered by his classmates and is destined to fulfill his ambitions on the rugged plains of Pensacola.

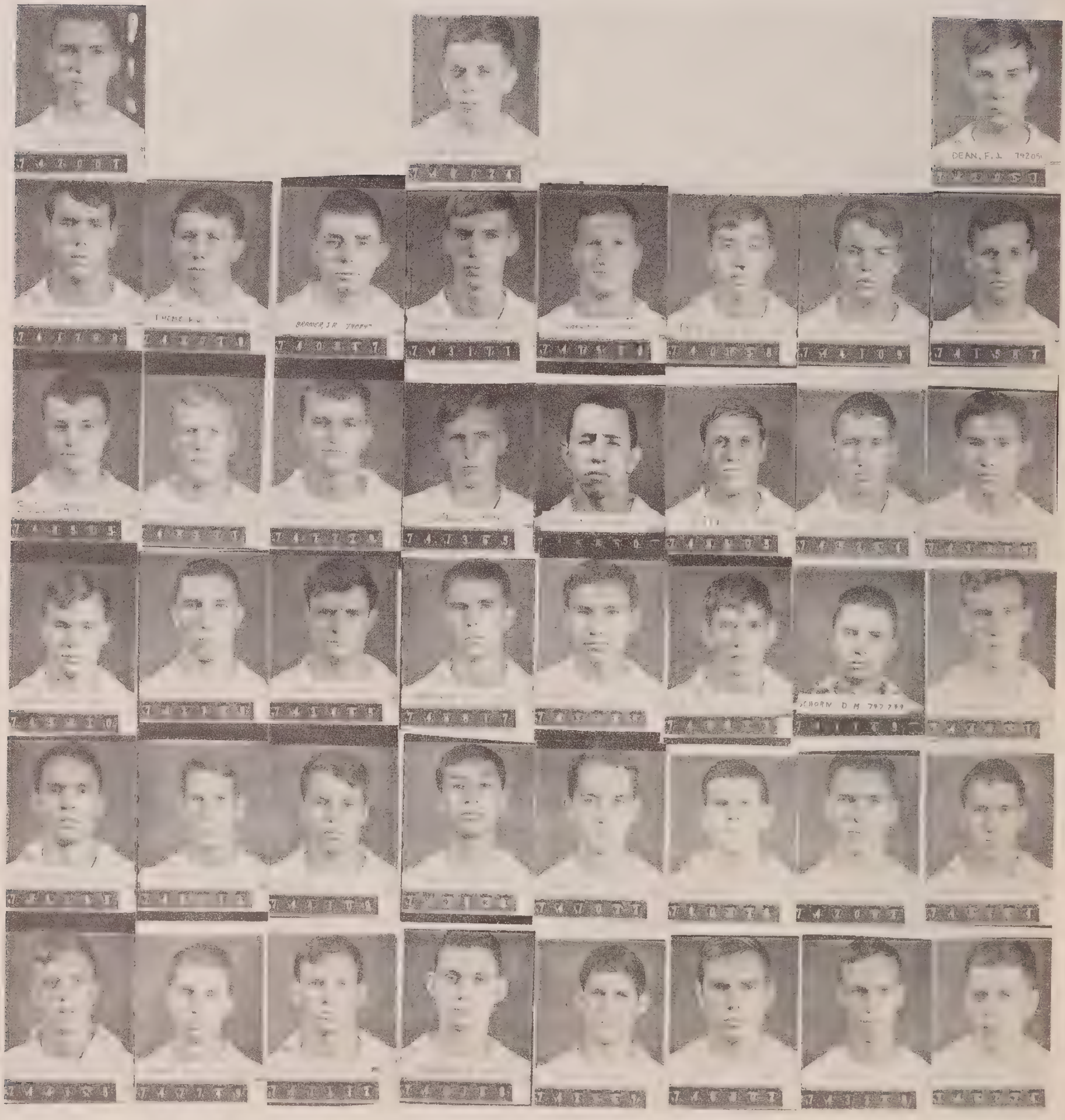


PATRICK KELLY MCILRATH

PATRICK KELLY MCILRATH

Hailing from sunny Citrus Heights, California, by way of a year of NROTC at Ohio State, Pat was definitely the only member of '74 to let his hair grow out during Plebe Summer and to receive a "change-of-address" card from his girl. Under the watchful eye of such men as D.C. and Groovy, the mid with the mutation and the hour-long jokes was definitely not a "flash-in-the-pan" as a plebe at USNA. Mac's artistic ability and sense of humor have stood him in good stead with his classmates, not to mention the upperclass he fried for a gross room. Working steadily through his Oceanography major, he managed to survive direct hits from Boyle and Fluids and keep his grades above that magic 3.00 mark. When not combing his hair, working in the photo lab, or making out his study schedule, Pat was spending weekends in search of the face under the plastic on his blotter. Always a big spender, Pat managed to spend all of his 2/c pay, and more than all of his 1/c pay, in that pursuit, but in this case the price was right. Although usually busy himself, he was always willing to lend a hand to friends in distress, personally pulling two of his classmates through calculus courses. Surviving a summer as an honorary Filipino, along with a bout of shigella gastroenteritis, Pat finally picked his peach and is on his way to a DE in Mayport. USNA will be losing a true Vince Lombardi on the lightweight scene and one of its few "beautiful people". Wherever he goes, Pat's cheer and industry will assure him of a rewarding and successful career.

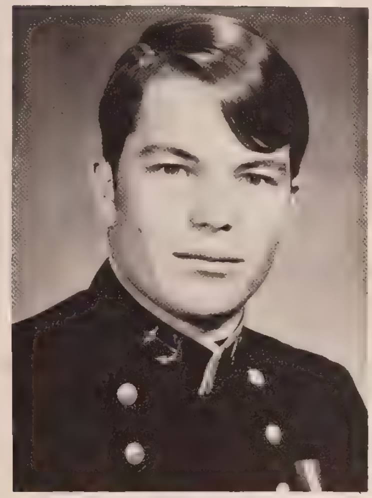
Third Company


DEAN, F. L.
BRAMER, J R
SCHORN D M

CAPTAIN JACK WILBUR KLIMP

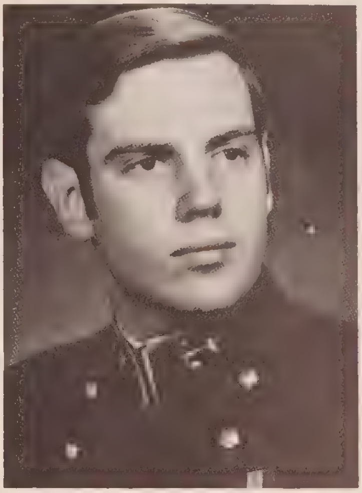
CAPTAIN JACK WILBUR KLIMP

Jack graduated from Utica High where he lettered in wrestling, track, football, and baseball. He was also a member of the National Honor Society. Jack had little trouble adapting to the military life since his father had been in the Army and Air Force for over twenty years, but he spent many long hours fighting a seemingly neverending war with the Academic Department. An active member of the intramural program, Jack participated and contributed greatly to company football and soccer teams as well as battalion lacrosse. An easy going person, Jack was also respected as a man of high ideals and served as Company Honor Representative as well as Gun Club Treasurer. His memories of the Naval Academy will always include his stint as Permanent ICOR, a post he finally relinquished only by entering the hospital with a broken leg suffered in a soccer game. With his sense of responsibility, loyalty, and proven capabilities, Jack should easily be a credit to himself, the Academy, and the United States Marine Corps.



JACK LOREN HUGHES

MARK ALLEN PHILLIPS



KENNETH PHILLIP PISEL, JR.

JACK LOREN HUGHES

Jack came to the Boat School from Arvada, Colorado via NAPS. Being one of the elite wires majors, he could usually be found awake at any indecent hour of the morning, playing with some circuit. His interests included company soccer, judo club and cynicism. It can be truthfully said that had it not been for the coffee pot, he wouldn't have made it to graduation alive. He now plans to apply Ohm's Law to an M-16.

MARK ALLEN PHILLIPS

Mark dropped in on Canoe U. one June 29th wondering if veterinary medicine was offered here so he could follow in the footsteps of his father. Upon finding out it wasn't, he settled on political science, his first love anyway. Navy Air is his goal and he is hoping his eyes will hold out. Hailing from the small Michigan town of Flushing where sports was his life, he has continued on here at USNA with intramurals. Known to the "Buds" as Phil, he has devoted many hours to the pursuit of the fairer sex. His friendly, outgoing personality won him many friends. The secret of success is to do one's best, to persist and endure, to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. This motto, along with a positive professionally oriented attitude, will stand him in good stead after graduation and in his career in the Navy.

KENNETH PHILLIP PISEL, JR.

Ken came to Canoe U from New Jersey wanting to play football and even to do a little studying. But by the end of plebe year, studying became a necessary evil and football stopped. Since then he has lettered in subsquad four years in a row. He still enjoys contact in company fieldball and soccer. Majoring in history kept him out of the deadly clutches of the Ac board, but not by much! His major accomplishment is being one of the four boys in 03 to leave with the same girl he came in with.

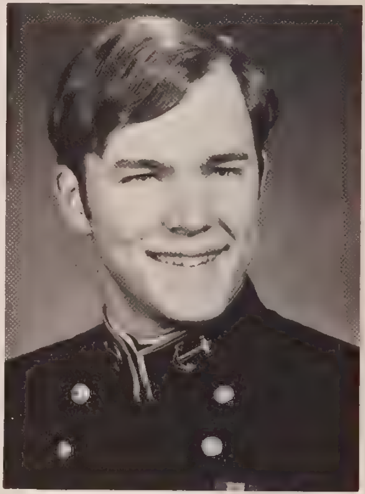
WILLIAM JAMES LAHNEMAN

Bill sauntered into U.S.N.A. and the wide world of General Management from the South Jersey area. This turned out for the best as he found the academic world no problem—and thusly had time for other interests. Bill had time to make the fencing team and be the secretary of the honor management fraternity; as a hop committee member, he always seemed to get the jump on the dollies. Needing a good fast car to beg back and forth, his pride and joy vette was all he could ask for. After a stimulating discussion of management techniques with Bill, Admiral Rickover was more than happy to accept him into the nuclear power program.

WILLIAM JAMES LAHNEMAN

RICHARD RAY MENDENHALL

Cool, casual, quick-witted Rick (Ramone) Mendenhall made the scene at U.S.N.A. hot off a rip-roaring high school career in Franklin, Indiana. Although an academic success, Ray spent the better part of his time contemplating existence—the company Deep Thinker. Somehow he found his true niche in the world of infinite dimensions, mathematics; and, after graduation, on to Nuclear Power. Rick was a natural in nearly everything, but had to drive round-trip to California to find a girlfriend (and it was her idea). Anyway, they do their deep thinking together, and the Navy may have their first nuclear powered poet in Rick Mendenhall.

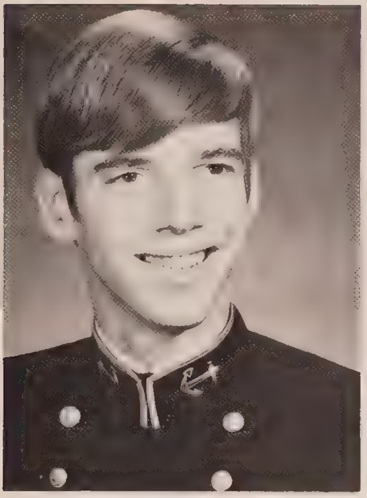


RICHARD RAY MENDENHALL

RICHARD ERIC GORDON

Coming to USNA from Fern Creek, Kentucky, "Flash" Gordon made his mark on 29th, 8th, and 3rd Companies by always doing the unexpected. He could usually be found giving EI in math, his major, or computers, his true love, or even designing a new dart board from an ex's picture . . . His afternoons were spent keeping the varsity tennis team in personally strung tennis rackets or as a star drawback on the company lightweights. His most remembered act will probably be proposing to a roommates girl for him, followed by one of the fastest combination O-course and mile run ever. Post graduation activities include a June wedding and a FRAM I in Mayport for starters, followed by possibly the first destroyer on the moon.

RICHARD ERIC GORDON



THOMAS FRANKLIN GLOVER

THOMAS FRANKLIN GLOVER

Tom followed up his editorship of his yearbook at Hopewell High in Virginia by finally settling down as an English major after a brief, vicious, and losing struggle with chemistry. He has extended his talents as a bull major to other fields by going through more girls in four years than most guys meet in a lifetime. Though an avid member of both the eighth and third company party clubs, and chief instigator of the infamous "HoJo's affair", Tom's social talents have been of no avail against the power of USNA's PT organization. He's just happy that they don't make him do situps on Saturday mornings. Tom began fulfilling one of his primary goals with his 240-Z—flying—and will continue in his quest by flying off the Navy's carriers in his F-14.

JAMES GEORGE GAGALIS

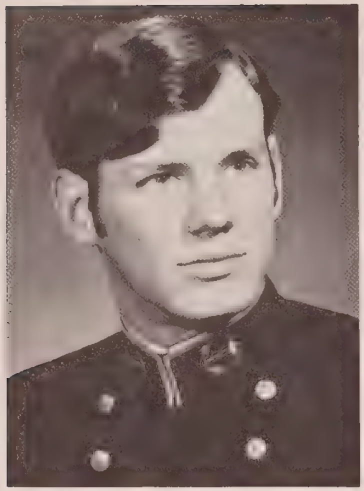
JAMES GEORGE GAGALIS

Jim will live on in the memory of Gagalis' Law—"an ounce of gouge is worth a pound of knowledge." The ideal jock, he was never one to stun the academic world with his genius. The best thing about Jim is his sense of humor; he never seems to lose it, and he makes it contagious. Jimmy has the remarkable ability to laugh his troubles away, making him the envy of some of his more serious classmates. Jim will have to give up his jockdom and seek his future thrills via Pensacola and Navy Air. He will be missed by the "buds."

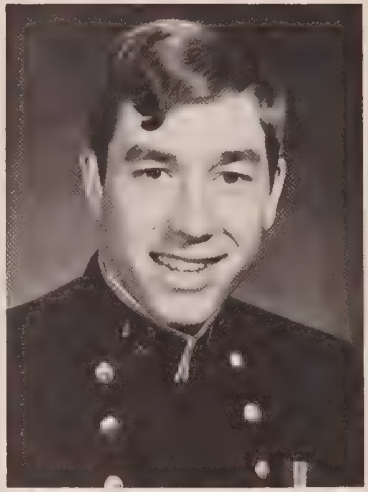
DENNIS ALAN MILLS

DENNIS ALAN MILLS

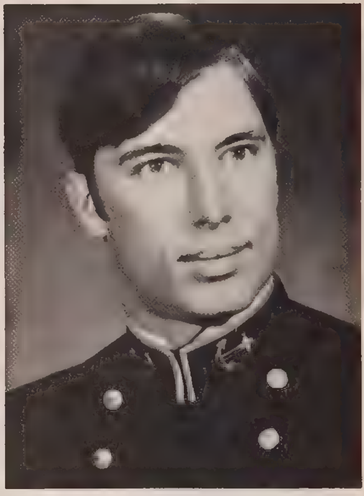
"Wierd Phred" drifted by Annapolis one day and was sucked in for four years and floated off to Navy Line thereafter. In between, Phred established himself as a party man, always up for the fine things in life. A sworn woman hater, Phred said he'd never get hooked, so consequentially he got harpooned instead. Inspired by Hendrix and Mr. Universe, Phred pursued a "relaxed" academic career and a grueling weight program—so one night he was *dumb* enough to take a swing at a wall and *strong* enough to break his hand—we'll all remember that one. Things stabilized after that, and Phred settled down a bit, but, providing a wind blows him down to Norfolk after graduation, we're sure he'll be an inspiration to the fun-loving East Coast Navy.



WILLIAM ANTHONY RACETTE, JR.



DAVID LAWRENCE BESCH



CHARLES BURDELL FESSLER, JR.

WILLIAM ANTHONY RACETTE, JR.

When he wasn't falling on his own face, "T.H.E. CAT" Racette could be found with his side-kick "Little Bud" and a Dr. Pepper in hand. An avid competitor at the cribbage board, Tony always found it hard to pull himself away from his O. A. studies to play one of the boys. Cat was right up there with the best of "The Bullis Boys" by being the only guy to get a 1.0 one semester and stay around to get a 3.0 the next. AC board No. 69, wasn't it Tony! Those friendly skies of Navy are waiting for Tony and his pretty bride after graduation.

DAVID LAWRENCE BESCH

"The Bescher" was one of the better French linguists in residence at the hallowed halls of learning at Annapolis. Success came easy and early to "Kneepads", who rose to batt. commander youngster year with little effort. This ability carried with him for 3 years at USNA and into 1st Class year when he accepted the responsibility of subcommander of 3rd Co. Even with glee club tours, Dave always seemed to pull away from the rigors of management academics to work on his reliable red van. Being a big wheel with DeKalb Corn, Dave always had a date for the weekend, (even if she was your sister). Rejecting the "at-sea" option, David chose to have some fun in the sun at Pensacola and pick up a pair of coveted pilot's wings for his Navy career.

CHARLES BURDELL FESSLER, JR.

Lancaster, Penn., sent its premier vulture to the Naval Academy in the form of one Charles Fessler. Probably the most talented bird any of us had ever seen. Fess was one kind Birdell. Never one to turn down a good fight, Chuck took on the whole academic department, of which weapons headed the struggle. He won, as usual, but not without some real good hits along the way. Being the best athlete in the company, Fess was always an intramural favorite. While most of his classmates scrambled for corners in Annapolis, Chuck would be happily reading letters. Whatever service selection has in store for him, (and hopefully not corps), no one can complain about a man that has so much couth.

MICHAEL ANDREW RYDER

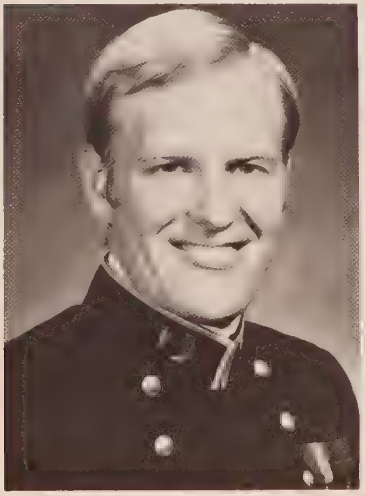
MICHAEL ANDREW RYDER

E-Z Ryder came from Mt. Prospect, Ill., bringing his wit and distinguishing red hair. Selecting a major in math, he soon began to excel and finally saw stars. Hampered by a broken jaw, E-Z did not see much of 2/c summer; however, he was found at most of the parties 2/c year, expanding his social life. His dynamic imagination never ceased to amaze his friends (or himself). Imagining himself as a football stud, he could always be found out at farragut in a company brawl, or in the fieldhours pumping weights. Following graduation, E-Z will make his break to the west coast to pursue sunshine girls and nuclear power school.

PATRICK JOSEPH SULLIVAN

PATRICK JOSEPH SULLIVAN

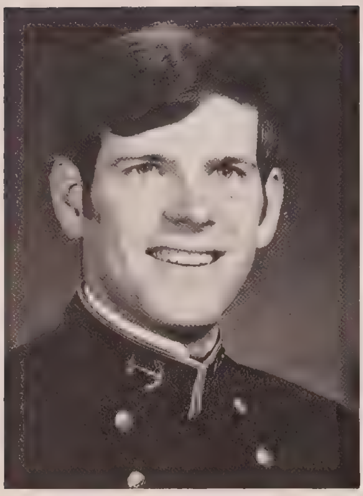
PJ Sullivan left the booming metropolis of Springfield, Illinois, —starry eyed, naive, and blissfully happy to join the ranks of "Little All-America". Upon graduation, his outlook had changed little, but thankfully, he picked up a few of the bad habits found in abundance amongst his "buds". In spite of the alleged "fruit" major he picked up (good old ANA MANA), he pulled 4.0's enough to distinguish himself as company scholar. Much to his credit, however, he never allowed this to exclude himself from the better things in life. Always an infamous woman hater, let the memory of old Sully live on in the words of his golden rule: "Never turn down a beer, and never waste a cold BUD on a cold woman." The nuclear power program will not only gain an intelligent and hard working officer, but one hell of a good guy.



PAUL ROYCE SOPHY, JR.

PAUL ROYCE SOPHY, JR.

One of the California "golden boys" Soph is right at home with his transisters and inductors. Soph has had his little skirmishes with the wires profs, but you could always expect him to come out on top. He is also a karate, body building, and nutrition expert. You can always see him Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays doing pushups, practicing karate kicks, and drinking his Ovaltine. (If you need any knife-throwing EI, He's your man). Soph always seems to be at the five-and-ten, and that's where his future wife hooked him. He's a qualified Navy diver. In the future, look for Soph to being with the Navy's fly boys (or maybe he'll be a wires prof).



JAMES CHARLES BOYER

JAMES CHARLES BOYER

Jim came to the academy with great aspirations of becoming a member of the varsity football team, but academics decided that he should give it up. Known for his ability to always have one of the fairer sex on hand, Jim could be seen at many parties throughout his stay at Annapolis Penitentiary with one eye on a pair of shapely legs and the other on his date. Not being a zealot for studying, he was always easily found in a background of quiet snores and dark rooms. For service selection, Jim is shooting for stars and P-3's, but has decided that he will first let the Navy put him on one of her ocean liners for a couple months.

JOHN ROBERT BRAMER

When in the 7th grade, John received a Naval Academy catalog and decided immediately that this was the place for him. He never changed his mind and when offered an appointment said "goody-bye Syracuse, hello Annapolis." Much to his consternation, however, John soon became aware of the fact you can't believe everything you read. The Academy was far from easy and not even all that much fun, but then, "nobody promised him a rose garden." Thus, for four years now, the man with the original smile a mile wide has resided within these hallowed walls of Mother B waiting patiently for June of 1974 and all those good things that come with graduation.

JOHN ROBERT BRAMER

JAMES BRYON CAMPBELL

JAMES BYRON CAMPBELL

A native of DeQueen, a small town in southwest Arkansas, Jim originally set out for nomination to the Academy in 1969. After being disqualified for vision in his first attempt, Jim was finally accepted to report with the Class of 1974. Leaving two years of university life behind in Arkansas, he came to the uncollege and quickly assumed the nickname Hogman. Playing the role, Jim quickly taught his classmates his famous "Hog Call". While at the University of Arkansas, Jim was cleverly tapped by a curly-headed blond. Never passing up a good thing, Jim and Kay decided to endure four years of Academy life, and unlike most, succeeded. Finding academics somewhat boring and very little trouble, his major passions were directed towards the athletic field and his youngster year brought him the first of several N-stars. Any afternoon would find him trying to break his neck at the long-jump or sprinting around the track. Graduation sees Jim looking towards marriage and a future in the Nuclear Navy.

KENNETH RAY HUSTON, JR.

KENNETH RAY HUSTON, JR.

Professionalism, dedication, and the American Way is epitomized in the form of Ken Huston. Best described as a modern day Walter Middy, the "Professor" has a miriad of identities–ranging from Tyler Palmer on the slopes to Peter Revson behind the wheel. Hands, speed, moves, and a good looking sister were among his greatest assets. Always the individual, Ken was somewhat caught in a role crisis, hardly able to cope with the demands the system made on his life style. But he made it. Ken is one of the lucky ones to have a genuine desire to excel in his service selection, and should be a great pilot. Navy Air gets a good one in Ken Huston, one of the buds.

THEODORE ANTHONY KUHLMEIER

THEODORE ANTHONY KUHLMEIER

Coming to the Academy by way of a small town in Iowa, Ted was soon known for his triva prowess and his loyalty to the Notre Dame football team. A history major first, last, and always, the complexities of math, wires, steam, weapons, et. al. quickly eluded him, with the result that he was probably the only man in his class to enjoy seapower. Known as "Tuna" for his quickness in being hooked and reeled to the altar by a mixer honey, Ted was one of the "few good men" who went groundpounder. While some claimed he majored in racktime, comic books, and wardroom TV, Ted's only abiding interest, outside of Pat, was military history.

THOMAS MATTHEW LUKETICH

Luke was once the Playboy and resident alcoholic of 8th company until one night he wandered into a 7-11 store and was caught by D. J. He has now retired his position. Luke is most famous for inventing the purple weasel (a shot and a beer), and even his wife can't keep him from having a bout occasionally. Luke is not what you would call a health nut; in fact, he is still recovering from his plebe year pep tests. He sure knew how to sleep, though. For service selection Luke set his sights for the stars: a coal barge on the Monongahela River.

THOMAS MATTHEW LUKETICH

WILLIAM JOHN CLARK, JR.

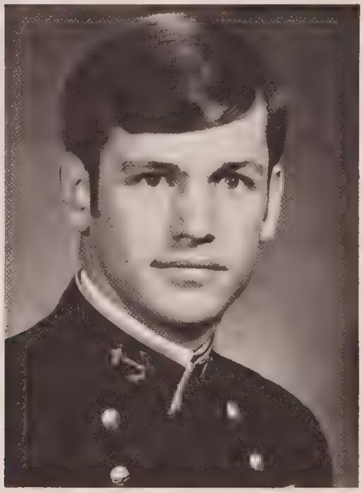
Bill, affectionately known as the Munchkin (among other appelations), came to the Academy already knowing the ropes of a military system. Munch had a way of accomplishing things, such as walking down the hall on his hands Plebe summer without catching grief, driving a classmate home (2 hours away) to pick up his girl and be back one minute before the expiration of Saturday night liberty, and, of course, lunching the academic department. He ripped off all kinds of lightweight intramural records in football (he had a size advantage) and keystoned the softball team. A barber he is not, but his kind face and cheerful smile brought many of us out of depression. A financial wizard, Little owns stock in Berkshire: stock that he'll always control, and take to San Diego with him.

MARK EDWARD CONDRA

"Gypsy" Condra was one of the few, if not the only mid, that had to call the Bureau of Missing Persons to find out where his home was before he went on leave. Mark was also known as "Zug" for his athletic and academic abilities. Navy football lost its second greatest player when "Zug #2" decided to hang up his shoulder pads. After a tough plebe year, Mark moved into the higher echelons of the academic world and remained there during the rest of his career at the Academy. Any F-4 pilot will be lucky to have Mark as his NFO. They'll never get lost, because Mark has always been able to drift around and end up at the right place, at the right time, and usually ahead of everyone else.

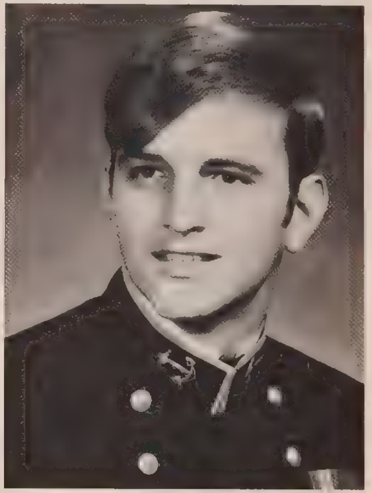
JAMES DUNCAN RIEMER

After two long years, Jim finally made it to the Academy via New Mexico Military Institute and NAPS. When he got here he had ideas of playing varsity football, but a quick stop was put to that by an injury during a soccer game(?). He finally came around to join the loose, long-hairs in the company during 2/c year. He will always be remembered as the Tall Texan from Tulip Valley. He had some trouble with academics, changing majors from aerospace to general engineering. You could always find him studying unless there was a big party going on, and when he finally graduates the corps will have one more to add to their collection of a "few good men." After his hitch in the corps, he will probably go back to the farm and maybe even to the girl from across the peanut patch.



WILLIAM JOHN CLARK, JR.

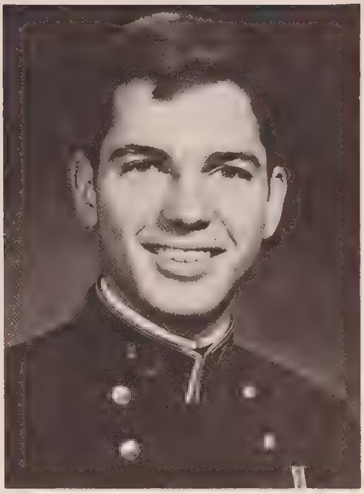
MARK EDWARD CONDRA



JAMES DUNCAN RIEMER

BRYAN MARION DAVIS, JR.

Bryan came to the boat school from Atlanta, Georgia. He excelled as a regular starter on the rack team for four years, but his true love at the Academy was general engineering where he was truly one of the boys. June Week will see Bryan don the marine green for a career in Marine Air.

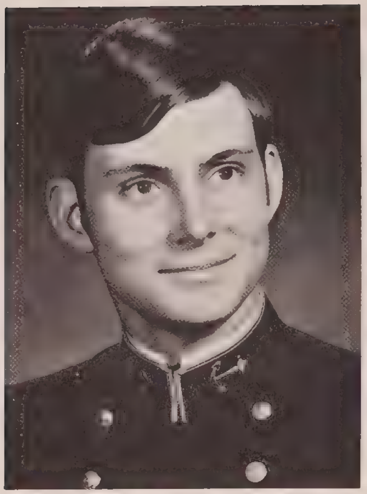


BRYAN MARION DAVIS, JR.

MARSHALL DAVID TREPPENDAHL, JR.

MARSHALL DAVID TREPPENDAHL, JR.

"Trep" came to USNA from the small town of Woodville, Mississippi and the Valhalla Plantation. It was quite an adjustment for Dave to make since he was accustomed to winning all the honors in his high school's graduation class of 33 people. Dave quickly won honors for himself by boxing his way into the regimental finals plebe year, but almost boxed his way into the hospital the next year and gave up the profession. Dave chose history as his major, and since has been in a running battle with his more recalcitrant profs and the Dean over his science electives. Nonetheless, he managed to make the merit list enough times to gain extra weekends and long weekends as a firstie, which he usually utilized by sleeping through Saturday quarters after a wild Friday night at "The Library." Dave's most memorable accomplishment to date has been the almost unbelievable feat of bringing two huge urns back all the way from Greece–intact–and then breaking one in a midnight tussle with his roommate. A premier ladykiller, Dave will continue his respective careers–Navy and otherwise–in Mayport aboard one of Navy's destroyers, with an occasional trip to New Orleans to boot.



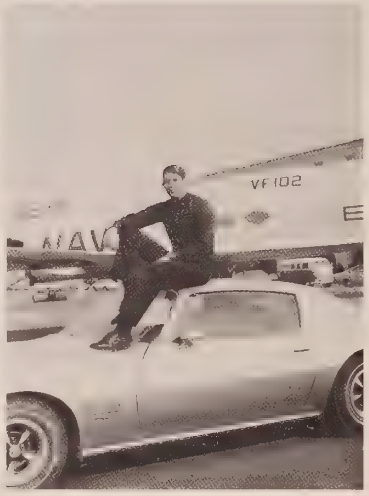
KEVIN PAUL MORGAN

KEVIN PAUL MORGAN

Arriving at the "Modern Man's Monestary", Kevin had high hopes of a fruitful career in naval architecture. Known to most as "Satch", he soon found naval architecture wasn't the dreamboat he expected it to be. Satch had to "bob-and-weave" his way through bout after bout with the engineering department. Never short on words, he was always ready to give a round by round description to any available ear. Having lived just outside of West Point for many years, he harbored a deep hatred from the Army. To offset his rigorous academic schedule, Satch sought diversion in the antiphonal choir, the karate club, and playing sax for the NA-10 band. Though prone to complain at times and known for his "smile, things couldn't possibly be worse" outlook, Kevin was very glad he chose USNA and anxiously awaits a long career being a Navy helo pilot.

DONALD MAYO PATTERSON

Charleston, South Carolina is home for Don Patterson. A Navy junior, he decided to become a naval officer in the eleventh grade and graduated salutatorian from Perryville HS, Perryville MD. Service selection night found Don in the Navy Air line. Concentration on his major, international security affairs, seems hardest this year as his thoughts center on a certain young lady. Don is president of the chess club and an active member of the Spanish club and antiphonal choir.



DONALD MAYO PATTERSON

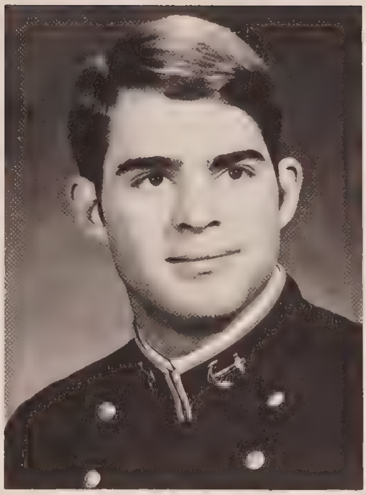
DAVID MICHAEL SCHORN

DAVID MICHAEL SCHORN

Coming from a small town in the Colorado mountains, Dave took a year off at Regis College and had many wild times as a fraternity membee. After his short stay, he ventured to Annapolis with ideas of excelling and putting to use his mountain experience; however; he soon found out that he was headed in the wrong direction. Slow to catch on to the Academy system, he soon learned how to avoid plebe year by becoming a gymnastics manager, a position he held three years at the Academy. After sneaking into the Glee Club (a fact unknown to the director), Dave has since filled the halls of Mother B with several tunes, much to the dismay of his classmates. Majoring in oceanography (because a foreign language was not required), Dave has since become interested in making oceanography and 'Navy Line' a career.

STEPHEN EDWARD SCHUMACHER

Big Shoe sauntered into Bancroft Hall plebe year like he owned the place, but discovered throughout the year that it was the other way around. In other words, the big California stud from Palo Alto had a rough going freshman year and spent the next three years on the comeback trail. He opt for a major in Navy football plebe year, but switched to oceanography thereafter. By various methods, both devious and conventional, he landed a berth on Sup's list and wore stars once. Never one to appear shy, Steve accumulated social contacts wherever he appeared. Upon graduation, Shoeman will gladly leave the East coast for some California sunshine and nuclear power school.



STEPHEN EDWARD SCHUMACHER

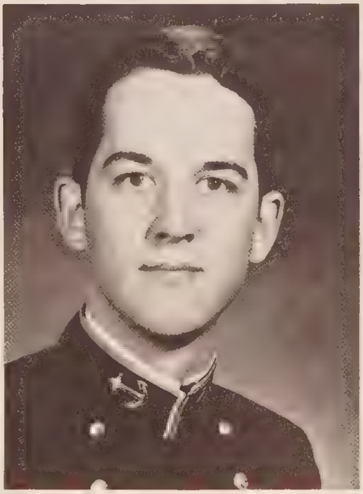
ROBERT WALTER THOME

ROBERT WALTER THOME

Robert "Sliderule" Thome will go down in history as one of the all-time great "atom counters". Rumor had it that old Bob had something going with one of the librarians, which was easy to believe since he spent every spare minute in ecstacy at the library. To put it bluntly, Bob put out 125% on academics—but still found time to be a bud. Hardly able to stand the comedown in social life from the glamour of Ionia, Michigan, Bob did his best to cultivate outlets for his naturally wild nature in the relatively dead atmosphere of Annapolis. Bob is heading upstairs after graduation, and if he passes the swimming test, should be a great pilot.

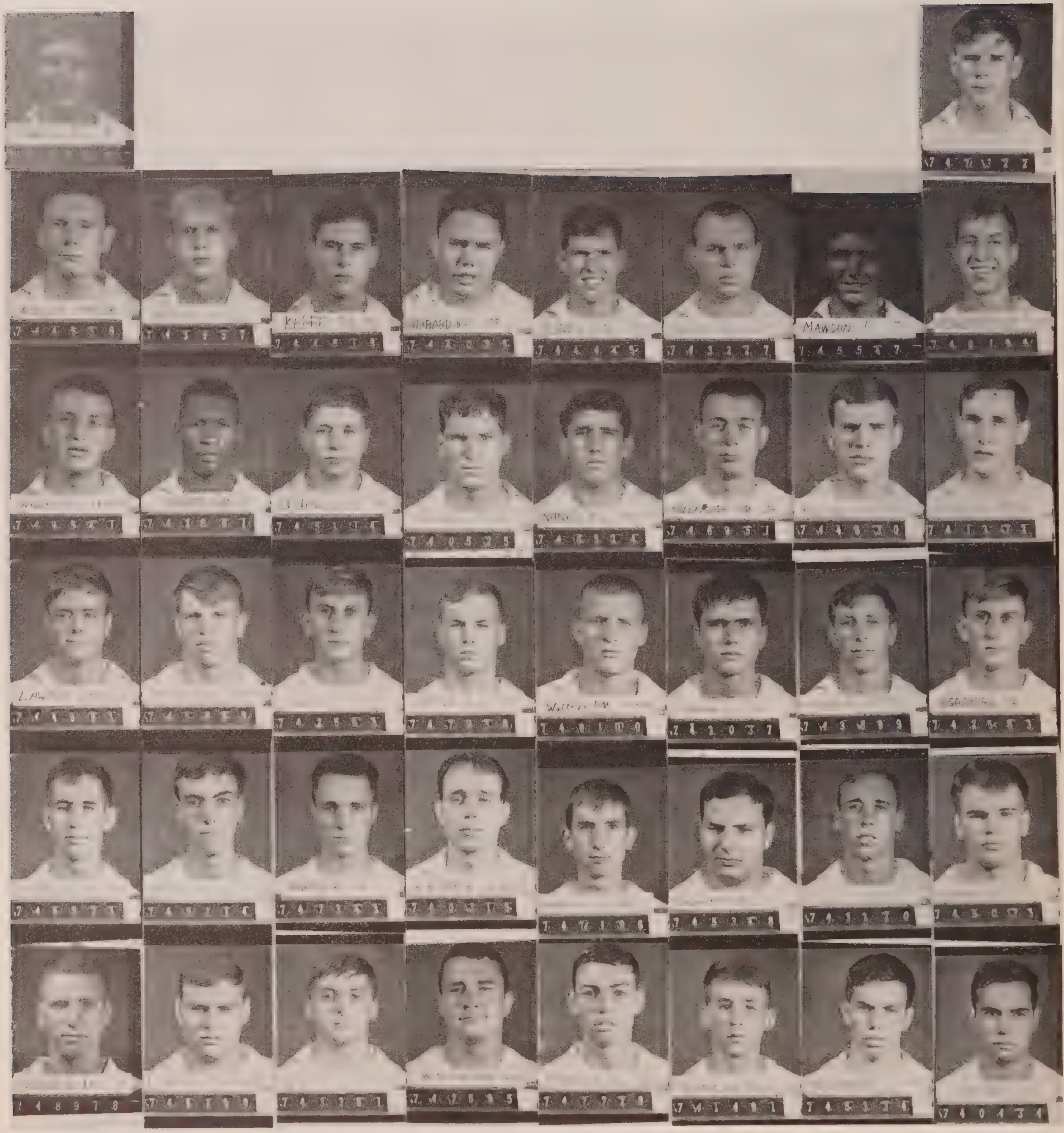
WILLIAM DERRY BRUEN, JR.

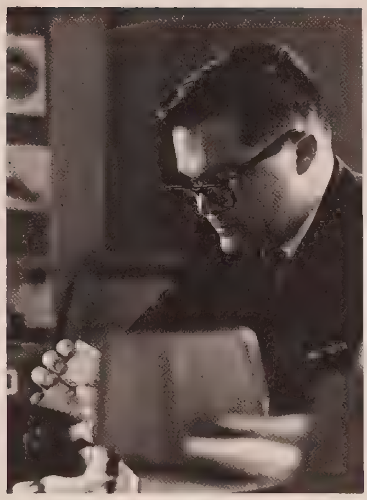
Bill came to USNA from New Vernon, N.J., under the glow of the local hero spotlight. He parlayed his way through a French major by the end of youngster year, at which time his grades finally surfaced and he discovered the economics department where he gobbled up most of an econ major in the remaining two years. Bill could always be found discussing girls, cars, or the stock market, working on the hop committee, singing with the choir, crawling under a car, at a dance, or asleep in the rack. As a self-proclaimed investment expert, Bill decided to put his econ to some use, and organized a group of his classmates in the company in what turned out to be a successful financial venture during second class year. In the winter of the same year he also received recognition for becoming the only known person to ever skipper an Academy sailboat at periscope depth. His gift of gab and interest in people will stand him in good stead in the fleet, and graduation will most likely see Bill riding the waves before flight school, and dreaming about a girl and car back home.



WILLIAM DERRY BRUEN, JR.

Fourth Company

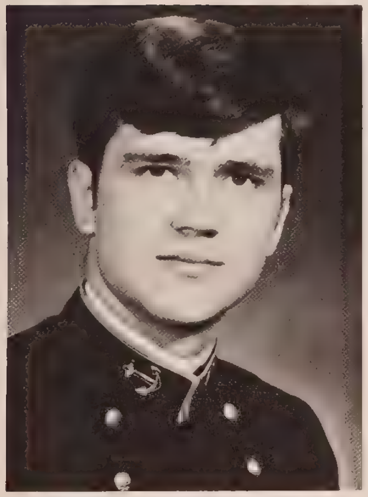




LIEUTENANT NEIL MAXWELL BRENNAN

LIEUTENANT NEIL MAXWELL BRENNAN

Born right here in our own Academy Hospital. Neil has lived in Annapolis all his life. He graduated from Annapolis High School in 1962 where he excelled in student government activities. Always an avid sports fan, Neil took naturally to the Academy intramural program, with Batt football, swimming, water polo, and company fieldball his major fields of endeavor. Close to home as he was, Neil will be remembered for "Mom Brennan's" chow packages and the many good times spent water skiing on the South River. Academically, Neil had little trouble attaining the Superintendent's list continually throughout his four years. Always in an easy going nature, Neil will be a welcome addition in his chosen field somewhere in Navy Line.



DWIGHT ORAN DAVISON

DWIGHT ORAN DAVISON

Coming from Rochelle, Illinois, "Dwighto" left girl (poor Miriam), mom and apple pie behind to join the Brigade. Fortunately for us, the "Gouger" saw NROTC at U. of Illinois was a dead end, although the Mickey Mouse Club didn't prove much better. "Come around, Davison." Political science was his bag at first, but when sleeping through two semesters of plebe calculus brought straight A's, he had found his true love. Displaying prowess in Batt B-ball and tennis, he still found time to compile a 3.3 cum, and as a math major, log a good many hours in the rack besides. Dwight will probably never forget those long nights of study at USNA, especially since he'll be having his fill of them at nuc power school. He's all yours now, Miriam.

DAVID JOE VOGEL

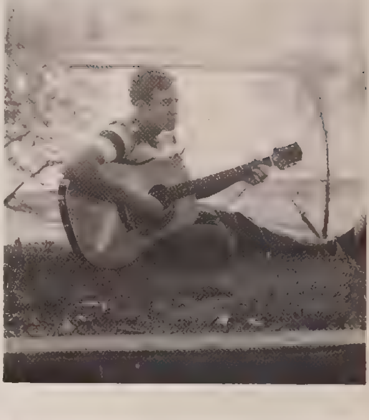
Vogs stepped into USNA and left the real world behind him 18 years to the hour after his entry into the latter. Plebe math quickly convinced him that he was really a poet at heart so he decided to apply his gift of "bull" in the English department. After the brief respite of youngster year, second class year saw Dave establish himself as the Brigade handball champion and increase his activities in BAC. Always adept at the well turned phrase, Dave took every opportunity to apply this skill to such things as grease chits, girls, and themes. He knew engineering was not his bag, but he applied for nucs anyway and an argument with the old prune precipitated acceptance. Just what good will be an English major to the nuclear power program? I guess we'll be finding out, won't we Dave?

DAVID JOE VOGEL

RAMOND JOSEPH ASHCRAFT

RAYMOND JOSEPH ASHCRAFT

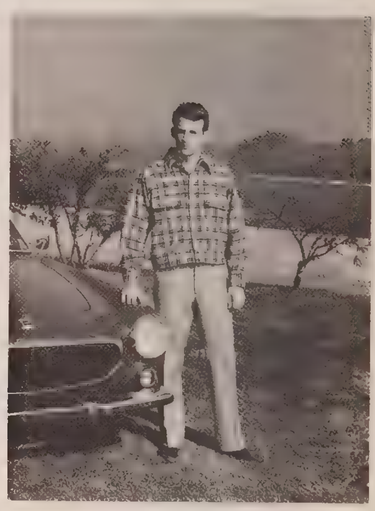
Ray came to us from the oily shores of Lake Erie and a slick on the map known as Westlake, Ohio, bringing along his bronchial congestion and fond memories of high school cross country track and band. Ray quickly got "into" his plebe duties and established himself as one of the harder workers in the company. While reaping only "bananas" for his efforts in scholastics, "The Ash" continually breezed through the mile run, O-course, and applied strength. While on glee club tour, Ray became a specialist in aiding those who had had a little too much at the local alehouse, while having a few pretty good nights himself. Making use of his high school experiences, Ray found a measure of success at USNA; second class year by managing the 5th Batt. cross country team to an undefeated season and Brigade championship and first class year as first set company commander. Ray will graduate as a management major and looks forward to winging his way upward as one of Navy's fighting air jocks.



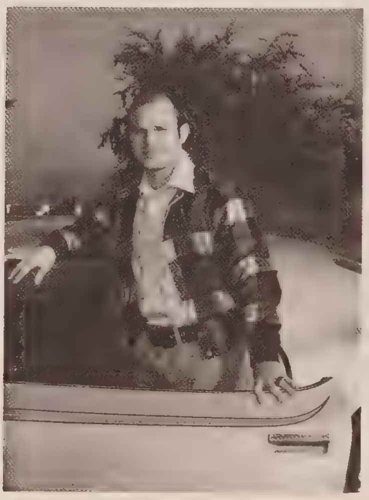
STEPHEN HAMILTON CHESTNUT

"Nut" came to the Academy from Charlotte, North Carolina, where he determined at an early age that he was to be a success. Gangling and gawking his way into the hearts of all his classmates, Steve became famous for outlandish acoustic outbursts and daring escapades. (Remember that famous dash to a four stripers room . . . all for a spoon!) Spontaneous wrestling matches and room wars managed to fill Chesty's more frivolous moments. You just can't beat 150 lbs. of twisted steel and sex appeal. The "sweat" decided on mechanical engineering when he saw that bull was not his bag. After many sleepy nights in the library burning the midnight oil, the fleet should be a welcome change. Go get 'em, Nut!

STEPHEN HAMILTON CHESTNUT



JOHNIE GOMBO

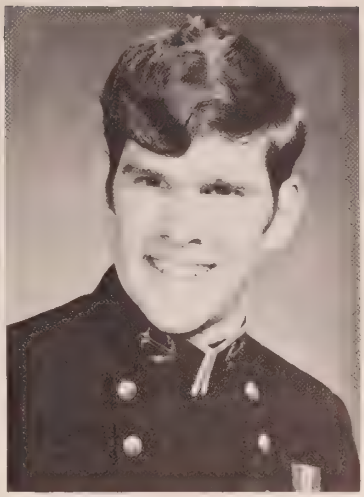


JOHNIE GOMBO

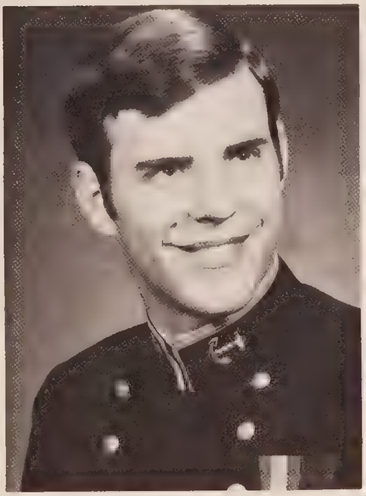
"Jowhn" entered the gates of Navy after high school in Belle Vernon, Pa. and a year at NAPS. Though he was recruited for football, he was better known for his appearances on the aquatic squad and the fieldball field. "Gombs" always had the intentions of studying his wires, but was usually found in a nearby roomwar, at least if Chiller Theater wasn't on the tube. While never recognized as a slash, John occasionally saw the sunny side of a 3.0, not bad for an electrical engineering major. We all wish Johnie, Janice (my girl), and the Marine Corps a wonderful future when they get together in June of '74.

TROY HOMER JONES. III

Troy packed away his surfboard and vacated the warm sands of sunny Florida to come to the Naval Academy straight from high school. Originally a math major, he switched to oceanography midway through youngester year to learn a little more about what was in that beautiful blue ocean he used to gaze upon. Learning to take advantage of what USNA had to offer in the way of ECA's, he joined a number of them plebe year, finally specializing in glee club and drum and bugle corps. During the darker periods of Academy life, Troy tried to spice things up by throwing Friday night cracker parties as a second class and becoming one of the "Crazy Eight" as a firstie. His weekly barber chair heard discussions of topics ranging from the Watergate affair to the Sup's lecture to the latest issue of Playboy. Troy looks again for the big blue ocean upon graduation, this time from "the other coast" and San Diego, where he'll look for new experiences and try to blend in as one of California's sun people.



TROY HOMER JONES, III



JAMES CRAIG KVAMME

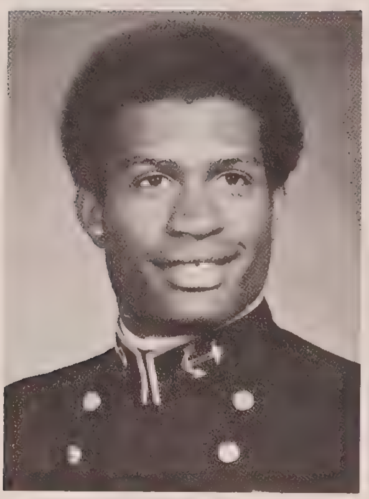
JAMES CRAIG KVAMME

Craig, who has become known as "DUCK", coming from a military family has spent more time living at the academy than any other place, but is very hesitant to call USNA home. Majoring in ocean engineering, he feels that this will be very beneficial to him in the years to come. He is looking forward to spending some time in the Navy and hopes to frequently run into some of the really fine fine people he has come to know here at the Academy.

DONALD MARVIN LAWTON

DONALD MARVIN LAWTON

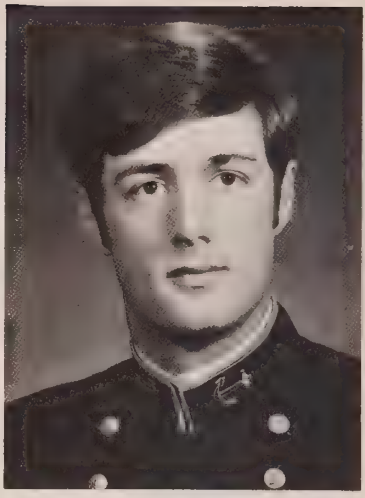
Don hails from the sunny beaches of North Carolina. An Army brat, Don was the third son to attend a service academy. He evened up the Navy-Army score in the family after two of his older brothers split between the Point and Annapolis. Plebe year was uneventful for him, as that it was consistantly bad. Channeling his studies towards a math major, Don became a firm believer in the "one an' one is two" concept. Although a friend of all, Don took in his share of classmate grief as the company watch coordinattor–the blind finger seemed to pick many a weekend watch. He had an aversion towards P-rades, and could usually be found behind a camera on those blessed days. Don, a taker of "photographs", not pictures, was an active photographer for the Lucky Bag and Log and was president of the Academy's photo club. A good share of Friday noon inspections were faithfully devoted to "Lucky Bag business". A avid MGB fan, Don expects to drive his to Pensacola upon graduation to get high on the gilded wings of Navy Air.



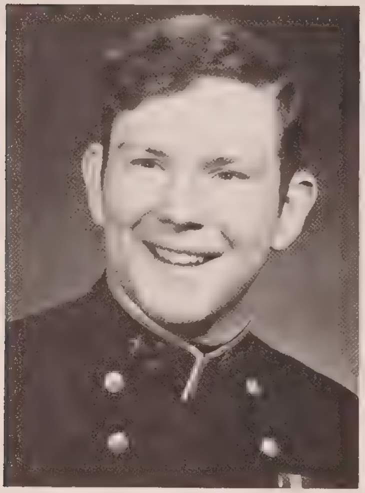
WILLIAM MECHIEL HARRIS

WILLIAM MECHIEL HARRIS

B.T. (Bad Time) Harris comes to us from Pittsburgh, Pa. Named by his cohorts who all loved him, Bill is thought of very highly by all who have met him. A football star, he got his N after relentless pursuit and was always ready to "lay out" on the court. Being a tireless worker, he was a founding member of the Human Relations Committee and really turned on the gas towards final time to keep his "game" together. B.T., one of the elite members of the E.S.C., has a mystic power over the ladies which maintains his No. 1 status. A Marine by heart, Bill will find complete happiness in whatever he attempts throughout his life.



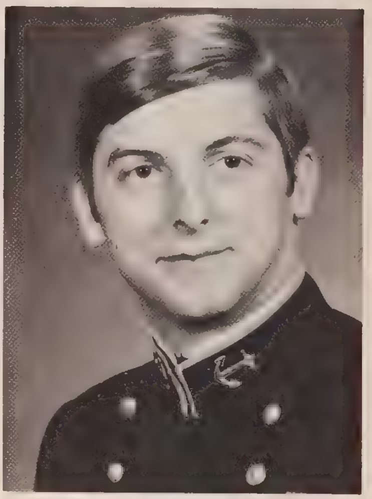
DANIEL RICHARD DONOGHUE



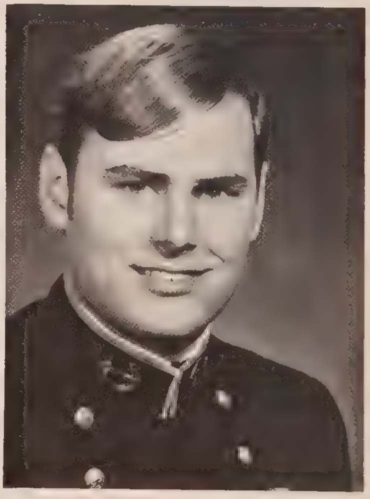
KEVIN JOSEPH KELLEY

KEVIN JOSEPH KELLEY

Kevin "Chief" Kelley came to the Naval Academy with a coffee cup in his hand and hopes of flying in his heart. Bad eyes extinguished the hopes of flying, but the ground-caked cup of the great guzzler is sure to become a hallmark. Faring from Philadelphia, Kevin soon found that rugby was well suited to his temperment. The many black eyes he sported attest to this. An aero major gone nukie puke, Chief agrees that he "got by with a little help from his friends."



THOMAS ALAN GROTE



JAMES EDWARD LYONS

DANIEL RICHARD DONOGHUE

Dan came to the Academy straight from Freeland High School in Michigan. After trying a season of plebe football, Dan limited himself to intramurals and worked on keeping the grades above a 3.0. After getting his master's degree at Monterey, Dan hopes to go to Pensacola and earn his wings.

THOMAS ALAN GROTE

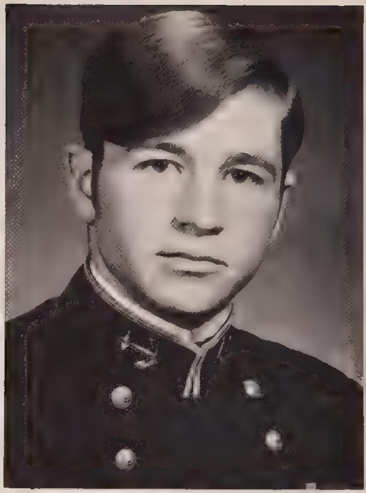
The Academy's own version of Kirk Douglas in uniform came to us, dimpled chin and all, from Thomas Downey High in Modesto, California. Leaving behind the sun and fun of his native state, "Groats" took up his temporary residence in Bancroft Hall. Thom was always well liked and respected by his classmates. He never said much about his lovelife, but there weren't many weekends when he wasn't escorting some young lovely around the "campus". We all remember that blind date with good ol' Myrtle. Whichever hurt worse the next day, his pride or his head, "Groats" never did say. Thom started compiling his academic gravy early plebe year, hoping to pour it on something in the form of a CEC surface billet. And if the CEC doesn't get him surface line will! And when it's all over here and we've thrown our hats in the air, we're sure Thom will hit the fleet with the very same gusto he now hits the accelerator of his porsche.

JAMES EDWARD LYONS

Coming from the home of the Fighting Irish via a short stop at Wesley Junior College, Jimmy made it through plebe year by sticking close to the football training tables. After a short summer cruise due to an injury, Jimmy returned to be dubbed "Fatman". Turning his attentions toward a young lass from Virginia and his grades, Jim found the ropes to Navy. Finding aero not to his liking, Jim turned to applied science and more precious sleep. Come June '74, Jim hopes his last look at USNA is in his rear view mirror, as he leaves for Nuke School and the deep blue.

GARY CLARK LEUPOLD

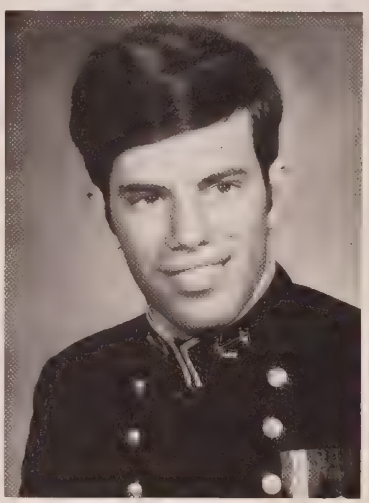
"Leup" comes to Navy via Reading, Pa. where he made a name for himself playing football and baseball. Ever since plebe year, he has been actively involved in the brigade boxing program where his N and brigade championship await. Always ready to display his "quick" wit, Leup often kept his friends laughing while trying to get his "Gary Leupold Show" off the ground. Though not known for his academic prowess, he has been able to get through his general management major and still have time for his one true love, the rack. Upon graduation, Leup looks ahead to Marine Air and his very own Harrier.



GARY CLARK LEUPOLD

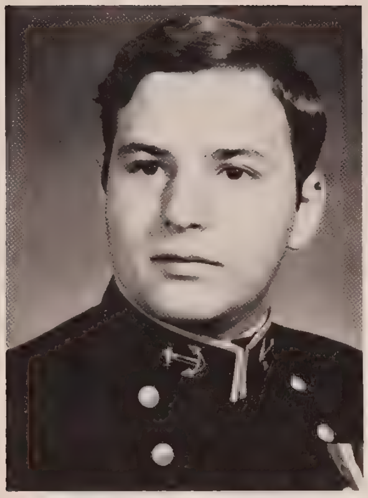
JOHN PATRICK MACSWAIN

"Jack the Mac", an old farmer from way back, came to USNA from Merrill, Wisconsin. During the years here, we were all aware of Mac's deep interest in studies as we listened to book after book slam against the walls. Following up as a wrestler in high school, Jack kept up with Navy wrestling and found himself as varsity manager during 1/c year. When not with the wrestling team, Jack was wrestling every night with his roommates. Mac kept the company in stiches with his on the spot infinite combinations of four letter words, "a must for every officer-gentleman". Jack's dynamic personality and persistance has shown us in 4th that he will make a fine junior officer and be successful in later endeavors.



JOHN PATRICK MACSWAIN

JOHN MAWSON, III



RONNIE ROBERT MADRID

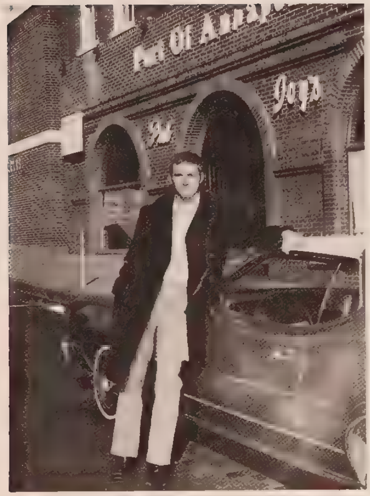
RONNIE ROBERT MADRID

Ron, alias El Tortugo, Turtle, Beanor and many more, came to us directly from the sunny skies of Los Angeles. Ron had no trouble adjusting to the military life as a plebe. T-Tables for 150 lb. football did not stifle the adjustment in any way. Since the little blue, he has turned to company fieldball and softball, and battalion handball. However, his greatest accomplishment comes from his ability on the blue trampoline where he can be found hour after hour striving to make a name for himself. Not exactly the company slash, he has been able to keep his head above water, even while taking an active role on the pop concert committee. Ron, after enjoying a few pleasant months in Quantico, hopes to head onto Pensacola and earn his wings of gold.

WILLIAM BEALL MASTERSON

WILLIAM BEALL MASTERSON

Bill comes from the sand dunes of a little town in Arizona called Kingman. The quiet type, he could always be found studying—except during free periods when he was diligently sleeping. The company's trivia man, Bill has a wealth of knowledge in music and sports. Also known as our CIC (Company Information Center), he could spread rumors about any member of the company. When he says that he is right, he's right; his success in physics has led him to this sort of confidence. Since he left high school, Bill has been little interested in girls, although we all know that on the outside he may look like Bill Masterson, but on the inside he's Tyrone Power. After graduation Bill plans to make submarines his home. We all wish him good luck.



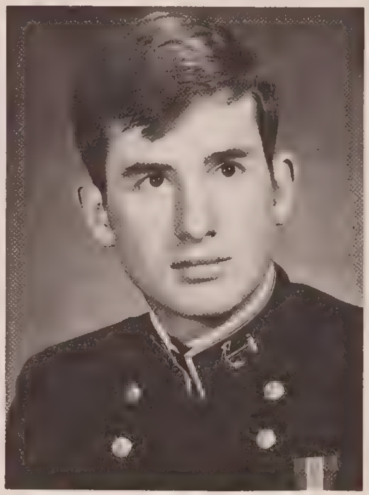
JOHN MAWSON, III

John has fond memories of baseball and basketball at Springfield High School in Oreland, Pa. Life didn't change much with many good times on the battlefields at Gettysburg College. Always setting his goals high, the Wedgeman decided a year of parties was enough and it was time to tackle USNA. Knowing the major for him was analytical management, Maws defended his curriculum against those engineers. Seeking gouge, playing heavies, fast pitch, basketball, and leading the league in liberty was Maw's buddy Joe, and Hawaii with his lady Tricia! Plebe and sophomore baseball convinced him intramurals were more fun along with free weekends to chase the women. Even though he still roots for the Eagles and Phillies, Navy Air welcomes the amazing Maw.

PHILLIP MARK POLEFRONE

The Frone hails from Akron, Ohio, where he was very active in High School. Since coming to USNA, the Frone's activity has become electrifying. He wasn't too hot on music until the dental department got ahold of him and wired his mouth for Froneasonic sound. At one time the Frone was a ladies man and could be seen at the Sunday mixers, but now he's a lady's man and spends his time with a certain someone ("Oh Pheal"). At USNA, the Frone majored in ocean engineering and plans to be a nuclear-type officer. During his first two years, he spent his afternoons staring at the lines painted on the bottom of the varsity pool. He participated in batt water polo, company football, handball, and was the 3rd round draft choice for the Italian Meatball Rollers.

PHILLIP MARK POLEFRONE



ROBERT DANIEL REEHM

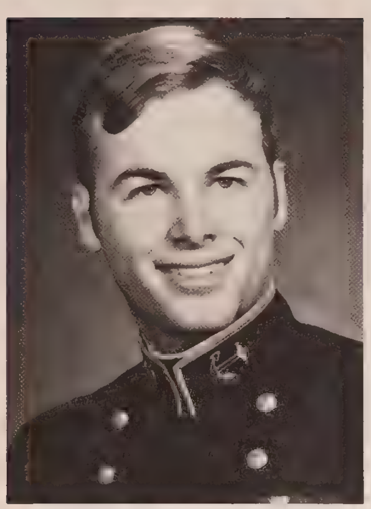
ROBERT DANIEL REEHM

"Reehmer" brought with him from Bentonville, Arkansas an enthusiasm he was able to apply to every facet of his life at USNA. This was especially true when he committed his life to Christ on youngster cruise and became an ardent "God Squadder". Bob could also be found giving his enthusiastic support of the company basketball and softball teams, batt handball, the plebe system, and, of course, his major, chemistry. Despite an occasional toe being stepped on, everyone could detect Bob's genuine concern for his classmates and his sincere interest in their spiritual health. Above all, we all knew who was No. 1 in Bob's life: Jesus. The Nuc Surface Navy should feel the presence of Bob Reehm.

RICHARD CHARLES RIGAZIO

"Rigaz did it" echoed through the halls of this hallowed institution these last four years. After a mere eighteen years of "life" in Springfield, Mass. (no, it's not a suburb of Boston!) he maintained the "family image" by becoming one of the more controversial members of the company. Rick floated from political science's haziness to the black and white world of math and physics after plebe year with great academic success. A scholar, if not an athlete, Rick was not the most vigorous of Phys. ed. advocates, being instead a charter member of the company's Aquarock contingent, the Charlie Brown of the squash courts, and one of PE's most consistent 2.5'ers. A disgruntled poet, he amazed his roommates, as well as whoever else would listen, with his pearls of wisdom. Maintaining a stern front, he was a firm believer in "the system", and tried as hard as possible to enforce it. A prisoner of love, Rick should marry the girl of his dreams, but only after marrying the boomer branch of the nuclear fleet.

RICHARD CHARLES RIGAZIO



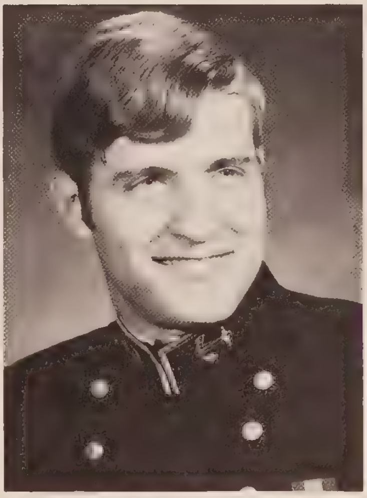
JOHN CHARLES SHIVE

JOHN CHARLES SHIVE

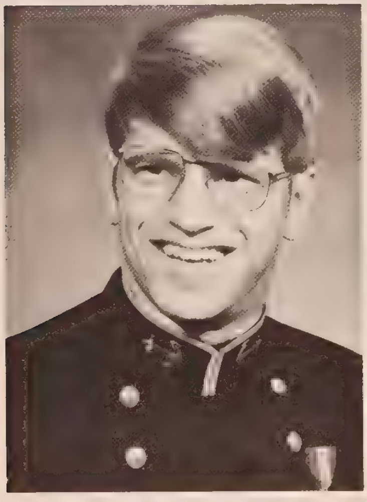
John drifted in from Fort Wayne, Ind. with an NJROTC background from high school, and he proceeded to instruct the 1/c on how to march and thusly lost their affections. He soon picked up the nickname Cradle Robber, and more recently Babyface. Always the one with a quick wit and a low cut below the belt, he is always one to lend a hand to a friend when it's needed. Eye condition precludes aviation and grades preclude Nuc power, so it appears that the fleet can look forward to receiving a fine officer in June of '74.

JOHN MICHAEL WALTERS

Wally came to the Academy from Eden Valley, Minnesota, but not even plebe summer could phase his shit-eater. A valuable athlete in company and battalion sports, he distinguished himself in fieldball, football, rugby, and handball. However, athletic feats were not his only bag at USNA. There are very few of us who will ever forget his 1.2 at 12 wks. Which became a 2.2 after finals first semester plebe year. Don't ask folks; it was magic. Navy Air is sure to love John's cheerful fierceness and fighting spirit.



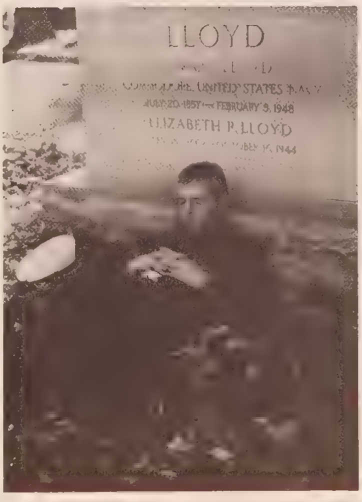
JOHN MICHAEL WALTERS



STANLEY HERBERT MEYERS, JR.

STANLEY HERBERT MEYERS, JR.

Stan was first identified plebe summer as the napster down the hall who could show everyone the proper technique for shining shoes. After attending the University of Minnesota for a total of three weeks, Stan decided that he'd join the Navy and get away from books for awhile. And the Navy sent Stan to the Academy, after a brief interlude in Bainbridge. His age and maturity established Stan as one of the more "down to earth" and truthful personalities in the Brigade. His poetry trimmed even the company officer. Stan combined his physics major and his participation in varsity wrestling (not to mention his high aptitude grades), to make the most of his four years at the Academy. Turning down the opportunity for IGEP and a trident project for the advantages of a full fifteen hour semester load, Stanley plans to cruise through first class year and on into the submarine force.



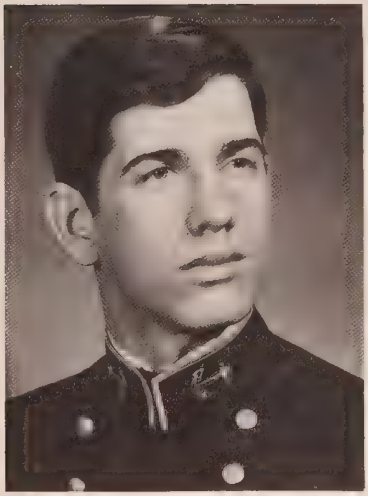
Fifth Company

5

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER DAVID J. GRIEVE

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER DAVID J. GRIEVE

Lieutenant Commander David Grieve received an NROTC scholarship to the University of Idaho, from 1962 to 1966. He lived in Sweet Hall for 2 years. He was social chairman for one year and off campus for two years, where he was just social! His major was History with minors in English and Naval Science. Dave swam for three years on the varsity swim team and received his letter the third year. He was president of the Campus Union Party, the largest student political group, for three semesters. "O.J." worked for the student activities council in the student stereo lounge. His hometown is Corvallis, Oregon.



PAUL DAVIS

PAUL DAVIS

Under a situation where identity is easily lost to blind faith or conformity, Paul has maintained an individuality reinforced by moral courage. Standing for what he believes to be right, being nobody's "yes man", he despised the people who conformed. His interests in people, desire for equity, and man's natural rights have made him strive for greater levels of responsiveness and dignity in the relationships among fellow men. He is a free man: free by own principle and vigilance. In the future he will continue to be free while others sell their souls to comfort and convenience. These unique qualities of a self-reliant personality and drive for independence will help him succeed in all future endeavors.

SCOTT THOMAS PEECOOK

Gouge had it that Canoe U. and the Navy had a good deal for any takers. Being a worshipper and follower of the gouge, Cooker took the Navy up on the deal and has never regretted it since. Cooker claims Avon Lake, Ohio, as his home away from the uncollege. Being a jack-of-all-trades and a master-of-none, Scott was always willing to try his hand at anything. His free time centered around scuba club, choir, wrestling, and squash. Having earned his Navy scuba diver qualification at Key West, Scott spent many of his vacations diving in the tropics, much to the chagrin of his favorite young lady. He was usually a slow starter every semester in the academic field, but to the surprise of everyone, he invariably made his 3.0. Scott has high hopes for Nuc Power, but wherever he endeavors, we wish him the best of luck.

SCOTT THOMAS PEECOOK

FREDRICK JOSEPH BALL

FREDRICK JOSEPH BALL

Calling Somerton, Pa. his home, Rick came to Navy looking for excitement, world travel, and a Navy football career. Instead, he found the Admiral's 30-hour study week. Never one to shirk his responsibility, he hussled his way into stars and the Sup's List for the better part of his stay here. When not studying or munching his way through his chow packages, Rick could usually be found dreaming of his O.A.O. at home, or that new vette. Devoted to these last two as much as the Navy, we can see many years of happiness ahead for him. Needless to say, the Corps has itself another outstanding officer.

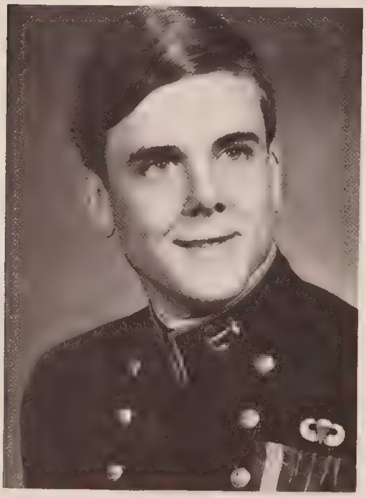
JAMES CRAWFORD COX, JR.

WILLIAM JAMES BARTLETT

WILLIAM JAMES BARTLETT

Bill had to be driven to Annapolis since airplanes don't fly from Covington, N.Y. (pop. 300+5). Immediately he set out to make his name known by having a moke wax his floor and wearing the wrong uniform to outside formation. For the rest of plebe year, Bill didn't do much but march E.D. After youngster cruise, his nickname of "Black Bart" evolved mainly due to his card playing habits. His name shortened to "Barts" 3/c year with the priviledge of dating girls and taking trips to the legal officer. He finally settled down after going insane and buying a diamond. He became the demolitions expert of the "Raggies", and whenever something exciting happened, he claimed to either have a part of it or have known about it. A faithful follower of the motto "If the minimum wasn't good enough, it wouldn't be the minimum", he will make a try for Anchor Man, '74.

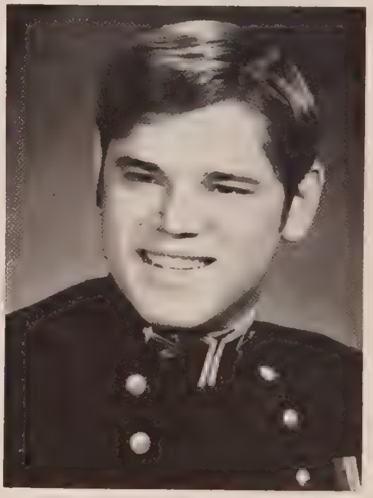
WILLIAM DOUGLAS CROWDER



JEFFREY ULRIC COLE

JEFFREY ULRIC COLE

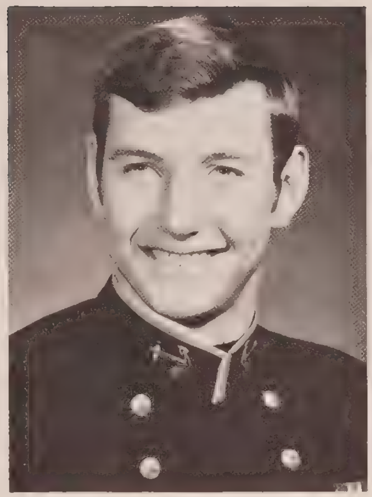
Jeff made his way to "Historic Olde Annapolis Towne" from Birmingham, Alabama, in the heart of Dixie. "Two Can", an international security affairs major, distinguished himself with a set of airborne wings and a broken nose. However, his real concerns were the Crimson Tide and a pretty girl named Elaine. No slash, Jeff always managed to "Bull" his way through Sampson Hall. His future holds bright promise and a commission in the United States Marine Corps.



LOUIS PAUL DEASARO

JAMES CRAWFORD COX, JR.

Jim came to USNA looking for a career in the Navy, and the Navy really let him have it. He is, however, still looking for that elusive career. Never much on the athletic fields or the track, he decided not to be partial and so he took it easy on the books, too. The fish that he was, he chose Oceanography for his field of study and managed to spend numerous hours behind the books pretending to look interested. A friendly sort, he managed to keep his classmates laughing, either with him, or at him, throughout his stay here.



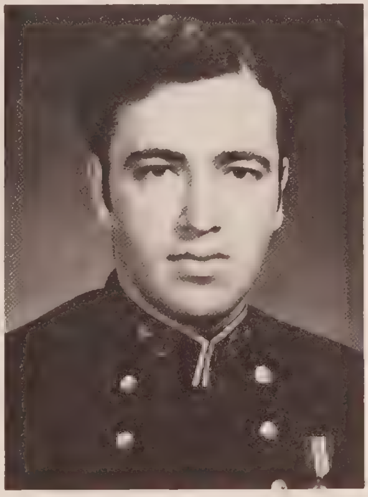
JAMES WILLIAM DEGOEY

JAMES WILLIAM DEGOEY

Jim, our favorite 5-striper, wandered into USNA from the deep wilds of Combined Locks, Wisconsin, with a short stop at NAPS. After a year of fun and frolics at Bainbridge, Jim hit "Mother B", ready to take on anything the Navy could throw at him. Thanks to the Ocean Engineering Department., he's still trying to dig himself out many late nights later. One of "15's" resident night owls, Jim has often said, "I won't quit 'til I get this last answer." Maybe someday he'll get some sleep. In the mean time, he finds his thoughts are pleasantly being distracted by girls and his 7.1 mile hatchback. Upon graduation, he'll get along great, but until then, don't give up on that last answer, Jim.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS CROWDER

Doug arrived on the Annapolis scene via Greensboro, N.C. The "Crowds" quickly adapted to the rigors of Academy life and never let it get his spirits down. Although originally a math major, he saw the light and settled for the relative sanity of Sampson Hall and political science. Studying enough to maintain a good QPR, Doug nevertheless found many hours for the pleasures of the rack, tube, and rallying with the Raggies. Afternoons and weekends found him managing the Navy basketball team or trying to manage another call home to that special girl. The destroyer Navy is looking forward to a long association with this determined and humorous young man.



WILLIAM DAVID EDKINS

WILLIAM DAVID EDKINS

According to statistics, every company should have a genius. In 15th, it was "Willy Eds" that drew the assignment. The president of the night owl club. Bill usually held meetings of the club 5 to 6 days a week, from 12 to 3 in the morning. He was also popular with his roommates. When he wasn't at club meetings or in the rack, he could usually be found dreaming of his "eternally on order" vette, or sitting around with Steno comparing love lives. Nuc Power is where it's at for Bill, and if his tensor lamp holds out, he'll make a great submariner. (We hear they stay up 24 hours a day in subs, Bill). But wherever he is, Bill should easily adjust as long as there aren't any electric razors around.

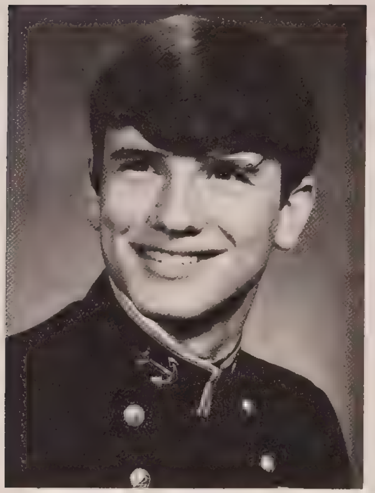
LOUIS PAUL DEASARO

Although Lou told us that he came to Annapolis from New York City because he had never seen a big city before, it is rumored that Lee's Tavern, his favorite watering hole, was moving here so he decided to follow. Being an avid sports fan, Lou often excelled in intramurals and P.T., where he managed to pass the mile on the first try. Academically, Lou was no hero. He resided in Sampson Hall (with a few other Raggies) so he could devote his study hours to more important matters like watching the tube. Having become a permanent fixture of the wardroom, Lou decided to diversify his interests and talents by becoming a "Bat" collector and an internationally famous beer drinker. Needless to say, wherever "Uncle Lou" goes in the Navy, a good time is bound to follow.

RUFUS DALEY HALTIWANGER, III

RUFUS DALEY HALTIWANGER, III

Coming to us from Columbia, S.C., Buck has always been noted for his easy going manner. After spending many afternoons on Lawrence Field with varsity baseball, "Halti" would return for some laughs before a long night with the books. Buck seemed to have that talent of being able to "pull it out" at the end of every semester. Besides his natural athletic ability and his way with girls, Buck will be remembered for his eager anticipation of the new hair regs. Looking for excitement and good times, Buck could be found settling down to some serious rallying on the weekends. After graduation, Buck has his eye on surface line or air. Whatever he chooses, he will be an asset to the naval service.



STEVEN ROBERT HAMEL

STEVEN ROBERT HAMEL

Steve, or "Hams" (as he is more often called), drifted to the Academy from mid-Michigan with hay seeds still clinging to his boots. The hay seeds soon disappeared, but Steve's drift factor established itself as one of his permanent characteristics. A more of less part-time member of the Raggies and a phantom member of the Brigade, only Steve's closest friends thought they knew what he was up to. For the future, it is rumored that Hams, a physics major (part of the reason for the high drift factor), is interested in Navy Air.

JOHN EDWARD HARRISON

JOHN EDWARD HARRISON

John was loaned to us from nearby Cordova, Md. He learned that it is not all good deals living nearby, as he was always a leading candidate for leave period watches. One of those strange math majors, he was always eager and willing to lend his time to a classmate in need of gouge or understanding. Among his interests are Porsches, rallies, and Nuc Power. We're sure John will be a success wherever he ends up and a friend to all, always.

WILLIAM EARLE HEINZMAN, II

ERNEST LEON JOLLY

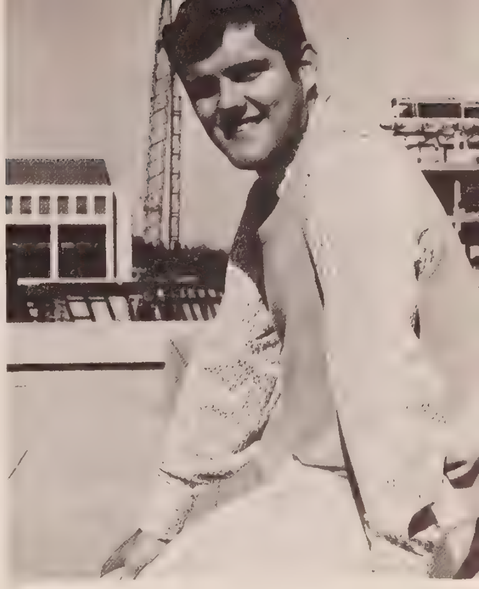
ERNEST LEON JOLLY

From the tobacco fields of Virginia, "Jolly" got off to a slow start plebe year, but his industriousness and personality pulled him through the rest. There could not be a more appropriate name than Jolly for our joyous and witty friend. Before a long night of studying, he could always be found in the halls jiving with both friends and strangers. For two years, Ernie's afternoons were filled with brigade boxing and swimming subsquad. His week was finished in style with a weekend trip away from the Academy and with a special young lady. His interests are in Nuc Power and Surface Line and his endeavors are sure to meet with success.

KEVIN BRUCE KENYON

KEVIN BRUCE KENYON

Being a Navy Junior, Bruce has called many places home, but those young lovelies wishing to contact him must now journey to Falls Church, Va. Never one to turn down a good game of "hoops", he could often be found bombing from 30 feet on the court of the field house during his numerous youngster afternoons. Still another 15th Co. resident of Sampson Hall, he spent his academic time studying (?) English. Devoting much of his copious free time to the glee club and related activities, he has traveled many miles to represent Canoe U., though not without ulterior motives. (What goes on during those tours, anyway?). On the weekends, Bruce is the Brigade's recognized premier window shopper on "The Block". He hopes to follow in his Dad's footsteps as a Navy pilot. Whatever he chooses, be it garter collecting or Navy Air, we wish him the best.



WILLIAM EARLE HEINZMAN, II

Hailing from East Fultonhan, Ohio (pop. 600), Bill found USNA quite a change from the small-town life he was used to. After overcoming some initial setbacks, he set out to master far eastern studies—including eight semesters of Chinese, and to develop himself professionally. His spare time was filled for the most part by activities which complemented those goals. While not an outgoing person, Bill was usually more than willing to assist others, classmates or anyone, with their problems. Bill's service selection should reflect a desire to use his particular talents to their fullest extent and a desire for self-fulfillment.

GREGORY STUART KING

GREGORY STUART KING

What can you say about a 21 year old marine who loved push-ups, Carly Simon, and TBS, Quantico? Greg came from Long Beach, Calif. (you know, where the sun shines), and quickly established the "Ollie" King Mexican Blanket Retail Store. Nobody will ever know how much Greg really paid for those blankets. Ollie had the unique distinction of being the only min in 15th C. who really knew what "wires" was all about. (They're for making trip cords for booby traps, right?). Ollie always let you know exactly how he felt, which makes us glad he's on our side. His future plans include squaring away the Marine Corps and taking life one day at a time. But no matter what he does, Ollie will be a success wherever he goes.

DAVID VERNON LANGFITT

DAVID VERNON LANGFITT

Strolling in from Front Royal, Va., Dave easily made the transition from civilian to Navy life by assuming his favorite position—horizontal. Recognized as one of the great rack-captains of all time, Dave applied his favorite study system to academics here at the Academy. As he explains it, the secret to success is to never study—if it can't be learned in class, it probably isn't worth knowing anyway. With this thought in mind, he spent many a study hour watching the tube or adding to his rack time. Having the kind of personality that attracts girls in swarms, he rarely had any trouble finding a date for the weekend. His future plans include a wife and a tour with Surface Line, and as long as there's a place for him to catch forty winks, we know that Dave will always be happy.

TOMMY DON LITTLE

TOMMY DON LITTLE

Tom was born in a little town in Arkansas, but being the son of an Air Force Sgt., he has traveled a great deal. He went to school in Calf., and shortly afterwards joined the Navy and served a year at Great Lakes, Ill. before heading for NAPS and USNA. The old man of the company, "Litts" currently calls Gainsville, Fla. his home, although he and Lou are firmly attached to just about any bar on the east coast. His hobbies (?) include skiing, drinking, girls, vettes, and insurance companies (although not necessarily in that order.) Tom plans on moving his portable bar to Pensacola after graduation, and if the doctors agree (his blood is 86 proof), we're sure he'll make one of the best pilots in the Navy.

JOHN FREDRICK MAHON

MICHAEL NORMAN LYON

MICHAEL NORMAN LYON

Mike came to the Academy from Virginia Beach, Va. (we thought it was in Colorado after seeing his skis) but it wasn't long before his family picked up and moved to Calf. Son of a Navy Capt., Mike is the third generation to attend this hallowed institution. However, this background has not hindered the Big Swede, as he is one of the biggest hell-raisers around. Always looking for the action, Mike can generally sniff out what's happening. One of the original St. John's visitors, Mike's connections led us to many enjoyable evenings. He was one of the prime motivators behind the Mad Dog McGuirk Memorial Party. Mike's enthusiasm carries over to other fields. He could often be seen running and rowing with the Navy crew. For service selections, Mike picked UDT/SEAL. We're sure that wherever he is, he'll have an enjoyable time and also manage to be a credit to the service.

DANE MASON PRANKE

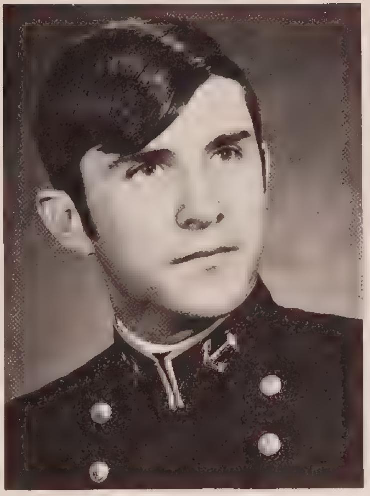
DAVID MALCOLM STONE

DAVID MALCOLM STONE

Stoney arrived in Annapolis from the small town of Algonquin, Illinois. Dave felt at ease since the first day he entered Bancroft Hall. After breezing through plebe year, he settled into a comfortable life as an upperclass. Dave kept busy by either starting at guard on the varsity basketball team, making witty remarks, or growing his sideburns(?). He was always ready for a rally or a good pickup game. Never one to sweat academics, he could usually be found playing nurf-basketball during study hour. Young women, a new porsche, and Surface Line are in his immediate future. We know wherever he goes, Stoney will easily fit in and make a capable and well liked officer.

JOHN FREDERICK MAHON

John found the Naval Academy one day while looking for a rally. (poor fool). Instead of a rally, the Navy gave him a nurf-basketball star and an airborne stud for roommates. With roommates like that, it is easy to see why he spent his afternoons getting bumps and bruises in Navy's "cheap shot league", otherwise known as batt football. His 4 years were highlighted by weekends with his girl back home in Irvington, N.J. When not with Pat, he could usually be found trying to raise the morale (not morals) of the troops with his imitations of an ostrich, coach Belichik, and John Camron Swazy. When he graduates, John will take off for Pensacola for the first of many great rallies he'll have as a naval aviator.



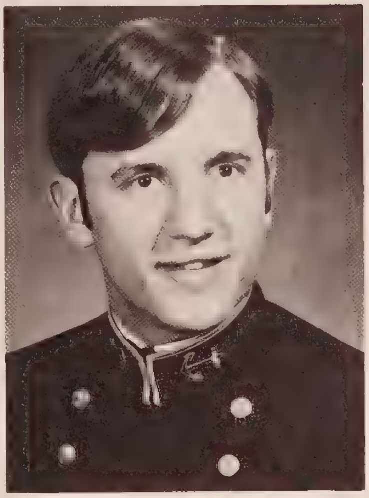
ROBERT MARTIN SANTOS

ROBERT MARTIN SANTOS

Bob came to U. of Navy from the thriving metropolis of Enfield, Conn. With that background, even the Annapolis night life was a thrill. After earning a reputation as a slash his plebe year, he settled down to the relative ease of an ops analysis major. Bob can be found at a company get together with his best friend, Johnny Walker, and always seems to enjoy himself. His major project for the near future is a book describing his love life while at USNA (sure to be a hit comedy). A steamer by trade, he has surprised many of his close friends by accepting his commission in the "American" Navy.

DANE MASON PRANKE

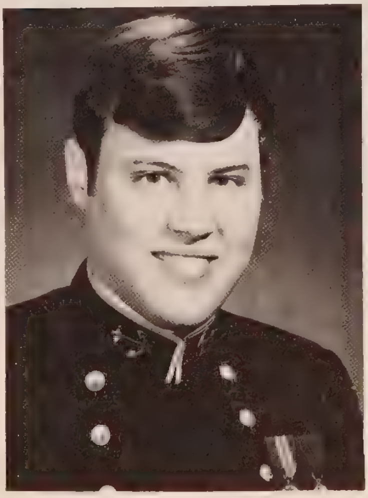
"Large Pranks" came to Canoe U. from Libertyville, Ill., a small town north of Chicago. Being a firm believer in the principle of trying everything once, he decided to give Navy its fair chance, and has been wondering why ever since. After coming back from youngster cruise with a draft number of 21, he decided to settle down and do some serious work on a few subjects. Of course, none of them were academic. His major occupations were Sue, Navy rugby, and the tube. Taking out a few minutes a night to decide not to study, he managed to accumulate enough gravy to stay clear of the AC Board. His future plans include helicopters, marrying the girl he met at the "T" fight (yep, it does happen), and finding as many rallies as he possibly can.



GERALD MICHAEL STENOVEC

GERALD MICHAEL STENOVEC

Jerry, the Alberquerque Ferky, came to "that place" in Annapolis from the University of New Mexico. Now one might wonder what motivates a person to come here from a civilian university but don't ask Steno, because he doesn't know either. Starting out as an aero major, Steno finally saw the light (with the help of the Ac board) and moved over to general engineering. Besides studying, Steno's favorite hobbies are cars, music, and girls. We'd say something about Steno's love life, but there really isn't enough room here to relate that sad tale. As for the future, Jerry has eyes for Navy Air, and if the rest of him passes the physical, he should make it through Pensacola easy. But wherever he goes, we all want to wish him good luck in his career, and better luck next time with the girls.

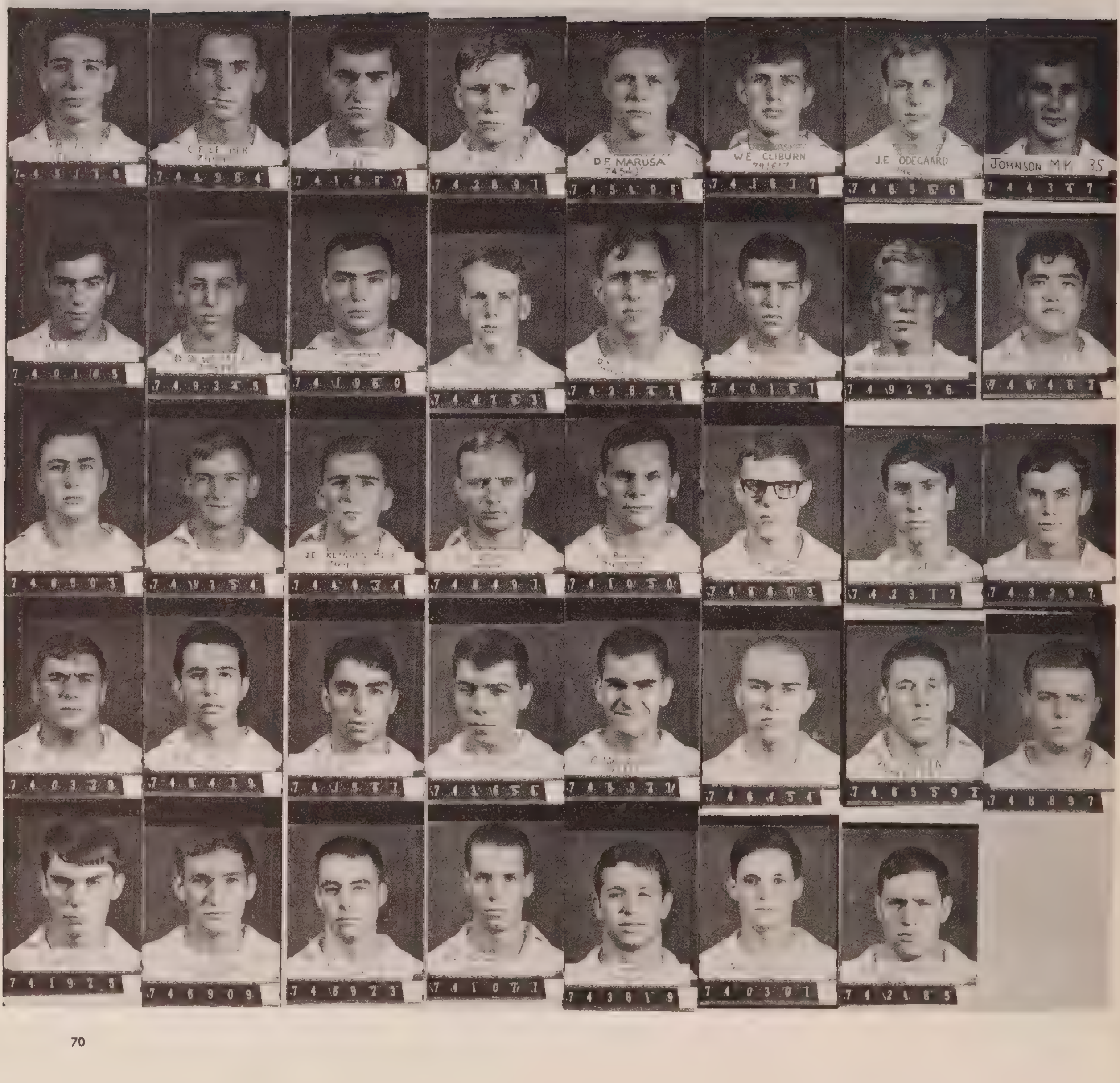


SCOTT DUANE WHITE

SCOTT DUANE WHITE

Scott (Wizard to his friends) came to USNA from the small town of Williamstown, Mass. Grades never presented a problem to Scott, although he was never known to study for more than an hour at a time. When not in the rack or in search of the gouge, he could be found working out with Ollie. Not being varsity material, he spent his time in intramural sports blocking for the batt football team. Known as a man who could drink with the best of them, Wizard managed to prove this fact several times, particularly in Copenhagen. Among his other interest are foreign affairs (that's why he never studies) firebirds, and sounds. With his many talents and sense of humor, Scott should do well in whatever branch of the service he finally selects.

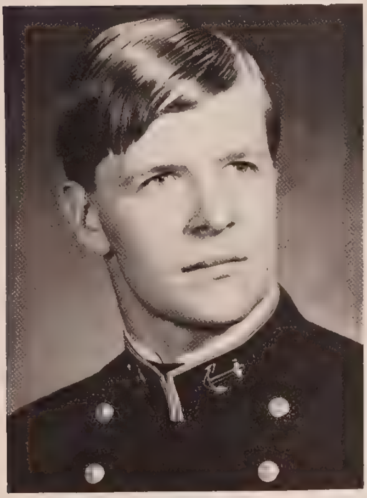
Sixth Company


D.F. MARUSA
W.E. CLIBURN
J.E. ODEGAARD
JOHNSON M.K. 35

WILLIAM THOMAS SINNOTT

WILLIAM THOMAS SINNOTT

Tom spent the first month of Second Class year visiting the OD, but typically considers that long session one of the humorous incidents of his life. He is one of his company's "Four Horsemen" from St. Ignatius in Cleveland; he played Plebe football and has continued playing company football, softball, and soccer. Tom yearned for his old newspaper customer in Euclid and a place in Marine green with wings. In any case, his sense of humor and easy going attitude will always earn him many more friends.



DANIEL FRED MARUSA

DANIEL FRED MARUSA

Moose Marusa came to Navy from the steel mills of McKeesport, Pa. after a needed stop at NAPS. His career at Navy has been one of constant change, from gung-ho "let's go Navy" to almost retired, from Chemistry major to resignation major to physical science (that's the closest he could get to physical education). Moose was always excelling on the athletic field and somtimes in the classroom. He went from an "A" in English to a daze in modern physics. His prize possessions were a yellow pig named Hank, many of great friends and gouge profs. Moose has gained much from the Academy and the Navy will surely gain a dedicated officer when he graduates.

JEFFREY DAVID BUEHRLE

DONALD DAVID WETTLAUFER

DONALD DAVID WETTLAUFER

Don, who is known to his classmates as Dreamer came to USNA from Norwood, Pa. where he spent his innocent years as a high school track and cross-country jock. This background apparantly left him in good stead, because he never ran his mile test slower than 4:59, although those who know him credit his ground speed to chasing after a hometown lovely for the past 2 years. Dreamer early obtained the reputation of being one of the company sweats, despite his efforts to refute it his senior year, during which time he almost took the prize for grades that dropped the most in one year. After picking up his '74 Bird, he took to the road, despite the cast on his right foot, claiming he never heard of the 50 mile speed limit. Dreamer will eventually break the sound barrier when he pins on those long sought after wings of gold.

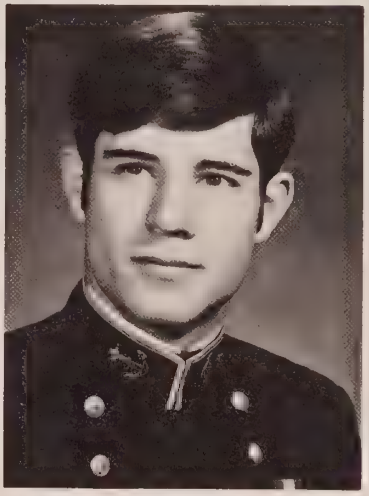
JEFFREY DAVID BUEHRLE

A native of Calumet City, Illinois, Jeff (Jud) Buehrle came to Canoe U directly from high school against the wishes of a certain NCAA football coach. After surviving the three in-company Marine Corps electees as next door neighbors plebe year, Jeff went on to youngster year as a quiet, hardworking man who lived in the backshaft. By second semester of youngster year, during one of the many purges, he was discovered to have lived in the 17th company. During this period of time, Jeff decided to join the purge and get ready for second class year by hassling the plebes. By the time, his athletic ability took a turn for the worse, as sailing found a place in Jeff's heart. A devoted airdale, his sense of duty and pride will follow Jeff wherever he may go.

DAVID CHARLES ALFORD

DAVID CHARLES ALFORD

The Nub, stumping in from "Virginia is for Lovers", was not seen too much in the early days of his stay at the Academy for obvious reasons. Dave came into fame youngster year with the discovery of the "Alford Finagling Factor", widely used for some time by a few of his engineering colleagues until its validity was finally questioned. Nub had to struggle through the early stages of his marine engineering major, but finally made a complete turnabout at the end of youngster year and got some gravy. Dave's biggest contribution second class year was the creation of the "Nubble Bubble", the new improved version of his Finagling Factor, used exclusively by the Nub himself. Weekends could find Nub parked in front of a T.V. set or parked with his favorite nurse, sweet Mary. His athletic concerns were primarily soccer and football. I still remember the day Nub came back from practice with a smile on his face from ear to ear, just proud as punch that he had just made height for the company lightweight touch football team. Yes, Nub, we shared your joys and anxieties and I'm sure the Nukes and Mary will also share them with you.



JAMES NIELSEN ANDREWS, JR.

JAMES NIELSEN ANDREWS, JR.

Andy came to Navy from the hills of Mocksville, North Carolina, straight from that institute of higher learning known as Davis County High School, where he was all-county in all kinds of sports (only one school in the county). At Navy he was a good example of the whole man concept. Athletics and leadership came naturally, but academics came through hard work and much pride. Andy is the type of guy who always wanted to win, but knew how to lose gracefully and then come back to win again. Going to class, Andy carried his books in one hand and a stick in the other. The latter was to discourage female "touri", for the sake of his OAO (OAO taken any way you like). Any ground along with the rest and always did his best, no matter how distasteful the task before him.

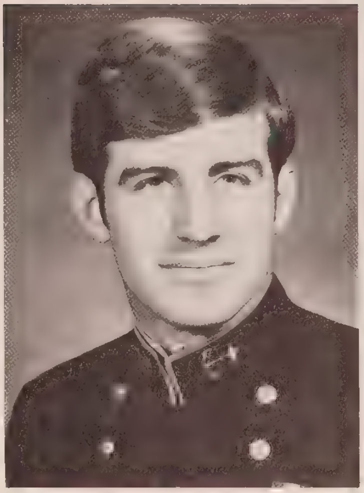
WILLCOX KEITH BAILEY

Will came into the Academy with a lively spirit and a strong determination to become an admiral before he graduated. Although not recruited for his outstanding tennis and squash talents, he was singled out by his second set plebe summer squad leader for his uncanny ability for folding hospital corners on his rack. For this he was awarded the position of second tallest man in the squad. Bailser's talents did not stop there, however, for it was after both semesters of plebe year that he reached the pinnacle of academic success with a cumulative grade point average of 4.0. With the onslaught of youngster year, Will's time was primarily occupied with such varied and unique interests as Saturday night excursions to the Hilton, Rod Stewart, and having a good time in general. During second class year his interests expanded to include a high affinity for long distance phone calls and flights to Knoxville, Tenn. Now, as his Academy career is nearing an end, Bails can look back and realize what integral parts Rod and the mottos, "never say no to a beer" and "never say no to Karen" played in the development of such a fine and pleasant personality.

WILLCOX KEITH BAILEY

WAYNE ERIC CLIBURN

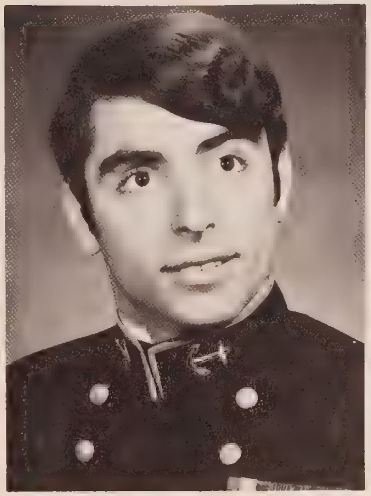
Hailing from Gawgia, Wayner was at the Academy almost ten weeks before anyone could understand what he was saying. Good job, Wayner. From the beginning of plebe year, Wayner fit right into the Academy's environment, for it had everything he needed, such as the sport of fencing, the skills of which he instinctively put to practical application in administering his clever wit: Attack! Withdraw! Touche, Wayner! From the first day of his blitzkrieg chow calls in the Crow's Corner, Wayne has devoted most of his efforts to gleeing with the glee club and taking ten mile hikes on Sunday mornings after only two hours of sleep. Wayner hopes to leave the Academy with a double major degree—one in electrical engineering and the other in the process of logical reasoning and oversimplification. I'm sure the Navy will find a place for such a fine character. If anyone can figure out the Navy, Wayner can.



WAYNE ERIC CLIBURN

FRANK SALVATORE CINA

Claiming residence in New York when around New Yorkers and Florida when around Floridians, Frank came to Navy a week after graduating from a liberal Long Island high school. Navy changed his life style, but through a realistic outlook he was able to live a military life in an individual manner. As each day passes, Navy is winning over this bouncy Italian who knows the whys and whens of all Academy rumors. An expert at flinging the B.S., Frank will always have the "right" word for any occasion, and will often be found in either heated debate or quiet conversation. One of Frank's ambitions here (besides passing swimming) was to meet a lovely lady with money. On weekends, Frank could be found pursuing the finer delights of the opposite sex. In the eternal quest for gouge Frank cut hours off his time with the books. He took more courses in engineering than his management major called for, which prompted his interest for future technical study. Looking forward to a solid and profitable future, Frank selected the Nuclear Power program. Whether Frank's career is Navy oriented or not, it will surely be the one which is successful and filled with happiness.

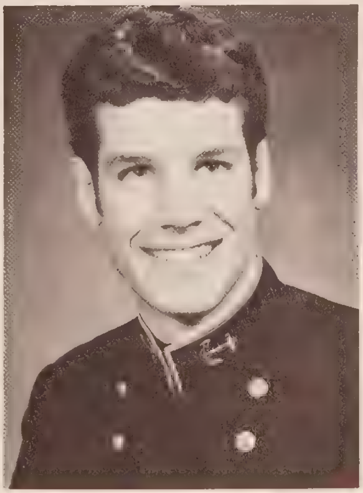


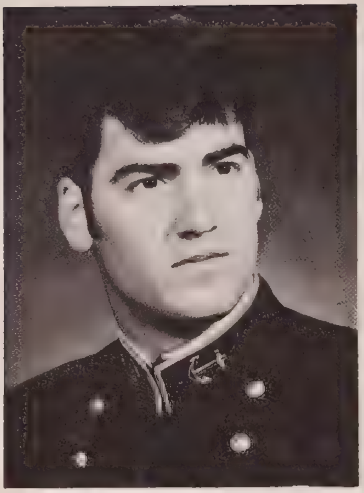
FRANK SALVATORE CINA

BARRY GIL BUMGARNER

BARRY GIL BUMGARNER

Bum came to the Academy from Kansas City, Kansas, which is near famous Pittsburg, Kansas ("If Kelso's egg mash won't make 'em lay, they're roosters,") and, being from the industrial grain mill area, brought many man-of-the-world traits with him. Wonders never ceased when Bum hit the books. He had an uncanny talent for so few hours of toil with such dazzling grades as the end result. Bull seemed to be his specialty. It was the same on the soccer and football field—Otis was always there for the TD. But perhaps Bum's most uniquely outstanding feature was his vast knowledge of the rare and much sought after 18-leaf-per-three-months-Kansas-City-rubber-plant. Many a maiden were duly impressed with such savvy over second class summer. Truly amazing! Rumor has it that Bumsy had a special research job with the Navy after graduation to do a study on how a guy can work efficiently 24 hours a day and still survive. At any rate, the Navy is in line for a man of many diverse talents with the coming arrival of B.G.B. Good luck, Bumsy.

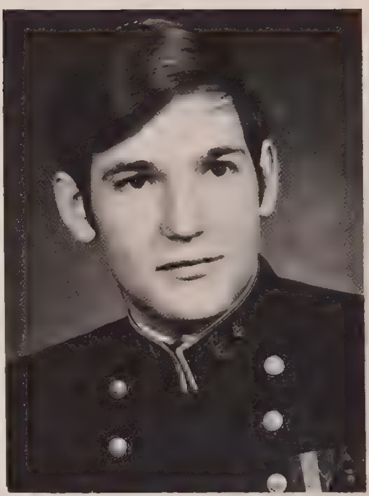




JAMES EDWARD COLLI

DON WALTER SWAILES

This highly sought after washed-up wrestler from the bustling metropolis of Belle City, Iowa came to this quaint dump on the shores of the Chesapeake for reasons unbeknownst even to himself. Upon arriving, however, he decided to take on the challenges of 150-lb football, varsity wrestling, and the trials and tribulations of an oceanography major. Having succeeded in none of these, he promptly changed his interests to more worldly and less physical matter, i.e., rack, Emerson's, popcorn, TV, cards, and Irma (not necessarily in that order). Always willing to lend a helping mouth, Smeg could usually be found sitting at his desk oafishly cackling to himself about some perversion that just came to mind, or down at the mate's desk swearing at his empty mailbox. A lawyer at heart, Babe knows he "can't get there from here", and this ex-cross country runner, ex-wrestler, ex-150-lb football player, ex-fieldballer, may (but I kinda freaking doubt it) find an ex-cellent career on his ocean-going tug.



DWIGHT WALTER PITMAN

JAMES EDWARD COLLI

Jim hailed from the small town of Banta, California where he was a stud quarterback. A knee operation plebe year somewhat stunted his career, but he fought back with his good humor and stubbornness until finally he became starter for the JV. Always the ladies man, if anybody had needed a date—see Colli (that is until he entered semi-retirement after a road trip to Boston). Known for his congeniality, Jim will leave behind many close friends, and should do well in his intended career of Navy Air, If he doesn't sell his airplane.

"Roses are red and violets are blue. I dread the fleet and Jim does too!!"—J.M. Liggio

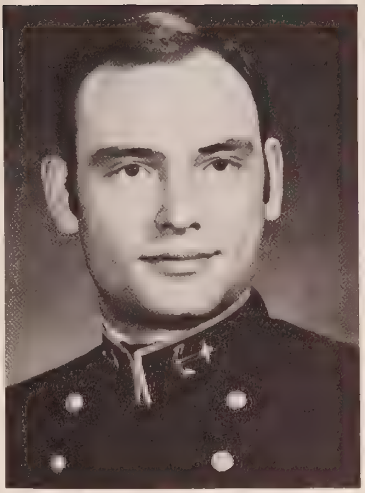
DON WALTER SWAILES

DWIGHT WALTER PITMAN

Pistol, hailing from the mighty metropolis of Auburn, Illinois, brought his experienced Midwestern attitudes to the sunny shores of the University of the Bay. Immediately grasping the situation here at USNA, Dwight realized that the unseen were the unscathed, and quickly made himself invisible for the balance of plebe year, reappearing only for an occasional pistol match and just long enough to switch his major from physics to international relations. Youngster year the "real" Arm Pitman emerged and between frequent bouts with the pad monster, he found time to make the merit list and a birth on the All-America Pistol team. Second class year seemed like a never ending bridge; however, Dwight made it across with flying colors (and only slightly sore knees), and in the process discovered his first and foremost love (except for Lynnie Kay of course), flying. He had set his sights high (his goal is to be a Blue Angel) and he'll surely make it with a clean windshield, and a full tank of gas and a shoe shine.

JOHN PAUL CURTISS

You ask what sort of man is this John Curtiss? I tell you that he is a man of simple tastes, ample intelligence and exotic desires. A man who spent a year at Northwestern Prep and then came to Navy and burned the academic department first semester plebe year, a man who has played on more Brigade championship teams than any other mid here, a man who dates a sexy blonde from rural Nebraska who definitely "did not give him the eye." I will also tell you that John is an industrious worker and a stalwart friend, who can be counted on to tell you when you're right and tattle to H.M. Barclay, BOOW, when you're wrong. He's the kind of guy you'd want your sister to marry, but only if you hated your sister. J.P. was famous for his P.J.'s. Almost equally famous were his Farmer John overalls (now in mothballs) and his sleek silver Camaro, owned and operated at Baskin-Robbins. John is definitely a pilot, but since he's both bold and blind, he has become a professional steamer located somewhere in San Diego.

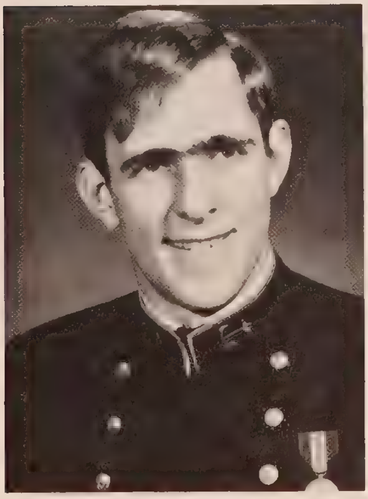


JOHN PAUL CURTISS

STEPHEN BRUCE EDWARDS

STEPHEN BRUCE EDWARDS

Coming from the preparatory school in Bainbridge, Maryland, Stephen left behind his Naval career as an enlisted man to become a member of the elite group of Midshipmen. Like the obstacle course, academics was a major achievement each semester. Though his name was changed and surgery performed Stephen remained the same to his friends. Looking for the "perfect" ONE AND ONLY, it wasn't until first class year that he found her. A local girl with 350 horses and fuel reserve, she always remained true. Besides being deeply devoted to staying a bachelor after graduation, Stephen plans a challenging and interesting career with the Marine Corps Aviators, if he can get an answer to his "ad".



DAVID LLOYD EVANS

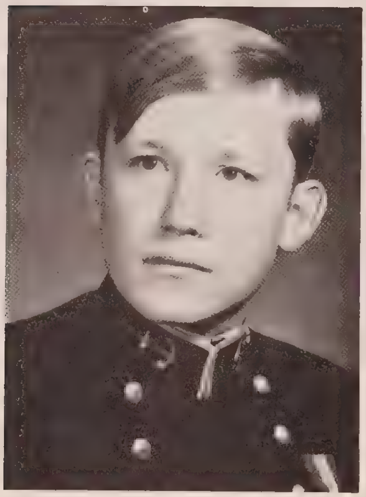
DAVID LLOYD EVANS

Streaking in from the barren wastelands of Arizona, the Bull Lurch amazed one and all with his daring exploits and unbelievable feats (accomplished both in and outside of the regs). Plebe summer guidon bearer Evans set the tone for four years by leading the fearless 35th platoon into the walls of hallowed Chauvenet Hall. One eyed Jack's pride and joy also distinguished himself athletically and academically while a tenant of Mother B. A solid 2.0 always within reach and counting down the minutes until his next workout, Lurch's time flew by quickly at Navy. Surface Line looks mighty fine and things in Lurcher's future look "sunny".

WARD LEE HARRIS, JR.

Hondo Harris, hailing from the sun and fun of Jacksonville, Flordia, thought he was reporting to USNA for college. He never quite recovered from his first snowfall when he was locked out of the 8th wing, nor his first encounter with the computer when he was locked inside Ward Hall. Lee made the best of this latter situation, however, and now aspires to further his education in the computer field sometime after graduation. Devoting minimal time to his math major, Sleepy Eyes lettered in varsity rack, and surprisingly enough, still found time to excel in company fieldball, fast pitch, and batt handball. On weekends, young Ward enjoyed running over dogs in D.C., and was always up for a rally at Emersons. Lee was bound for Navy Air before decorating canopies at Pensacola 2/c summer; now, it looks like Surface Line is mighty fine!

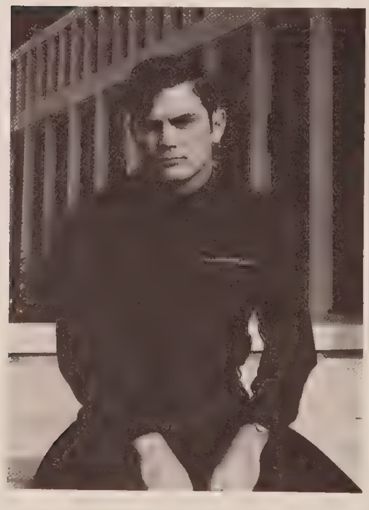
WARD LEE HARRIS, JR.



JOHN MARK FRANKLIN

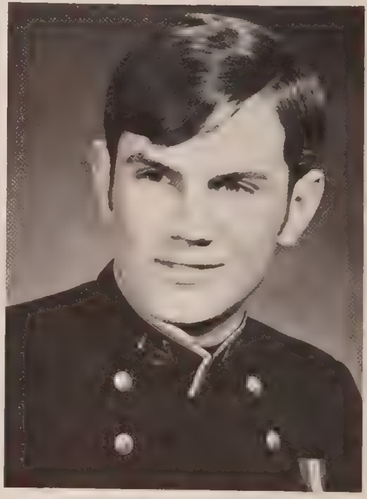
JOHN MARK FRANKLIN

Butch arrived at Canoe U. with all his worldly possessions wrapped in a Confederate flag. When not trying to convince everyone that the South won the war and that Bear Bryant was really the father of our country, Butch managed to skate through his math major with a near 4.0 average. If anyone needed help in academics, Butch was the gouge. He did enough of everyone else's work to graduate twice. Fat Boy could always be found on the athletic field where the scoring was, as he was the company goalie. Contrary to popular belief, this Alabaman wasn't a bigot; he was equally prejudiced toward everyone! Butch will leave many friends behind when he leaves the Academy to seek adventure in the air where he is destined to excel.

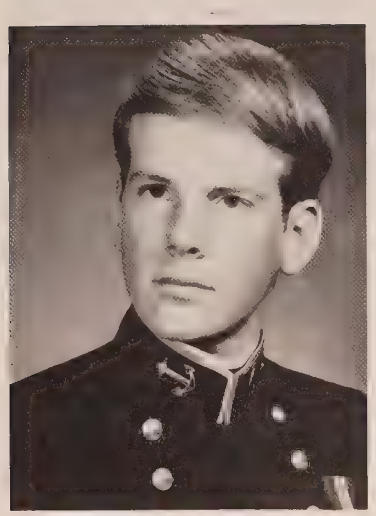


GARY JAMES GRAUPMANN

Gary Graupman? Ah yes, the little blue eyed Groupie from Norfolk, Va.! Certainly an accurate portrayal of this unique creature exceeds the capabilities of pen and ink. Perhaps his most identifying traits, were his gift of mouth and his classic blue-eyed innocence. Gary could be found afternoons on the point, where his rock-and-fire tactics from the mound of company fast pitch always resulted in at least a moral victory. As company quarterback Gary had a nose for the endzone. Gary's greatest victories at Navy were over the academic department, whom he had positively snowed. His greatest setbacks were suffered at the hands of H.M. Barclay, a mythical character manufactured and sustained in the doldrums of Gary's own mind. Graduation will find our Groupie headed for Bainbridge. He's got NPS, a cute blonde and a truly successful future waiting for him. See you in twenty, Graup!



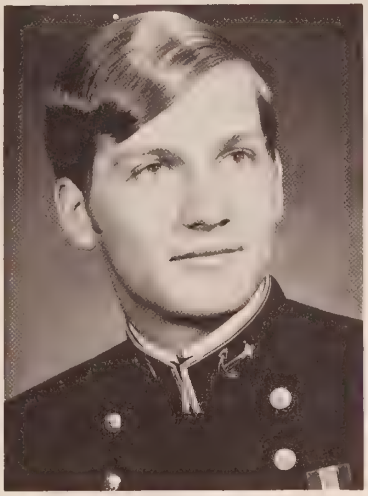
GARY JAMES GRAUPMANN



STEPHEN CHARLES JASPER

STEPHEN CHARLES JASPER

Steve Jasper, born in Nebraska and hailing from everywhere, came to Annapolis with stars in his eyes; Admiral stars, that is. With ambitions of command at sea, Steve got his wish with the command of the Navy Varsity Eight. A master storyteller with or without a willing ear, he was always ready to lay down his book (or yours) for a chance to relate an experience from his nomadic existance. With a blind eye for love, Steve stumbled into the girl of his dreams youngster year but woke up second class year to the realization that his true interests lay in skiing, good scotch, and a Triumph. Steve should go far in this man's Navy, despite his passion for the rack. His interest in the Navy is true blue and as high as the sky in which he plans to fly.



MARK KENNETH JOHNSON

MARK KENNETH JOHNSON

After leaving the simple life of Iowa and spending a year of limbo at NAPS, Mark arrived at Annapolis ready to tackle the rigors of the Uncollege. USNA failed to put a damper on his free Norweigan spirit and Mark girded himself for a tough four years. Trapped in an engineering major, he found it rough going, though twice the AC board smiled on him. He took more of a liking to political thought, and resulted in being a liberal and humanistic light in the darkened halls of Mother B. Mark found self expression in photography, and a look through his lense showed an insight to the real midshipman. Being congenial and easy going, Mark was in constant demand for the blind date, and, although disappointed at times by the proverbial "brick", he never lost the spirit to try one more time. Surprising everyone on service selection night, Mark found his aspirations of success in business and desire for the wings of gold better realized with the choice of Marine Air. Continuing to take military life in stride, Mark is looking forward to the benefits and pleasures success will bring.

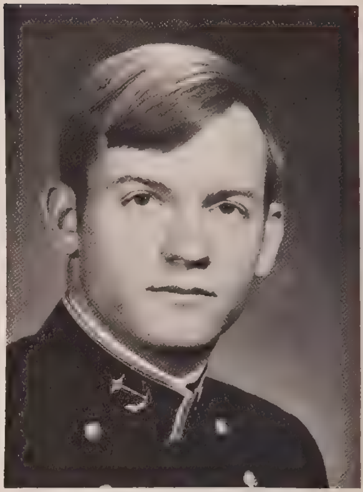
ANDREW PETE NIFLIS

ANDREW PETE NIFLIS

Nif, despite four unsuccessful attempts to raise his board scores, was accepted to the Naval Academy straight from high school. Coming from the Hoosier state, Andy knew as much about the Academy as he did about physics, and both proved to be rude awakenings. After a long plebe year and now a History major, Andy entered youngster year with hopes of breaking the 3.0 plateau, and a new name, Sniffles, compliments of the Zapher. Realizing that navigation and French would forever keep him fighting for a 2.0, Andy returned to what he did best, debating, only this time for Navy. Each year would find Nif traveling around the country striving to bring home a first place trophy and a few new addresses on the side. He was very successful at both. Having made up his mind after youngster cruise that Navy Line is mighty fine (but not for him) you can expect to find him placing his name on the list for the Marine Corps.

DONALD LEROY WEISS

Hailing from Oklahoma City, Don "Computer" Weiss was born (or assembled) in Syracuse, New York where he spent a typical All-American childhood. Don brought his apple pie and motherhood to Navy with flag waving aspirations of becoming an astronaut. When not studying, Don will be found blistering his hands with an oar. A good natured fellow who is easily pleased, Don will talk with anyone, but few can understand him. He talks in terms of physical quantities and when conversation starts, Don pulls out his slide rule. Don is truly intrigued by people; however, and he wants to know everyone and what they're made of. An expert at bringing humor into an unlikely situation, he went on midnight capers many a times that usually left people all wet and always laughing. Don is a workhorse with anything he undertakes. Surprising everyone including himself, Don opted for Marine Air at service selection. His future is more than promising, but beware, women, for a devil lurks within.



DONALD LEROY WEISS

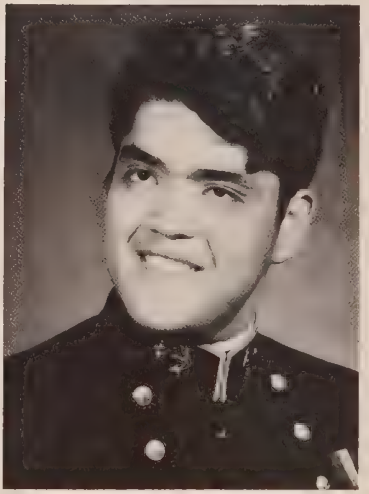
JOHN EDWARD ODEGAARD

JOHN EDWARD ODEGAARD

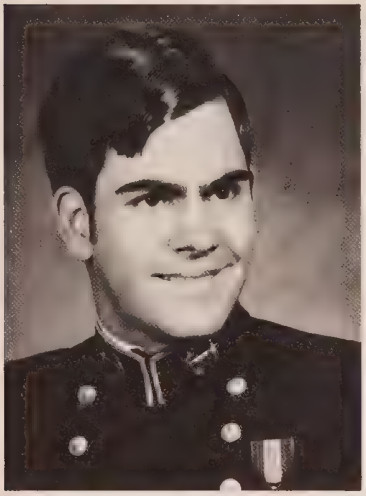
Odie came to the Academy from the far off frozen wilderness of Mankato, Minnesota. He had to make the decision whether to have fun while he was here or study to make good grades. He attempted, with a degree of success, to do both. Odie was known for traveling far and wide. He spent his summers in places like France and Germany, and once even in Alabama where he met his first real flame, a girl near and dear to us all: Hot Mary. Odie decided to join the Nuclear Power Navy and let Admiral Rickover tell how messed up his operations analysis major was (or is). Wherever he ventures in life, he is bound to make many friends and excel in his work.

MICHAEL ANTHONY NORBURY, JR.

Mike "Norbs" Norbury hails from the great destroyer town, Newport, R.I. The influence this has on his service selection remains to be seen. Norbs is a member of a small academic group called the "engineers" and can be seen at night cussing his profs for handing out 30 hrs. of problems for one night. Norbs usually spends his afternoons studying the rack monster or playing football for the 6th co. heavyweight team. Who knows, if he chooses Navy Line, he may get Newport as the home port.



MICHAEL ANTHONY NORBURY, JR.



CHRISTOPHER MACMURRAY

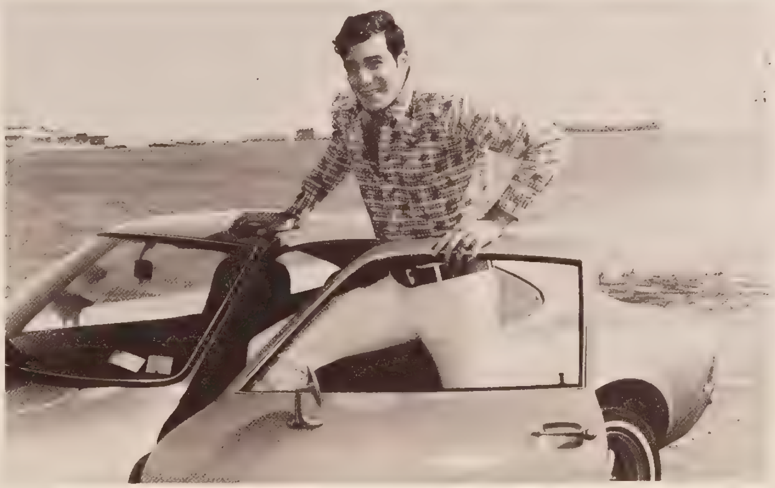
CHRISTOPHER MACMURRAY

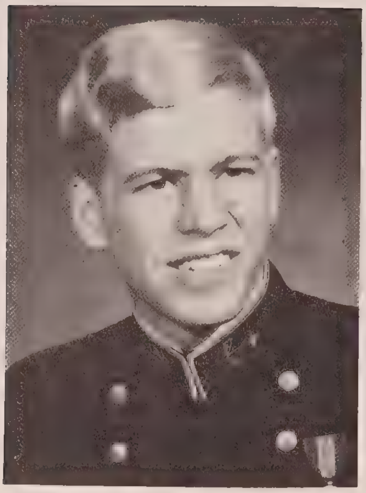
Chris, or Mac as he is tabbed by his classmates, came to Canoe U. from Oregon to pursue the high ideals of broadening his horizons and losing his wide-eyed innocence. The former he accomplished behind the helm of a USNA yawl, but the latter still remains a mystery. Too frequently Chris can be heard, rather than seen, playing his bagpipes in Tracey's barbershop or on the foredeck of his yawl. When not piping, he can be found reciting poetry, much to the chagrin of his roommate. Chris' never ending pursuit for truth, honor, justice and the American ideal separates him from the ordinary Mid. His academic prowess is ocean engineering is well noted among his classmates. Chris has yet to triump over the fairer sex, but his friendly personality and versatility will take him far and perhaps earn him a place in Admiral Rickover's Navy.

JEFFREY MICHAEL LIGGIO

JEFFREY MICHAEL LIGGIO

On thing that can defintely be said about Jeff is that he has no shortage of friends; either you're his friend or you're not. and those that are not are seen to by the family! Jeff hails from Brewster, N.Y., and began his Plebe summer by teaching the company the words to "Barnacle Bill". Jeff went out for about every sport available at the Academy, even trying to invent a few, but finally found a niche on the Brigade boxing. Not being a scholar, he devoted his greatest imagination and efforts towards liberty and the opposite sex, achieving a fair amount of success. An eternal believer in the B.F.D. theory, and retaining his optimism after a phenomenal second class year, Jeff is ready to graduate with Milo Minderbinder's blessings. Well, trick or treat, it's been short but sweet, and can't be beat.

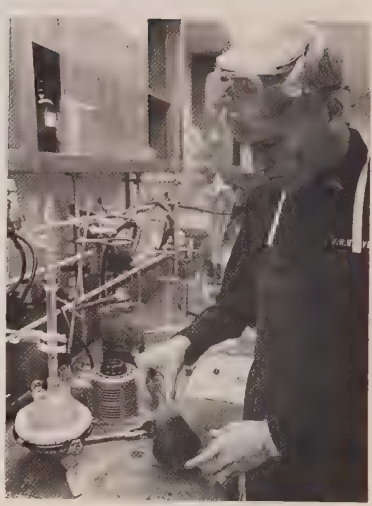




FLOYD RALPH WEAVER

FLOYD RALPH WEAVER

Floyd plowed his way to the Academy from the sticks outside the small mid-Michigan town of Ithaca, a graduate of Ithaca High School. Weaver toted with him the same enthusiasm and ever present angelic (?) smile that had so successfully propelled him through high school, and with visions of becoming a world famous chemist naval officer in four short, easy lessons. Circumstance soon dictated some subtle priority rearranging for Weaver, and by the end of his youngster year, he had mysteriously acquired a new nickname, Pink. Pink continued to log many hours of study, often late into the night–during the week, that is. On weekends, Pink was most likely not to be found but out somewhere exploring his favorite past times. No one doubts that Floyd's naval career will be exemplary, for it will surely be pursued with the same zeal and devotion we have seen here at the Academy.



KEVIN GEORGE OBRIEN

OB, Bing, Savage, O'Brien left the busy metropolis of Anderson, D.C., with a jock in one hand and a chow package in the other. In his race of life, the Academy proved to be a four year pit stop. His decision to become a mechanical engineer turned into an eternal quest for gouge and resulted in OB's motto, "thru gouge, grades". The rigors of mechanical engineering led to his decision to retire from a promising career on the track team and part with his pet hammer, Obleo. His loneliness was solved by adopting Hank, a pet pig. With graduation approaching, OB was happy (but the mess officer was happier to see him leave). When not initiating people to the exclusive Bite in the Ass Club, OB took on all unworthy opponents and never lost his reign as heavyweight champ of the hall.

KEVIN GEORGE OBRIEN

SCOTT THOMAS PLACE

SCOTT THOMAS PLACE

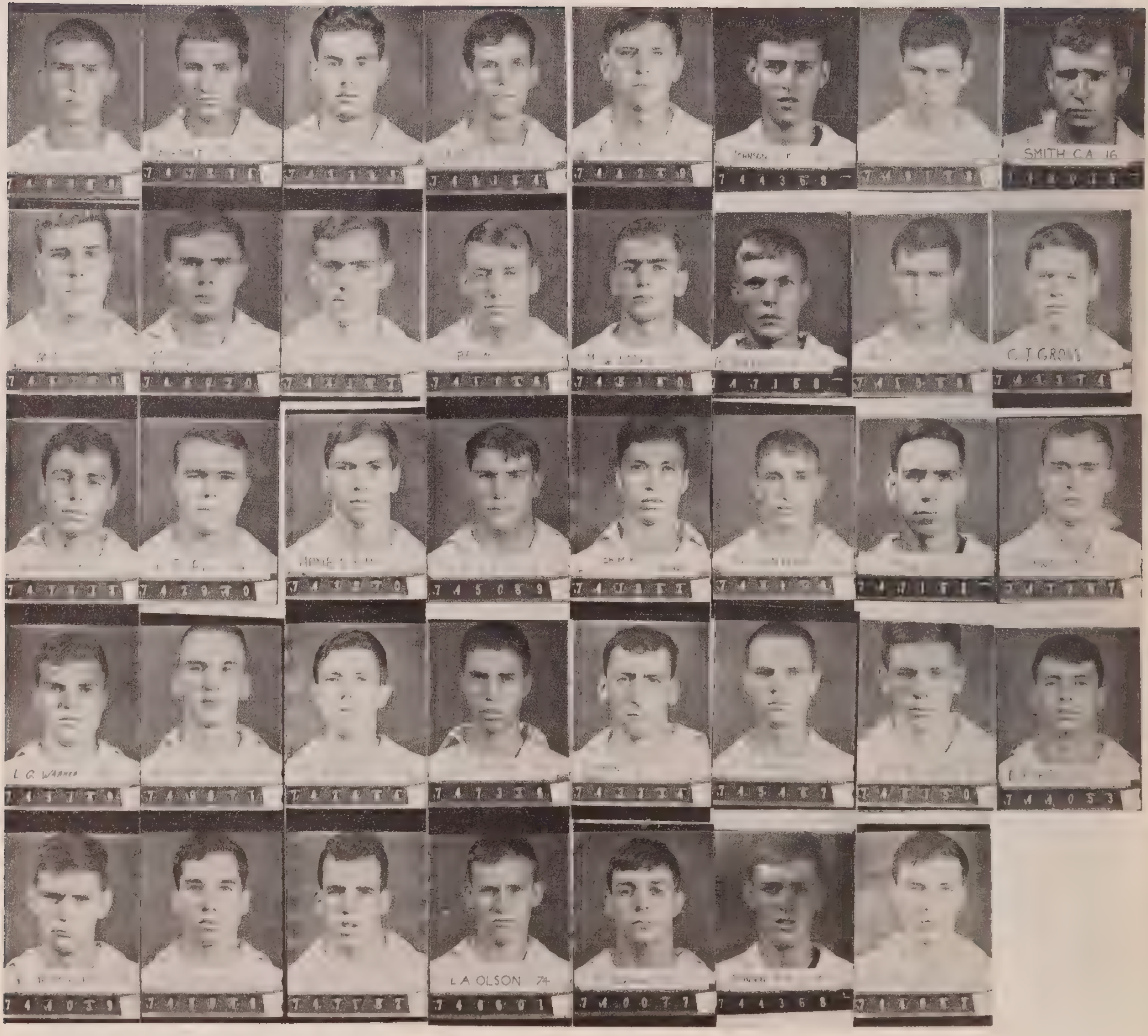
New Hampshire's loss was Navy's gain when Scotty first breezed into USNA from the frosty mountains of New England. Being of Air Force lineage, Scotty quickly got his feet on the ground (ah, *deck* Scotty) after his arrival at Canoe U. Never one to bag it, the Saint impressed everyone with his hard working attitude and enthusiasm. Leaning more towards athletics than the books, Scotty nevertheless gave the oceanography department a run for its money. But then, he was not one to let schoolwork interfere with his education!(?) Often Mr. Superbody could be seen working out in McDonough Hall, building up even the muscles in his saliva! When not working out or studying, you'd find him daydreaming about mountain-climbing, skiing, his motorcycle, and of course, girls! Upon Scott's graduation, the Navy will receive an officer of liberal education, refined manners, punctilious courtesy, and the nicest sense of personal honor.

ROBERT DUANE CULLER

ROBERT DUANE CULLER

Bob came to the Academy as a star basketball player from Washington, North Carolina. The Neck has always been good for a laugh, especially when marching into a wall, and his humor has always been unique. Plebe year found Bob as the star pupil of K. S. and they soon became fast friends. He was an unusually bright pledge and picked ana mana before he was forced into it, and thereby avoided the rush. Youngster year was considerably easier for Bob, having successfully hid from Saul and Harry in the fifth wing. But he came to his personal pinnacle first class year by acquiring the Blue Bird (although it was in his possession much earlier), and volunteering his services for Brigade CPO, thus completely bagging the program. Always one with the gouge, but unable to convert it to successful answers, Bob will always be remembered for his ignominious if not ubiquitous singing of "In my mind I'm goin' to Carolina" and should taste the thrill of victory and the agony of 'da fleet' on his DLG before going to Pensacola.

Seventh Company


SMITH C.A 16
7 4 4 3 6 8
C. J. GROVE
7 4 5 0 6 9
L. G. WARNER
7 4 4 0 5 3
L A OLSON 74
7 4 4 3 6 8

When we say
"all hands,"
we mean
all hands.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER ANTHONY MICHAEL LEMKE

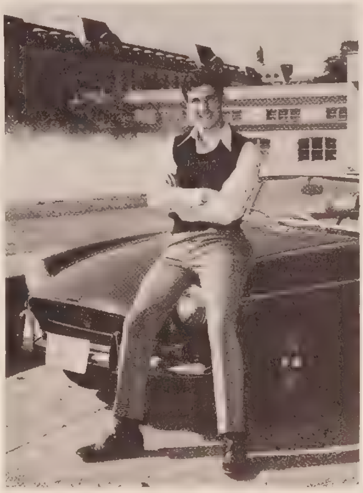
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER ANTHONY MICHAEL LEMKE

Before coming to USNA, Tony spent two years at Wisconsin State College. This extra education seemed to be of help Plebe year, but after that Tony and the Academic Departments played all kinds of games with grades. It seems that girls held much more of an interest for him than did his books and when weekends rolled round, he could always be seen with a young lovely in his company. Sports was another love of his and he was the member of several Brigade championship teams. Tony's plans for the future seem to bend toward Navy Line and destroyers, but wherever he goes, we know, there will be a good time for those around him.

LAWRENCE GEORGE RIEN

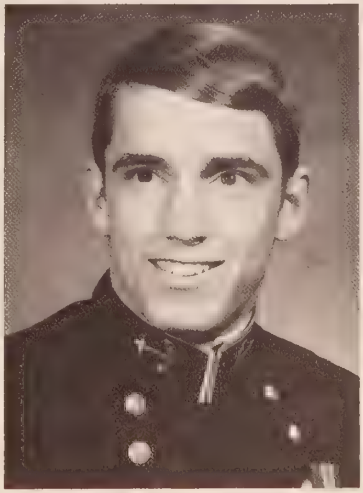
LAWRENCE GEORGE RIEN

"Lorenzo" wandered starry-eyed out of the rewards of Eureka, California, all the way over to the East coast and USNA, where the stars may have dimmed slightly, but have never fallen. Lorenzo worked voraciously, and did well at things he enjoyed, like batt track, duty rack, accumulating records, and bowling (the latter was evidenced by a gnarled and outgrown thumb). An ardent Deutscher, Larry changed majors early from chemistry to German. Basically an outgoing introvert, Larry met people easily and everywhere, acquiring quite a list of characters in four years, and satisfying his never ending need to talk. Due to his dislike of things academic, the rack often beckoned louder than the books, and Surface Line will undoubtedly be Navy's choice for him.



DUANE LYNN SNYDER

"The Duke" came to USNA from Handy High and his farm in Michigan, after a breif stint at NAPS. After the end of his only affair with a certain Navy junior on Valentines' Day '71, he returned to his truly great loves: his dog, his mother, wrestling, and mostly studying. Known as the only member of the wrestling squad listed officially as a sparring partner and for being a cute drunk, Duke was always a great guy when he wasn't cutting weight, or griping about the 96 he just got on a test. Never having trouble with anything (except plebes), Duke should have an easy time with Nuke Power School. (God knows he's built for it, all four feet of him.) Seriously, how can you not like a dwarf?

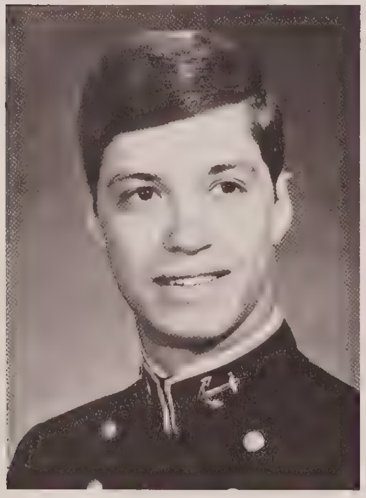


DUANE LYNN SNYDER

MICHAEL CHARLES ALBANO

MICHAEL CHARLES ALBANO

Bano drifted from the sticks of Ravenna, New York, determined to be a "leader of grunts". While serving his time here, he excelled in company soccer, company football, the rack, trying to tie his own shoelaces, opening all the windows, hassling the plebes, hassling his classmates, and he was usually a good guy to have on your side during a rowdy 6th-8th wing "class unity and brotherly love" meeting. A__?__ sense of humor and his easy going "that seems like an awful lot of work for two points on a quiz" attitude endeared him to the people of the North Pole and Bolivia. A general engineer, Mike was always trying to engineer good grades but on a night before two tests he would always study for the wrong one before retiring to the 6156 wardroom for the evening. He finally pulled it out, though, graduating high enough to join the little green men at Camp Barrett and get his head polished. He's okay.



KENNETH LAURANCE CRIMM

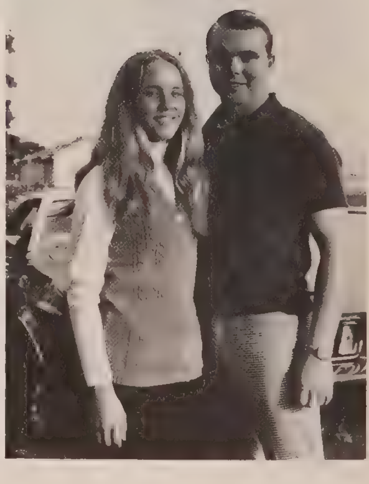
KENNETH LAURANCE CRIMM

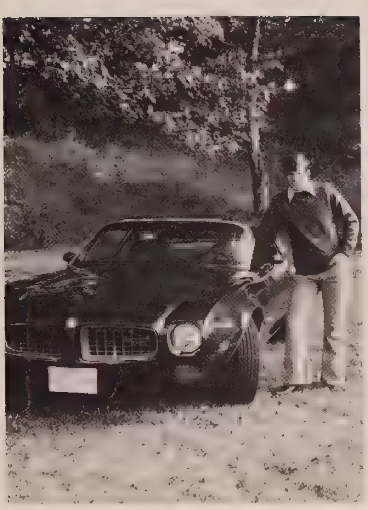
Ken came to the University from the beaches of Southern California. His interest at the Brass Factory included boxing, sailing, the rack, and being rowdy sometimes. His nights in Mother B were occassionally spent with his nose buried in aero books. Being a professionally minded midshipman, Ken attended scuba school at Key West and jump school at Fr. Benning, where he "fell out of an airplane a few times". Usually mild mannered and quiet, he keeps pictures of F-4's and F-14's alongside the Candice Bergen poster and his list of famous sayings. "Stay loose, it's the only way to stay" being one of the more profound sayings you hear from him. June of '74 will see Ken bolting from the Boat School and eventually flying down via porsche to the "Annapolis of the Air", singing the song, "Goin' downtown, gonna see my gal . . . "

JAMES THOMAS FRY

JAMES THOMAS FRY

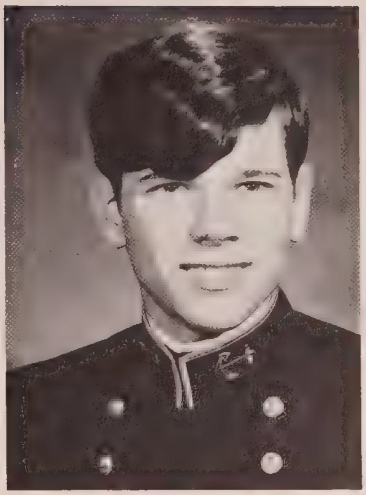
Jim (Also known as "Jimbo") was lured into a stint at USNA after a jaunt for a year at Columbian Prep. Before that, Glenshaw, Pa., was home. Eagerly starting off with plebe football, Jim continued with the J.V. team until the end of youngster year, when he decided to hang up his cleats, forsaking glamour for a good time with his classmates on the 7th company heavies. A hard worker, late nights found Jim up attacking the books in the duty study room. All of his struggles in mechanical engineering rewarded Jim the Sup's and Dean's Lists. Destined to be a fine leader by virtue of the great example he sets, Jim is assured of a fine career as an officer in the Nuclear Navy.





CARL JOHN GROSS

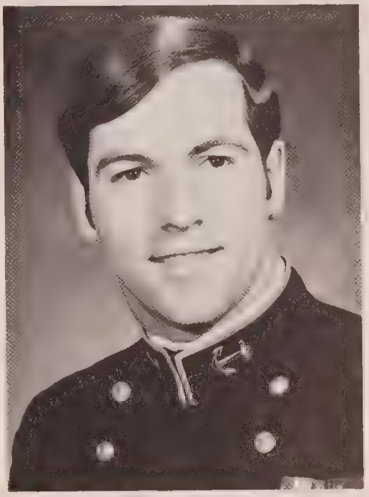
Carl, also known as Grossman, came to the Academy from Boise, Idaho. Skiing, playing cards, wooing women, and imbibing are some of Carl's favorite past times, but not necessarily in that order. In his earlier years, he was noted for frequent displays of "spirit", but the Academy life eventually toned down the sharper edges. Always looking for a piece of the action, Carl is a good friend to have. As a regular on the Company lights, Carl has seen several successful seasons. Academically, Carl settled down in his mechanical engineering major with little difficulty. Constantly striving to break the 3.0 barrier, Carl has been known to burn the midnight oil. Carl has an aspiration to fly the friendly skies of Navy in the pilot's seat, but due to excessive eye strain from noon meal formations, he plans to settle for the position of back seat jockey. With his sights set on the wild blue yonder, Carl should enjoy a rewarding experience as a naval flight officer.



CARL JOHN GROSS

PATRICK MICHAEL HANEY

Hailing from Wichita, Kansas, Pat came to Navy U in pursuit of the "finer things in life". He majored in partying for a year at Columbian Prep, but left his "Preppy" life in order to walk the straight and narrow path to Navy Line. Pat has been keeping pace with the varsity track team in his four years here, and played for the 150's plebe year. His major in international security affairs, combined with his ability to convince just about anyone that the "Haney way is the only way", should insure Pat of a successful diplomatic career as he strives for a command in the surface Navy.



PATRICK MICHAEL HANEY

KOLIN MARC JAN

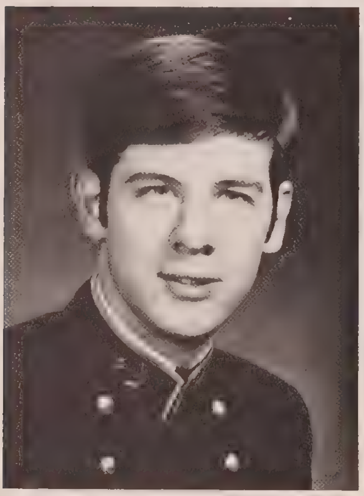
Kolin came to us from the distant village of Severna Park Md. He has found it very difficult to return to this house since it was converted to a parking lot—strange place for a parking lot, 7 miles and "a little bit" from the Chapel Dome. He was one of the best almost-lacrosse players, and almost 150 lb. football players that Navy has ever seen. Company fieldball has been his salvation however, and he has always told us that he is the best on the team, or rather, he *is* the team. Majoring in analytical management, Kolin maintained a comfortable margin between himself and the 2.0 mark, which he attributes to the fact that "one should know precisely when to push the beloved coast button . . . in September". He is planning to move to Pensacola for a while and establish a Brickskeller branch office; rumor has it that he's going to try his hand at helicopters while he is there, which he should handle with expertise as everything else.

KOLIN MARC JAN

MAX EUGENE LEGG

MAX EUGENE LEGG

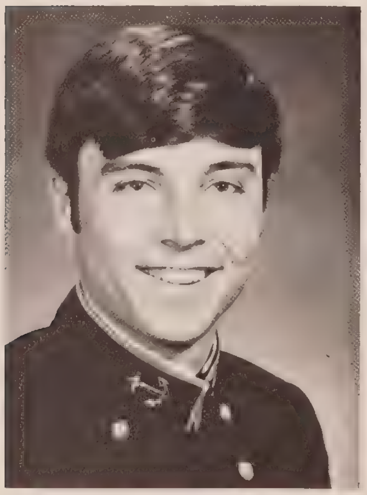
"Cuddles" has always carried a dual personality during his vacation her at Navy Country Club. Meek and mild mannered, Max has always been a favorite of all that come in contact with him. Stand clear, however, when he dons his football gear and steps onto the gridiron. Max took a few breaks plebe year to go home for an occasional Saturday afternoon in Bowie, Md., (It's only a "little bit" outside the seven mile limit), where he would reminisce about his Bowie H.S. Days, where he was Mr. Everything. While not on the football field, in the messhall, or searching for the perfect mattress, Max spends his spare time working on an operations analysis major. To date, he's not for sure of what kind of Navy Career he will pursue but we can be confident that he will excel in whatever he decides.



KEITH RAYMOND NOSTRANT

KEITH RAYMOND NOSTRANT

Keith came to the Uncollege from Verone, N.J., joining three other Veronaites ('71,'72,'73). He won his Black N as a plebe just after the three musketeers won their's for their D.C. excursion. An oceanography major saw him cruising the Severn aboard the world's only oceanographic research YP. (Keith dropped anchor in the waters of the 2.0.) He will remember the two brigade champion track teams, a frequent blonde drag from N.J., and parking problems with a blue MGB-GT. Navy Air will receive yet another grad—"soar with seventy-four".

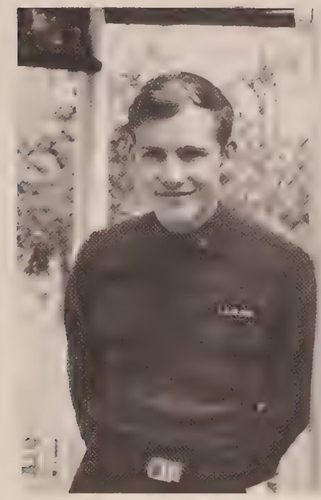


GLENN FLAGG KOCH

GLENN FLAGG KOCH

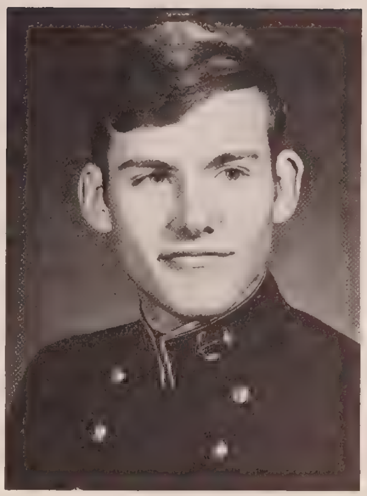
Cookieman cruised in from Garden City N.Y., setting a standard that has followed him ever since (he was two hours late reporting in for induction). Never one to gain the reputation as a slash, he amazed all by finishing his major, French, in just two years, From then on, studies to Glenn became a minor problem which he would someday get around to, Known for his quick wit, and sometimes even quicker wrath, Glenn took his frustrations out on the rugby field. Not known for working in the system, Glenn thinks that maybe he can get assigned to a luxury liner as the recreation officer, after graduation. Though we are sure that if that billet has already been filled, Gleen can make a very bright future for himself on a somewhat more naval orientated ship.

CHARLES DAVID MARTIN



LARRY ALLAN OLSON

From the "land of sky blue waters", better known as Robbinsdale, Minnesota, Larry came to Annapolis with great hopes and expectation. Jerome soon became known for his fiendish grin, his partiality to Agatha Christie novels, and his intense desire to strangle anyone who entered his room. His early battles with the academic monster all went in his favor, but as time wore on, the chemistry major he selected forced his little nose to the grindstone. His true love throughout his four year sentence was that little brunette, who waited patiently back in the frozen north. Larry's grotesque sense of humor, wealth of professional knowledge, and keen understanding of the word service will certainly stand him well as an officer in the Surface Navy.



LARRY ALLAN OLSON

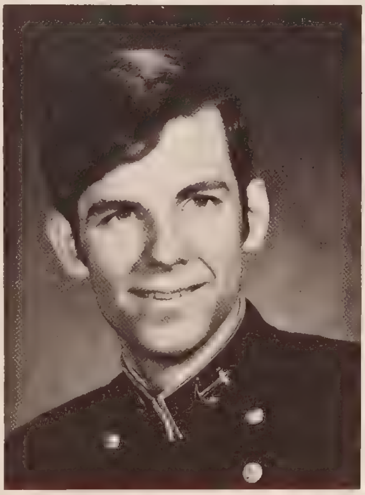
JEFFREY EDWARD PINKEL

Better known as "Pinks," Jeff hails from Western New York. Jeff eagerly started off plebe year as a member of the plebe soccer team. However, finding the seating facilities of the sailing training tables too much to resist, Jeff decided to coast through the remainder of plebe year with them. Skiing and a pretty little girl from Severna Park take up a lot of Jeff's spare time. Being in the naval architecture major, Jeff uses the rest of his time striving to be a good engineer. To accomplish this goal he has scheduled three semesters of core engineering courses with the infamous "Wild Bill Lee", better known as "Staff." Jeff has his sights on the skies as a Naval Aviator or ski bum.

JEFFREY EDWARD PINKEL

CHARLES DAVID MARTIN

Charles, who comes from San Diego (that little Navy town, just above the Mexican border), decided against his initial calling of entering the priesthood and answered the call of the sea to which his morals were more suited. Charlie has had his problems while here at the Academy. It seems that girls just won't leave Daddy alone. Chas was never one for worrying about getting caught and once he got his beloved Fiat anything went, including a Sunday afternoon trip up to Baltimore while he was restricted. Friday nights found Chas ready for the squash courts where he never played harder whether he was on his knees or on his one good foot. While never being a strong contender for the sup's list, if consistency was the name of the game in academics, he'd have had a 4.0. Chas is one of the few mids I know who is sincerely looking forward to a career in the Navy.



MICHAEL JOSEPH WATERS

MICHAEL JOSEPH WATERS

Growing up in Lakeland, Florida, an area practically surrounded by water, Mike had little problems choosing his "college". Being adept in all water sports, Drifty proved his aquatic skill sailing Navy dinghies for four years, and achieving a top position on the team. I'm sure one strolling couple who played "chicken" unintentionally in the 4th wing terrace tunnel with "Ole Blue" will never forget her. Dirtball's diligence with his general engineering major and much midnite oil produced grades that astonished mids and profs alike. His driving force in his life is the dream of sailing his own schooner about the world, with the tiller in one hand and a bottle in the other. A knack for the ways of the sea and a respectable motivation factor will lead him to a rewarding seabound career.

CRAIG ALAN SMITH

CRAIG ALAN SMITH

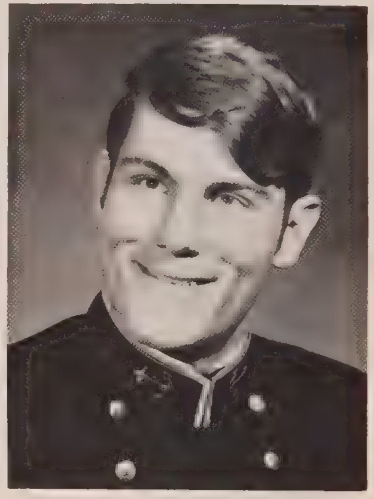
A Navy junior, Smitty is a native of the United States, as he could never call anywhere a permanent home. He attended the last years of high school at Mt. Vernon high in Virginia, and came to the Academy after a year at the University of Maryland, being held up for the Class of 1974 by a broken leg. His academics started out slowly in the beginning year and a half (with a brief resurgence after a visit with the Admiral), and then petered-out altogether the last two years. Not much of one to pay too much attention in class, Smitty's notebooks were filled with drawing vice notes, making him a natural for the art and printing club. Being a varsity member of the swimming subsquad, Smitty decided to follow in his Father's footsteps and go Navy Air.

CHRISTOPHER CHARLES ECKERT

PATRICK LEE ALDERSON

PATRICK LEE ALDERSON

Graduating from Allegheny High in Cumberland, Md., where he drove the teenie boppers insane with his prowess in football and swimming, "Mat Man" spurned a scholarship to Notre Dame and chose the USNA way instead. Academics at Annapolis Tech sometimes proved a little difficult at times, as Pat was forced to relinquish his "jock" status in order to spend more time tackling books instead of opposing runners. This never daunted his spirit, however, which was readily exhibited when the "Heavies" had a big game. First aspiring to become the Jimmy Doolittle of the New Navy, Pat lost sight of this after spending many long and hard hours huddling over those funny little Chinese characters he became so fond of (inventing a few choice ones of his own in the process). Captain North and Quantico, Va. might have now convinced him to trade in his Navy blues for a newer set of green upon graduation—If this is the case we all know he will make a welcome addition to the Corps.



SPENCER KIRBY LESLIE

BRUCE HOOD BRUNSON

BRUCE HOOD BRUNSON

It's a good thing loose hips don't sink ships! Juicy Brucy loves to dance and is often found kicking up a storm and controting himself even in his own room. It's funny how after raising such havok on the dance floor, Bruce can't even run a straight line without getting hurt. Between track meets, track practice and whirlpools, Bruce has managed to do suprisingly well in his ops analysis major. Really, it's not too surprising, because as they say, an ounce of gouge is worth a pound of knowledge, and if there's gouge to be found, Bruce has it. Bruce is more than proud of his southern heritage, his N star, the correctional year he spent at NAPS, and his Marine family, of whom will be surprised when their little "Wilson" goes Navy. Bootsie is anxiously awaiting graduation, because if June Week does not bring a wedding, it is sure to bring a host of new adventures.

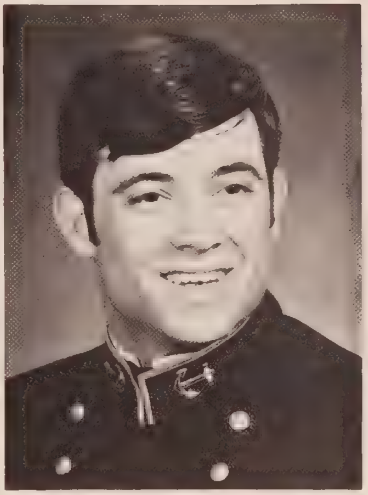
DONALD DEAN VILLNOW

CHRISTOPHER CHARLES ECKERT

C.C. Tennis arrived in Annapolis from the vast lizard land of New Mexico. He always tried to convince the company that it wasn't only desert land, yet we know the truth. Nevertheless he did learn how to ski in the Land of Enchantment. Imported snow–definitely. As a math major, C.C. could find any answer in the book. The weekend challenges at Mom's found "Tennessee" battling the bottle all of the time. And then he became (?) a WRNV radio D.J. That's where C.C. Tennis originated. But he really got the name from the sport (tennis anyone?) he was chasing. During his high school years he was a state champion, and qualified for the nationals. He never went because June 29, 1970 arrived too soon. An overall view shows that C.C. enjoyed wine (a lot), women (if one showed up), and song. Chris' hard driving attitude and moral courage will boost and make him an asset in whatever he chooses to do in the Navy.

SPENCER KIRBY LESLIE

The "Berkeley Barb"came to Crabtown from Oakland, California, where he invested in a multi-million dollar sound system so the boys back home could listen to his vibes. Spence had a hard time relating to the system here at Navy U.; sometimes he just couldn't see the point (rumor has it that it was because his hair was always hanging in his eyes). One thing that he could relate to was Navy football, where he played four long hard years. When it came to business, Spence was all business. He spent many a long night sitting in the shadow of a tensor lamp with his Mickey Mouse ears, striving to crack the mysteries of analytical management. We expect Spence to pack up his sound system, and move on down to Pensacola, Florida, where if he doesn't panic, he should succeed as a fine aviator,



DANIEL PATRICK HOWARD

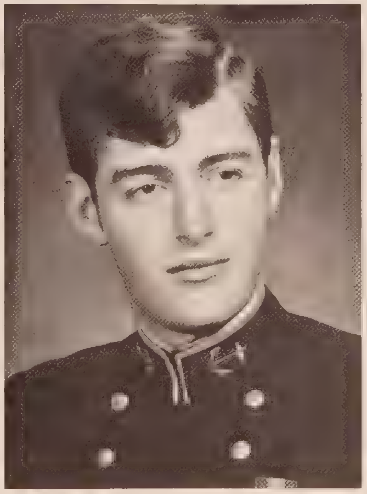
DANIEL PATRICK HOWARD

The pride of Steeltown, USA
The "Burger" came to us from Pittsburgh, Pa.
Iron City beer was his fame,
And Navy football was his game.

Fresh from Mt. Lebanon H.S., Dan boldly stepped into the USNA, 150 demos, and 4 months restriction. Striving for the best, Dan boosted this to 220 demos by spring leave (Which he spent in hack with Mother B.). When Burger wasn't reading his vast quantities of mail, or discussing the world situation over a pitcher of milk at the Brickskeller, he worked tediously at his international security affairs major. On the toss of a coin, The Burger decided to go Navy Air, vice Marine Air (I say again . . .), and he wants to fly "one of dem tings wid da wings dat go round and round". We are sure Pensacola will welcome Dan with open arms and that he will prove to be a topnotch airdale.

DONALD DEAN VILLNOW

Don came to Screw U. with his roots firmly set in the sands of Santa Rosa, California. The boast of Santa Rosa High, and proud to be one of the many mids from the "sun, fun and surf state" 'the Don' made a good name for himself as the Cheshire Cat with his ear-to-ear grin. Though weekday afternoons were usually spent in the rack and Friday evenings in the card room with the boys, the Cheshire Cat somehow amazingly maintained a very respectable average in his major. We have great confidence that Don will be able to pull his head out and pursue a fine five in the U.S. Navy. Smooth sailing, Donnie, and good luck.

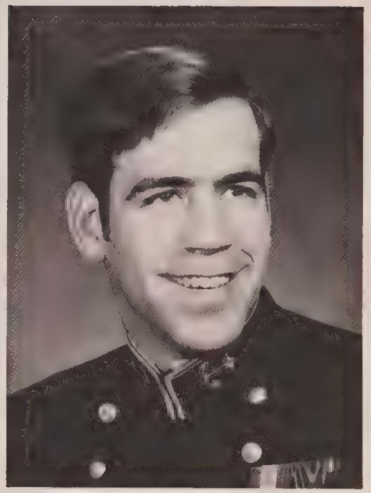


STEVEN KENNETH JOHNSON

STEVEN KENNETH JOHNSON

Contrary to popular belief, the early bird is not the only one to get the worm. Steve (known to some as "Skudge or "S.K.", and to fewer as "Stacy") arrived in Crab City from Ralston, Nebraska, a week late but that didn't hold him back long. Respected greatly by his classmates, he climbed to early striperdom. Not a girl chasser, "Stace", devoted his leisure time to other sports–tennis, fieldball, fast pitch and locker room hockey, to name only a few. Easy to get along with, Steve was a good friend to all, and always livened up a gathering with some story, imitation, or snide comment. Steve will have no problems, with his calm efficiency and sense of duty, in whatever career he chooses.

JOHN LAWRENCE WARD



DOUGLAS HARRIS RAU

THOMAS CHARLES GOODMAN

JOHN LAWRENCE WARD

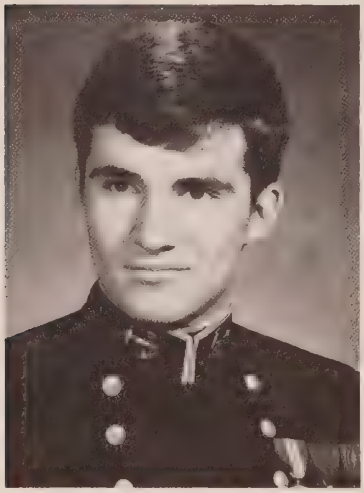
J.L., as he is affectionately known, came from Pensacola, Fla., where he loved a life of beach, bikes, and bikins. Always one for a party, he usually became the center of attraction with his crazy antics and impromptu impersonation of Classmates, barbers, and tuna fish, which were always near perfect when accompanied by his startling sound effects. A Marine Air brat, Larry had a love for flying even before coming to the Academy. He has had slight trouble with his eyes, but still hopes to get in the air program with an NFO selection. With his ability to make friends easily, Larry should be a welcome addition wherever he goes.

DOUGLAS HARRIS RAU

Doug came to the great metropolis of Annapolis by way of another metropolis, Mountainside, New Jersey. An all-around athlete, the "Toad" participated in football, basketball and baseball, the latter being his favorite sport here at Canoe U. Doug has shown his baseball savvy by working hard both in and out of season to become one of Navy's great third base coaches. Academics have never bothered Doug, being a consistent member of the SUPT'S List while carrying a major in Ocean Engineering. Toad could always be found up late nights helping others in academic distress. Puppy dog's varied love life has been like the derivative of a constant! One of his great accomplishments here at USNA has been to maintain his cherry . . . he has never been fried. Doug is a model mid, if there is such a thing, he is rated high in aptitude yet remains a friend in the truest sense of the word. Doug's qualities will enable him to select the service not the service select him.

THOMAS CHARLES GOODMAN

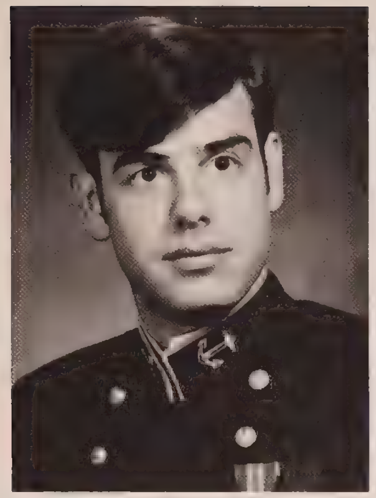
With stars is his eyes and the crashing of waves in his ears, Goodie packed his bags back in Minnetonka, Minnesota, and set out for Sing Sing on the Severn. T.C. was a good plebe, that is, he didn't get caught. Always an athlete at heart, he treid a little of everything here at Canoe U. baseball, basketball, and company sports, but has now found his true love—the meat squad for the big blue. With his move up to 2/c year and Navy football, T.C. picked up the monicker "Flash", which is an indication of what he relies on to get away from OD's. If Flash survives ops analysis and makes that glorious day in June of '74, with his positive attitude he'll make a great contribution to the fleet.



PAUL LARRY SALERNI

PAUL LARRY SALERNI

Being the son of a thirty-year naval officer has given Paul some valuable experience. "Mr. Army Project" managed to find time to make four Army projects very economically. Paul's southern manners, learned in Charleston, aided him in his battles for the date. It taught Neck how to have a different firl every weekend. When there was a party on the agenda, he was the first to see the stars. As a two time state wrestling champion, Paul had high aspirations plebe year. A knee injury kept him out of wrestling for a season. His battles with the grades were often strenuous, yet he always managed to pull it out on finals. An individual, true to himself as well as his friends, Paul is NOT EXCEEDED in his dedication to the Naval Service.



ANTHONY SALVATORE GUIDO

ANTHONY SALVATORE GUIDO

Taking on a high school dare, Tony found himself in the brotherhood of the blue. An Enrico Fermi physics award winner in high school, the Mt. Vernon, New York grad decided to tackle the toughest thing he could find. He found his dream in the double E department. However, his dream soon turned to a nightmare as studies often only allowed but a few hours of sleep at night. The ops distractions of fine wine, women, song and a car or two proved to be his achilles heel plebe year, when he earned his black N and star for a certain unauthorized trip to D.C. However, spring of 3/c year he married a fine looking Italian model, Fiat by name, and ever since they have been dodging officers, stripers and police alike in their race against time. Tony's interest in staying in shape and his leadership qualities have made him a standout in batt tennis and company football. Tony has earned himself many loves, but to say these will all be left behind would be a mistake, for his friends will always be close. An officer in the true sense of the word!

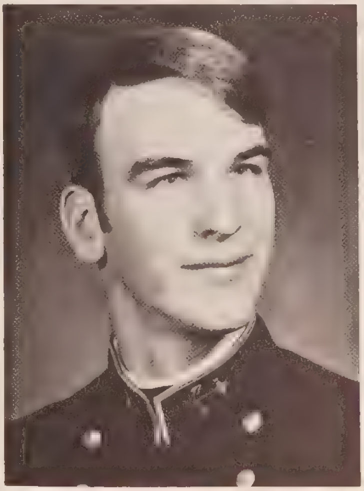
RICHARD GUILFORD CLARK

RICHARD GUILFORD CLARK

I get up, go to class, eat, go to class, eat, study, go to sleep, get up, go to class, eat, restrict, go to sleep, get up . . .

WILLIAM EUGENE WRIGHT

Coming to the Naval Academy from a farm in New York, Bill had a little trouble adjusting to the sea environment of the Academy. He spent all of plebe summer on the sub squad because "the doggy paddle is not a legal stroke" and spent the next four years trying to stay off the rock squad. Majoring in aerospace engineering, studies required much of his time where he got above average grades. Originally hoping to fly, second class summer convinced him that nuc's might not be so bad. Either way, he will be a fine addition to the fleet.

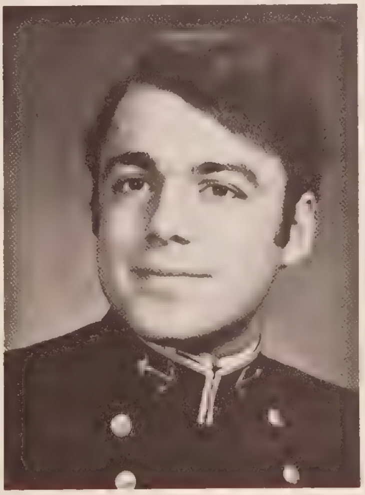


WILLIAM EUGENE WRIGHT

W HARGRAVE
LEXTON JR 1960

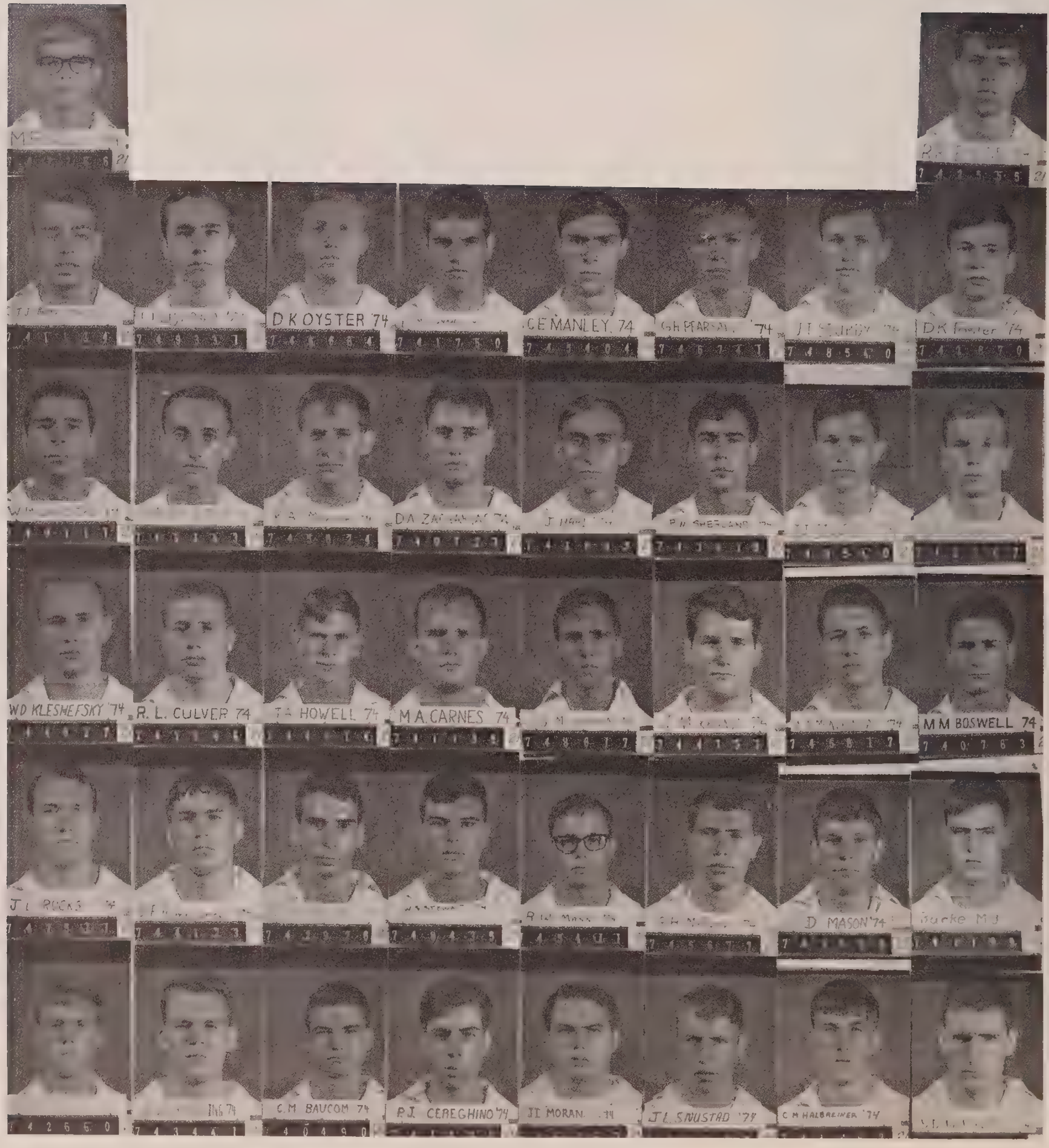
ANDREW PETER SCONTRAS

Despite his being the "Bod of the Outfit", Andy spent most of his afternoons of the upper class years in search of ways of making sub squad easier. Rolling down from Kittery, Maine, the Greek existed on a steady diet of 12 ounce curls, except when he substituted 2 pound pitches at the Brickskeller. "You wanna buy some stationary?" was usually his opening line, as Andy was not a disciple of J. Paul Getty, as he was *always* in need of cash. As a victim of the pad monster. Andy was constantly chasing that elusive 2.0, ski weekends, WRNV, and a pretty face. Second Class summer introduced Andy to Dirty Joe's in Pensacola, where he shall return to further the best interests of this business establishment, and possibly to learn how to handle a chopper in his spare time.



ANDREW PETER SCONTRAS

Eighth Company


D K OYSTER '74
741750
C E MANLEY 74
744404
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748540
D K Foster '74
DA ZA '74
WD KLESHEFSKY '74
R. L. CULVER 74
TA HOWELL 74
M A CARNES 74
748617
746817
M M BOSWELL 74
740763
J L RUCKS '74
D MASON '74
742650
743441
C M BAUCOM 74
740490
P.J. CEREGHINO '74
JI MORAN '74
J L SNUSTAD '74
C M HALBREINER '74

LIEUTENANT
MICHAEL ROBERT SINGLETON

LIEUTENANT
MICHAEL ROBERT SINGLETON

After making the trip East from his home in Conesville, Iowa, Mike readily adapted to Academy life. Since that time, he has continually strived to do better in anything that he undertakes. Mike has continued to impress us with his atheletic ability as a member of the Plebe and Varsity baseball teams and a hard worker in the intramural sport field. Most afternoons will find Mike at the weight room, or weather permitting, out sunbathing, getting in shape for the summer season at Muscle Beach. Singles, has he is known to his close friends, has an impressive academic record also, which includes a management major and several electives in the engineering and science departments.

CHARLES MCINTYRE BAUCOM

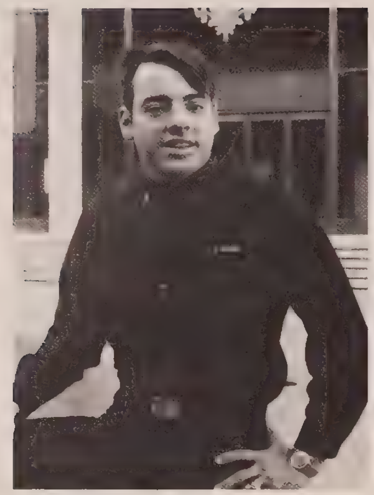
CHARLES MCINTYRE BAUCOM

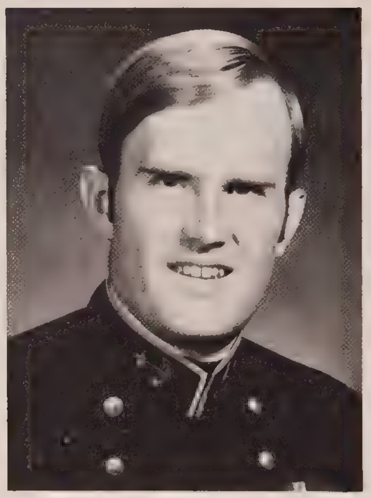
Coming to Annapolis directly from Eau Claire High School in the heart of the moonshine country, Columbia, South Carolina, Charles battled his way through the rigors of plebe year, the inherent restrictions, and his mechanical engineering major displaying good form as he made the Superintendent's list both semesters. The next three years brought out his real self, however, as being a lover of yellow corvettes, dry gin martinis, and a number of the feminine objects gracing the East coast. Irish—handsome and self-confident, he also has a close affinity for boats, to which his four years on the varsity sailing team will attest, and was active in the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics. With Chuck's self-determination, along with his fighting spirit, success in all his future endeavors seems assured.

MARK MACGREGOR BOSWELL

Coming to Mother Bancroft from Spokane, Washington (The land of plastic trees and sagebrush), Bos has transcended from a very successful career in high school to find his heart's desire in Navy track. Finding that mechanical engineering was just plug and chug in gas and steam tables, Mark spent most of his time master of the youngster afternoon, with late nights to spare on his favorite pastime: watching old Elvis movies on T.V. Being a connoisseur of fine records, Mark has built his collection rather well; Mamma & Papas, T-Rex, Elvis Presley, and Leslie Gore. Mark also enjoys the outdoors and spends his time scuba diving in the deep-six in search of rare treasures, skiing on the great American slopes of Spokane, as well as hiking and swimming to keep himself in top shape. His positive attitudes will be a great contribution to the Navy, and should take him far in the ranks of service to our country.

MARK MACGREGOR BOSWELL



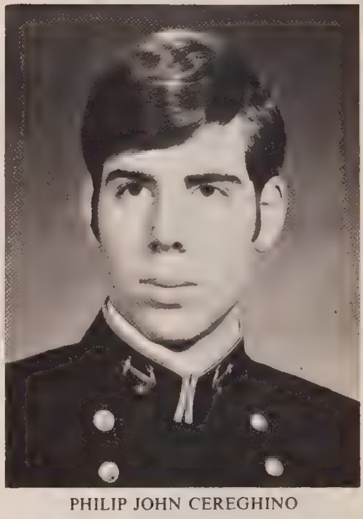


MICHAEL ARTHUR CARNES

JAMES JOSEPH BURNS

MICHAEL ARTHUR CARNES

Mike came to Mother B from Cambridge City, Indiana where he played football and baseball in high school. After spending a year at Northwestern Prep in Minneapolis, Mike arrived to begin a four year struggle with the academic department. Being an engineer of the most general sense, his grades showed marked improvement after a bout with the AC board during youngster year. As a result, he moved himself out of contention for anchor man. After sliding through plebe year, Mike could nearly always be found buried deep in study or in his pad. A great physical specimen, he must have set a record for the most 6:29 miles without getting a tryout for subsquad. Having lived in the Midwest all his life, Mike is still quite unfamiliar with the water and has ambitions of going Navy Air. With his devotion and determination, the Navy can be assured they are getting a fine pilot.



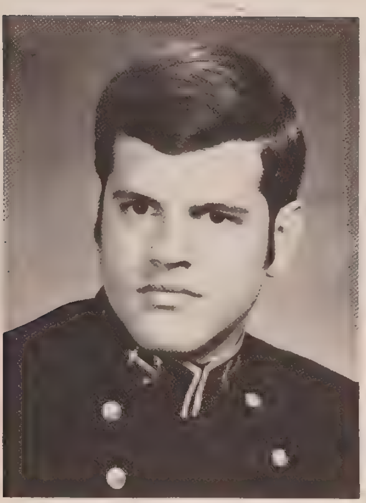
PHILIP JOHN CEREGHINO

JAMES JOSEPH BURNS

After classes he was found on the handball courts, in the evenings "trucking" in the rec room, slide rule in hand, on Sundays in Michelsen Hall coordinating the Sunday School program, and during the summer aboard the "Maredea", sailing the ocean blue. Jim, a New Yorker, followed through in his determination to excel in studies by achieving an outstanding academic record. Whatever he undertook, JJ found something interesting and challenging in it. From sailing to chemistry, he always approached tasks with unmatched enthusiasm. After graduation from USNA, Jim will have another challenge in medical school which will prepare him for service in the medical corps. Keep on truckin'. Burnsy.

PHILIP JOHN CEREGHINO

It is difficult to relate to you exactly where the experiences of the last four years will take me. But if you can sense the meaning of building turbulence, of cascading events over which there is little control, then you may feel for an instant the powers that have torn away outside from inside, leaving me so indecisive. Dreams are the precursors of action, and so far mine, as DeQuincey has phrased it, remain that of oxen, so terribly yoked are they to a daily experience from which they've fashioned little remedy. My future depends on inside reaching outside, on my dreams reuniting what's been severed. Someday. Soon. I'll know exactly what I've wanted, but never fully been able to reach.

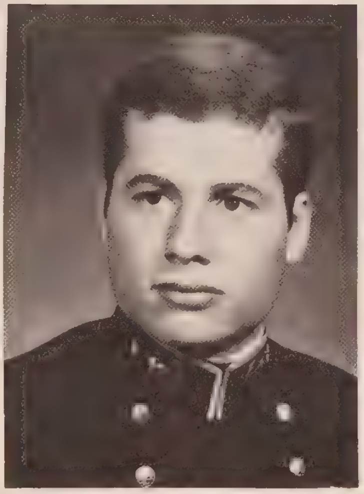


GEORGE MICHAEL CONRAD

DONALD WOODFORD HAGERLING

GEORGE MICHAEL CONRAD

Coming from the otherwise unknown island of Puerto Rico, and speaking a seemingly unorthodox dialect came Jorke to join the uncrowd in the uncollege of the untown named Crabtown. Known throughout the halls were his appetizing chowcalls, and his occupations ranged from teaching Spanish to selling his electrical services and frustrations. A cigarette on his ear and hair slicked back gave him the fifties look. Working on wires and living with a Texan is well known to be a bad combination. Cleaning up pumpkins and explaining to OOD's were not one of his favorite things. But with all the hassle and bricksetting. Jorke seemed to come through without regretting. And traveling far to arrive near, he became what he wanted most, an electrical engineer.



RICHARD LEE CULVER, JR.

DONALD WOODFORD HAGERLING

Don's home lies in Taichung, Taiwan, Republic of China, and after he got through explaining to the upperclass exactly why his eyes weren't slanted, he settled into the normal harrasment of plebe year and maybe a little extra. Don used to try to keep one step ahead of various conditioning squads and never quite succeeded. Any time he managed to get off the "sub" squads, he could be found in intramurals. An avid basketball fan, if his ability had only matched his enthusiasm, he would have played pro. Never really much of a threat for making Dean's list, he still managed to stay ahead of his matrix in physics. Don is a forthright man not excelled in his devotion to the naval service.

RICHARD LEE CULVER, JR.

Lee, a native of Saugus, California, spent the first year of his college experiences on fraternity duty at the University of Idaho. Upon returning to his senses, he entered the Naval Academy and applied his golden touch to both academics and the midshipmen striper organization, as well as Advanced Punching I and II. Of his many achievements at University of the Severn, his ability to complete the 400-year swim on the bottom of the Natatorium has been deemed most applicable to his ocean engineering major and USMC ambitions. During breaks in the routine, Lee has been rumored to terrorize the local landscape on his two-wheeled stripermobile. Among the many experiences he will carry with him into the Corps are: Halloween pumpkins, Quantico in June, kicking and taking names, maximum FST, Superstriper, the unmeetable regs, and numerous bouts with the pad-monster.

JEFFREY MARTIN KRANZ

After spending time at Columbia Prep with "DOC" and the boys, Kay came to spend some time with us. And spend time he did. Jeff started out the football route but finally settled down into something he liked even more—academics. At least that's what the men at the "Green Table" told him. Somehow, though, he always found time out for other activities, like downing a few gustos, skiing, downing a few gustos, BAC, downing a few . . . Jeff really made an impression on us from the first days of freshman year. His high spirits, friendliness, determination, and 442 will take him the only way it can. And that's up. Before he gets any higher though, graduation is going to take him out—out into the big blue sea. We are going to be proud to have him wearing the Navy Blue.

DAVID KENT OYSTER

This waddling, red-breasted duck, a man of many affectionate names, came to the big pond by the Severn with the glow of the California Sun in his freckles and a year of good living under his protruding belt. Eighth company's pipe toting T-bear soon saw that his calling was into the field of medicine, with a minor in the conflagration of supporting equipment. The little fella, known early in his career for his early warning Brigade odor observations, has found his way into many extracurricular activities, including the chemistry, parachute, skiing, WMIT-TV, BAC and scuba clubs. Dave's deeply scarred rack-tracked, freckled face will always serve him a constant reminder of his hard working sports periods here at the home of the duck-eating rack monster. Medical school will be the first stop of our little buddy, after June '74.

DAVID FOWLER HUMENANSKY

Dave, known to most as Humo and Buds! by a select few, came from Howland, Ohio, to the sunny shore of the Chesapeake in search of academics and athletic excellence. Although the stars showed up, the football letter didn't and his aggressiveness found more suitable diversions. Along with humming a few buns across the tables of the wardroom and bustin' pumpkins in Bud's and other's rooms, he managed to become an adept singer with "Smiles in you face" as a favorite. Although skiing, handball, and fieldball are among his favorite sports, the most "outstanding" is scuba diving. If he ever stops taking his extended study breaks to rip-off a few sets of "gutchies", his systems engineering major will take him down a few leagues in a nuclear submarine career and through the IGEP program for a year at a "real" civilian college. He recollects, however, that the most important event was his rebirth in Christ and the ensuing fellowship.

JEFFREY MARTIN KRANZ

DAVID KENT OYSTER

DAVID FOWLER HUMENANSKY

NAVY
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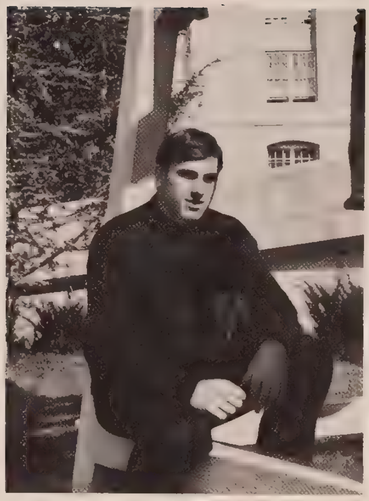
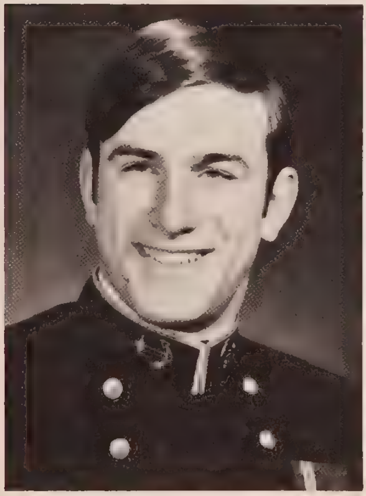
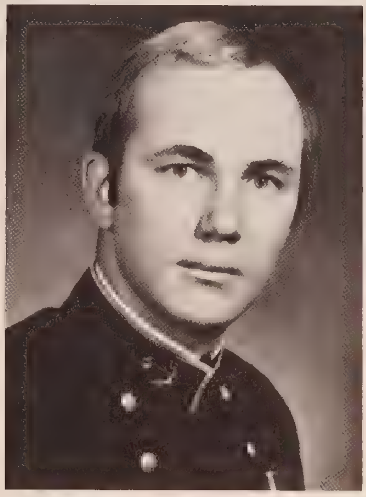
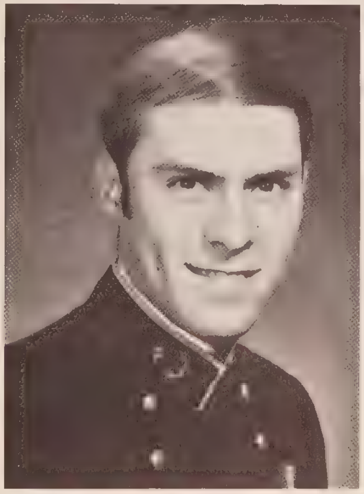




CARL MICHAEL HALBREINER



WARREN DANIEL KLESHEFSKY



CLOVIS ELMER MANLEY

CARL MICHAEL HALBREINER

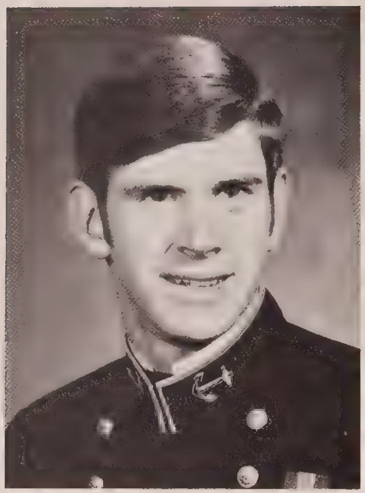
Straight from the coal and steel country and Becahi, Mick (or Halbagger as he is sometimes known), wandered into Crabtown. A standout on the plebe football team, he followed form by becoming a tremendous part of the hogs on the varsity offensive line. When not in the trenches working on a few linebackers, you could catch him working on a few hours in the rack. The author of How to Get Stars Without Really Trying, Mick showed that he was no slob in the academic world. When not glued to a W.C. Fields flick on the tube or sitting behind a shoe box full of corn, you could probably catch him wandering one of the wings searching for the gouge. His other extra-curriculars took him to Marmadukes, The Upside Down Club, HU.'s and Waldo's on the Cove to share a few with the boys. Whatever Mick's service selection, he is sure to be a valuable asset to his organization.

WARREN DANIEL KLESHEFSKY

Ski came to Severn Prison straight from high school in Wantagh, New York, and quickly made friends with everyone he met. An outstanding high school athlete, Warren's athletic career was cut short due to knee injuries plebe year, and intramurals claimed him from then on Being the D.J. on the Raleigh Pop youngster cruise was the beginning of an era in our company, since Warren's main interests lie in the music field anyway. His record collection is second to none, even WRNV, and the rack was his home away from home. Due to severe cases of seasickness, airsickness, and mudsickness, service selection will probably be settled by a toss of the coin the night before with a reserve ship out of New York City getting the bid. But wherever he goes, Warren's friends will always be with him, and to those who know him: GOD SAVE THE KINKS.

CLOVIS ELMER MANLEY

Clovis rolled into USNA from Evansville, Indiana as a clean-cut, starry-eyed youth, fresh out of high school. He quickly adjusted to Academy life though, and in doing so, shifted the star from his eyes to the lapels on his SDB, where they seemed to take up permanent residence. By the middle of youngster year, however, Clovis began to feel that international security affairs was not living up to his expectations, and before his awestruck classmates eyes, switched his major to mechanical engineering. As a result, Clovis spent his last four semesters trying to cope with some of the most "improved" schedules the Academy has ever seen. Throughout his four years, Clovis has exhibited all the characteristics which spell success in a naval officer, and as long as he is not required to do a great deal of swimming, will make a valuable addition to any wardroom in the fleet.



TERRY ALAN HOWELL

ARTHUR ADONEL MENDONSA, JR.

TERRY ALAN HOWELL

Entering the Academy after a year at NAPS and a short time in the naval reserve, Terry was quick to adjust to Academy life. Coming from Ocean City, New Jersey, it seemed logical that oceanography would be his choice of a major, but he spent most of his free time studying to keep his grades above sea-level. Terry devoted his first two years to Navy basketball, but leg injuries shortened his hoop career. Sports are a part of his life as much as any other single item, but he is looking forward to the future with the Navy. An easy going and hard working person, Terry will provide the surface line with a fine officer.

JON DONAVON MASON

ARTHUR ADONEL MENDONSA, JR.

Along the sands,
A man and his questions
Follow the wings and the waves.
Always asking,
Always answered,
Always he finds an empty sky and a naked beach upon his
Return.
I have found a friend in this
Wondering wanderer,
A companion to talk with in silence.
He is a Master who seeks no trade,
For he finds serenity in solitude and
Fortune in the flowers.
Along the sands,
A man and his questions
Follow the wings and the waves.

—M.A. Ricci

JON DONAVON MASON

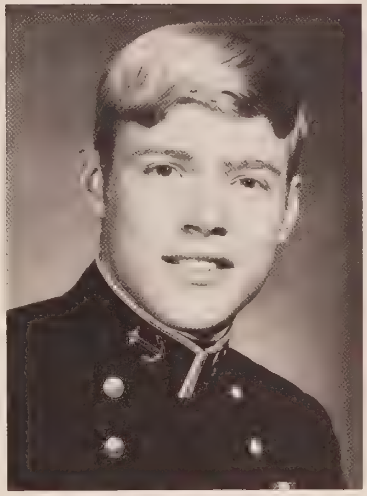
Fresh from the Iowa cornfields, Jack began his Academy life by assuming the challenge of a premed major. Whatever ache or pain you had, Doc Mason was the one to see. Jack's fine academic record reflected his interest and devotion toward his chosen career in medicine. His abilities were not limited to one field, however, as Jack excelled in music, too, and his talent contributed a great deal to the chapel choir and glee club. He participated in the Big Brothers program and took on the responsibilities of the 8th company commander in the fall of 1973. He always showed concern for someone else, and if ever there existed the "whole-man concept", it was exemplified in Jack Mason.

GREGORY HOWARD PEARSALL

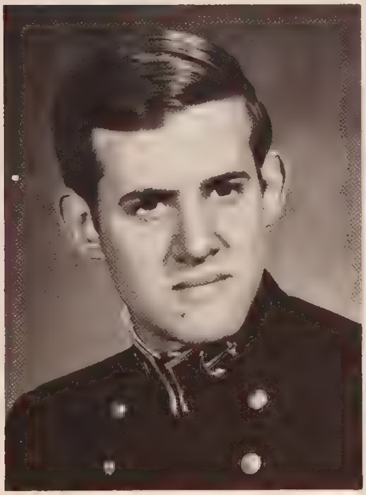
Coming out of Mattituck, Long Island, Greg found out quickly that there was something different about this campus. A successful athlete in high school, Greg hoped to make a name for himself on the soccer field. It was soon obvious that injuries and academics were out to get him. His love for calculus forced him into management, and he has spent his career at Navy trying to add some gravy to his CUM. Besides soccer, Greg has been active with the ring and crest committee, brigade hope committee and the ring dance committee. A gung-ho surface line type, Greg's good humor and hard work will be a valuable addition to the Navy.

KEITH ANTHONY MERCER

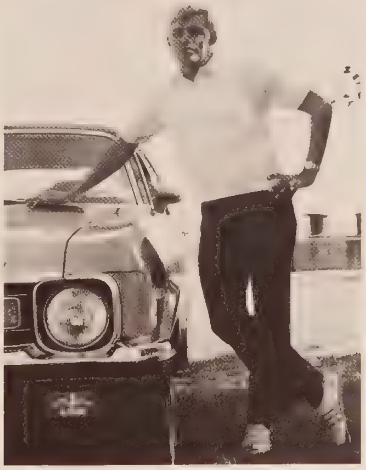
Resident Redneck and radio repairman, the wiresminded martyr Merce came from sunny southern California to this hallowed hall. His Navy-junior knowledge and *Janes Fighting Ships* supplied many a classmate with answers to those unforgetable pro questions. Keith, strong to his convictions, was always willing to stand up for Cokes, Dodge Chargers, and the American Way. An intense desire to understand what goes on inside those little black boxes with switches and wires led him down the road to becoming president of WMID, which he totally reorganized. Keith will be remembered by all who knew him as one of the colorful (RED, WHITE, BLUE AND GOLD) individuals in the class of '74.



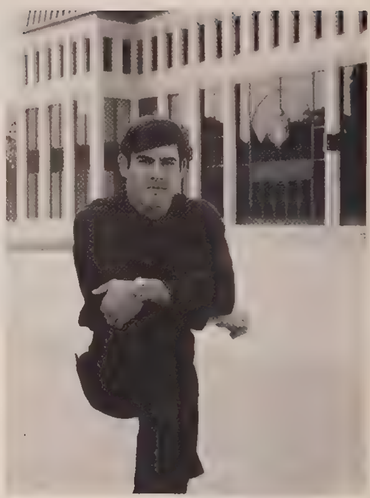
GREGORY HOWARD PEARSALL



KEITH ANTHONY MERCER



JAMES LOWELL RUCKS



MICHAEL ANTHONY RICCI

They are a feeble form of expression, these words of mine. "Indecisive" and "uncertain" are poor polysyllables to describe my present mental state. I am left lost and wondering, alone in the darkness of explanation. Each one of us will interpret events in a different way. There is no universal truth. My heart can speak of all emotions, but where are there ears gentle enough to listen? Were I to speak to ten different men, or perhaps three brothers, or to a husband and wife, I am certain there would be no interpretations alike. We are solitary beings, we men. Regardless of our uniform appearance or commonality of growth, we remain throughout as snowflakes, no two being the same. And so my character, my spirit, my *self* lies awake to the ever-present evaluation of man. But be certain in this man, and in this thought only: when you think you "know" me and others of my creation, beware, *for I do not yet know myself!*

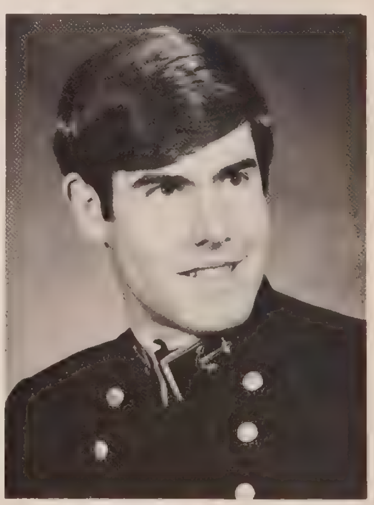
PETER WINSTON SHERLAND

Entering the Academy at the tender young age of seventeen, Pete showed us early not to underestimate a boy from Murrysville, Pennsylvania. By the end of plebe summer, he had validated more hours than most of us were to see until youngster year. Setting his sights on an interview with Amiral Rickover, Pete spent four years making applied science, and later physics, look fruit while the rest of us were struggling to avoid the AC board. But he was never one to be caught studying when things were happening. When he wasn't busy entertaining someone special on a weekend, he was likely to be found up in the mountains skiing. Pete's sharp mind and deadly wit, coupled with hard work, will make him an outstanding naval officer.

MICHAEL ANTHONY RICCI

JAMES LOWELL RUCKS

Jimbo hales from thriving New Cuyama, California, a High School BMOC in 6-man F.B., 3-man B.B., and 1-man S.M. Once here in rainland, he shed his tan and settled down to play ball for Navy. Later becoming a full time student, Nimtoe never let the wonderful world of academic gouge interfere with his social life, and always had time to write a new sweetheart or get E.I. in the pad. His everready smile and friendly grabs endeared him to his classmates, and his wonderful disposition in the morning made him loved and admired by all the plebes. Rucksy plans to put on the greens and fly machines for the few good men come June '74.



PETER WINSTON SHERLAND

JOHN THOMAS STURDY

WILLIAM MATHEW WALTERS

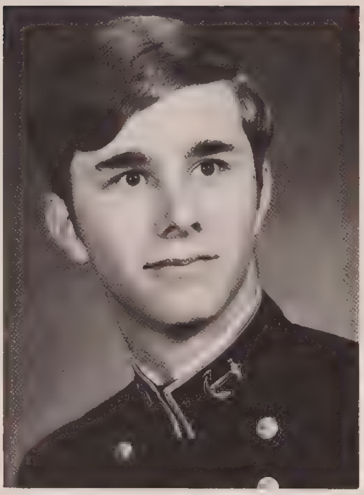
WILLIAM MATHEW WALTERS

Wild Bill took his sweet time getting to Canoe U. spending a tough year burning his feet on California's hot sands and 2 years with Uncle Sugar's White Hats. Bill's sense of humor and ability to smile no matter what the cost put him in good with his classmates and kept him one step ahead of his female friends and two steps ahead of Jimmy's review board. Following a strategic withdrawal from the oceanography department to the general fruit company, Bill found time to do the things he really loved, from sailing the Jubilee III to the Mike Nelson thing, to pulling D rings at 5 thou. He is always ready with stories and experiences to fill your watch, and hopes to continue his chosen trade after a wing stop in P-cola. Please forward all mail care of Sam's Yacht Charters, Tortola, British Virgin Islands.

JOHN THOMAS STURDY

John came straight from high school and made a speedy transition from high school wonderboy to hotdog of the intramural circuit. He always seemed to be in the right place to score in soccer and fieldball. Academics never gave John any problems, although he spent a great deal of time with the books. No one was able to explain why a guy who would have made a great forest ranger (he loved backpacking in the High Sierra Mountains) wanted to be an ocean engineer. Those who knew the tall, slender guy from Big Bear, California, liked him well. Marked by a rather interesting sense of humor, it was hard to get one-up on John. He was always cheerful (he had a right to be, being in condition for the all-time "rack" award). All joking aside, he always worked hard. No one could have taken points away from John on lack of dedication! After graduation, John is headed for Mare Island, California, and plans to make Nuclear Surface Line a career.

RICK WILLIAM MANN



JOHN JOSEPH WESTERHEID

RICK WILLIAM MANN

Knowing what would happen if he chose the good life, Rick decided to come to Navy instead, and work towards getting an education and getting set for the future. He came to USNA from the North country ("Land of the polar bears") Merrill, Wisconsin, and never really had to adjust to the Navy way of life. Rick was a math major with a double minor in music and science fiction. With his easy going attitude and pleasant personality, he was a good friend and a great deal of fun to be with. He had to stay up late many a Thursday night to save a classmate's neck (or should we say to lose his hair?), but the task did provide a little record money and many thanks. Rick was a fine wrestler and a good softball player. Rick has a good mind and is willing to work, and the Navy won't be the same after he reaches the fleet.

JOHN JOSEPH WESTERHEID

One of two long, tall Texans in his company, John came to Crabapolis from friends and loved ones in Seabrook. Hanging tough amid his fellow navals, Westy seemed to always be there to share a laugh or your coke. A few bouts with the sub-squad frosh year convinced him that he could walk on water when called to do so. He found a real home with the lightweights, though, and led them to more than one fine season. Always working toward that 3.0 in the sky, he still managed to achieve membership in the coveted 10,000 hour wardroom club, and bounce on the blue trampoline by 11 PM (or was it by 2300?) without fail. John plans to talk with Ricky and join the floating reactor boys when Mother B cuts the umbilical cord.

DAVID ALEXANDER ZACHARIAS

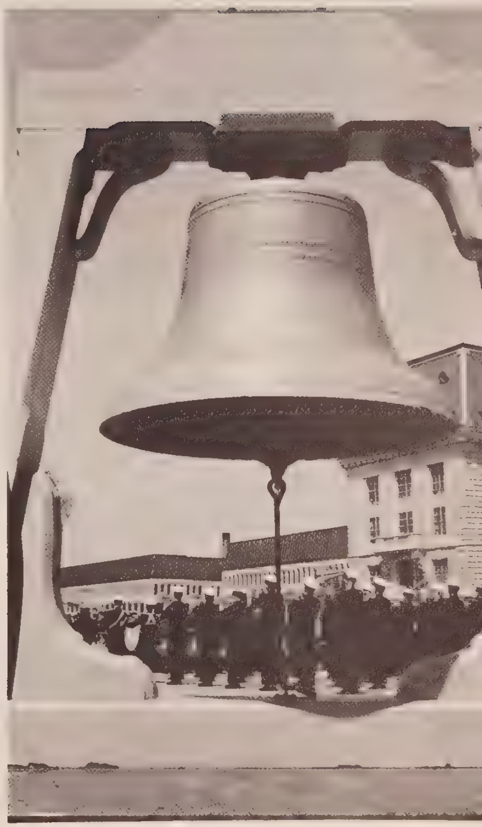
DAVID ALEXANDER ZACHARIAS

How Zach ever blundered into Crabtown from an illustrious place like Dallas, one will never know. But he did, and he was glad he did, for he met and became part of the greatest bunch of guys ever to form a company at USNA. Although through the years some fell by the wayside, his classmates always knew "Zach was back" by his three famous words engraved forever in each one's heart!!! Trying to make it through wires and staying off Santoro's black list every semester took some doing (like every weekend), but he succeeded. Now that he roped his way past Rickover, and made the No. 1 team, he realized more than ever just how great his four years at the Naval Academy have been. The plebes will remember him as a terror. His classmates will remember him as their Big Texas friend. And Zach will remember *them* forever.

DOUGLAS KEMP FOSTER

ROGER HOYT MCEVOY

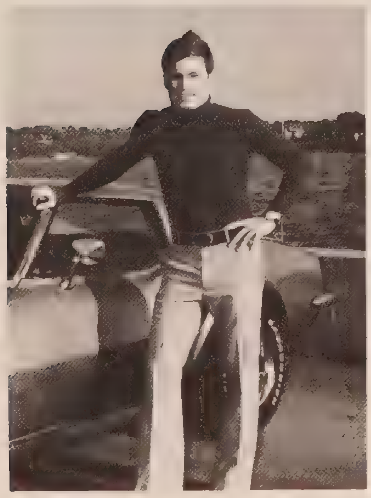
After spending two years at a junior college in his home state, Roger left sunny California for Annapolis and the Navy swim team. If you wanted to know where Rog was, it was always a safe bet that he was practicing his diving in the Natatorium, or working 'tramp' in the gym. This practice led to two N stars, (Rog never finished second to a Woop), but it was when he entered the esteemed "Machinus Maximus" club of 8th Co. with the purchase of his beloved FORMULA 400 F'BIRD that Rog's dream came true. Not what you'd call an academic jock, Rog's interest varied from pretty girls and making a fast buck to stealing the Maa's desk out of the Rotunda (at 0300 am) to going in search of the gouge. After graduation, Rog will be where he belongs, flying the friendly skies of free air space for the Navy.

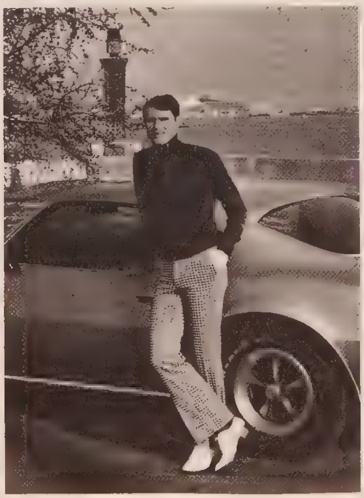


DOUGLAS KEMP FOSTER

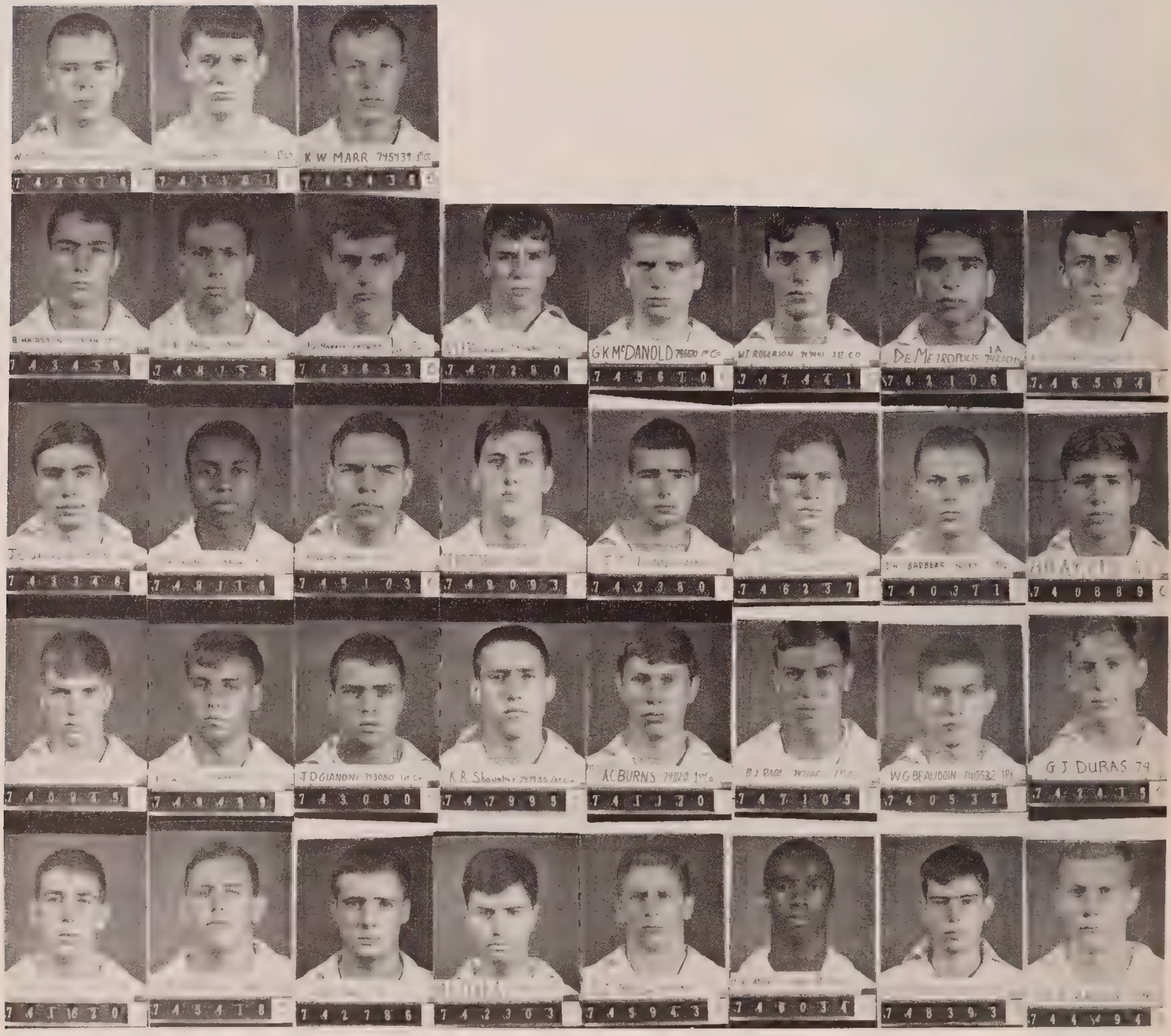
Always outgoing, always going out, pretty well sums up Doug Foster. His exemplary leadership, popularity, and loyalty, combined with plenty of hard work, proved to the Class of '74 that he was the best one to be class president during a busy second class year. The Missourian, who was occupied with strengthening class spirit and the Brigade's honor concept invariably found time to enjoy a ride in his 'vette, or see an occasional (?) girl, or support football—a sport of which he was both an avid fan and participant. All his classmates held Doug in high regard, and proof of his outstanding record can be found in the 1972-73 volume of *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities.* Doug's hopes to attend flight school and perhaps enter law school in the future will be based on a solid foundation due to the performance he has shown here at USNA.

ROGER HOYT MCEVOY





Ninth Company

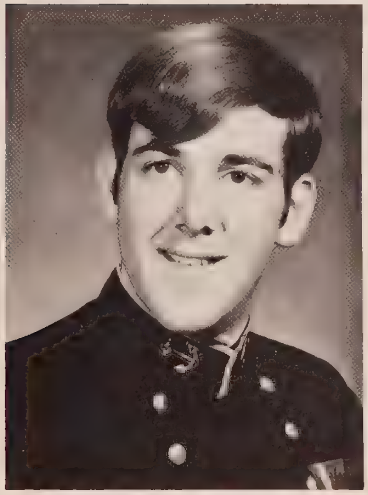


K W MARR
G K McDANOLD
W I ROBERSON
DE METROPOLIS
J W BARBERS
J D GIANONI 743080
K R Showalter 747995
AC BURNS
B J RABE 747105
W G BEAUDOIN
G J DURAS 74

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
STEWART RUSSELL SEAMAN

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER STEWART RUSSELL SEAMAN

Known by his classmates and friends for his unusually keen sense of humor, Stew came to Navy from White Plains, New York. Adapting himself quickly to his new surroundings, "Big" Stew participated in track by heaving the 35 pound weight for three years, and also did a little running on occasion. Stew also took part in many Brigade and class activities which helped bolster up the Brigade spirit. During his spare time, Stew liked to participate in various types of sports, and could always be found on the athletic field. A tremendous individual with a personality to match, Stew will be a great loss to the Academy but an equal gain to the service that he joins upon graduation.



JAMES WILLIAM CLIFFORD

WALTER DAVID FINN

WILLIAM ROBERT MASON

JAMES WILLIAM CLIFFORD

Jim made the long trip from Springfield, Virginia to USNA, and quickly found himself a home away from home. A dedicated student of the fair sex, Cliff has become known for his 'luck' with the young lovelies. Fortunately, he never let it discourage him. A member of the drum and bugle corps, he was a terror on their trips, always finding the biggest and best party around. Jim also finds time to keep up with his systems engineering major, and sometimes even gets a step ahead, enough so to insure a nuc power billet on service selection, where he is sure to be a great asset.

WALTER DAVID FINN

Huck came to the Academy from nearby Elkton Md. where he was an athletic hero and an all-around good guy at Elkton High School. His interest in sports continued at Navy where he was one of ninth company's outstanding hallway athletes. Although Dave was a conscientious general engineering student, he still was able to find enough time to emerge as the company sports authority. Armed with a jar of Tang and a big smile, he could always be counted on for a sharp pencil and a good story. Huck's good judgement and winning attitude are certain to make him a successful officer in the naval service.

WILLIAM ROBERT MASON

Little Old Bill came to the Academy from Georgetwon, Delaware, although he now calls Mount Union, Pa. home. Mase was a good student and athlete at Susex Central High School and could be counted on each week to ask "How bad did the Blue Hens win?" Mase's good nature and wise-cracks were well known by his classmates around the company, and was never accused of being too dull. In between his monkey talk and folding laundry, Mase was still able to find time for study and good grades in his political science major. Always an enthusiastic member of 9's intramural team, he was famous for recapping each game in the hallway afterward. Never known to turn down an argument with a Marine, the Navy will receive a hard worker and fine leader in Bill.

JAMES HAROLD BARBERA

JAMES HAROLD BARBERA

An Air Force junior, Jim found the Navy-Marine Corps team more to his liking. Coming to USNA via the fleet and NAPS, Jim went the complete water route with an oceanography major. Jim never let this bother him, though, as he used most evenings for leisure reading, tube watching, or racking. Playing fieldball and sailing on the YP's, Jim decided to mix two services with an NFO billet after a sea tour on a DLG.

WILLIAM GEORGE BEAUDOIN

WILLIAM GEORGE BEAUDOIN

Hailing originally from that small coastal city of Fort Walton Beach, Bill, known by all his close friends as Beau, began his college days with the War Eagles of Auburn. Always wanting to be an "old salt," he joined the ROTC unit at Auburn. As the waters from the Seven Seas began to form in his veins, Beau decided that he would like to venture further into the depths so he packed his sea bags, set his sails, and charted a course to the placid shores of the Severn. For several years now, Beau has been courting a sweet young lass by the name of Mamaluke. But alas, another stole his heart. It would seem that the same One who has taken Beau's heart, also has proven Himself able to turn the heart of Adm. Rickover who recently allowed Beau to make his home in the uttermost part of the sea with only a CQPR of 2.3.

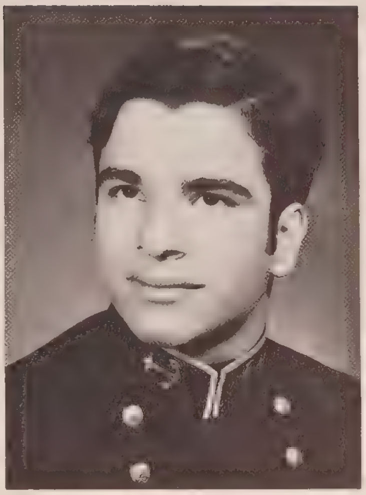
THOMAS EARLE CHAPMAN

THOMAS EARLE CHAPMAN

Choosing Navy out of a desire to fly, Chaps has nurtured this desire, despite his first T-2 flight, which was plagued with either too many G's or too many waffles & eggs. (The instructor just smiled and said, "That's nice.")' Majoring in oceanography, Tom finds it extremely interesting in parts and hopes to go on to graduate studies some day. As far as any specific future plans, however, he holds none, but rather looks toward life on a day to day basis, knowing that "it has not been made visible what we shall be. We know absolutely that whenever it is made visible, like ones to Him we shall be, because we shall see Him just as He is." (I John 3:2)

GEORGE JOHN DEMETROPOLIS, JR.

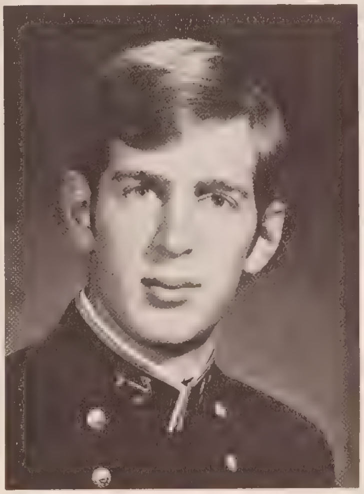
Demo was best known as a man-of-the-world. In fact, when most midshipmen were still playing with their Tonka toys and paper airplanes, The Greek was playing with more, shall we say, mature toys. Well loved by the Brigade (except by those middies with little townie sisters) Demo himself was an expert on love and affection. Alas, his only problem was money, or the lack thereof! He was perhaps the only midshipman who had spent his first class loan by the end of youngster year. But then, while other rolling stones were gathering moss, Demo was taking advantage of every single mount! Yes, the world's women await George! A true man of action!



GEORGE JOHN DEMETROPOLIS, JR.

GREGORY JOHN DURAS

Durii has had quite a vacilating career at the Academy. During his earlier days as a young Behometh, the living joke was a bad influence on his sidekick, dirty Demo. Later on in Graceful Greg's career, Derby could be seen in his tiger b-robe and be heard vibrating the halls with, "You jag off!" Well, G.J.D., a bit of advice from another G.J.D: "Beware of those walls; they have a tendency to jump right out at you!"

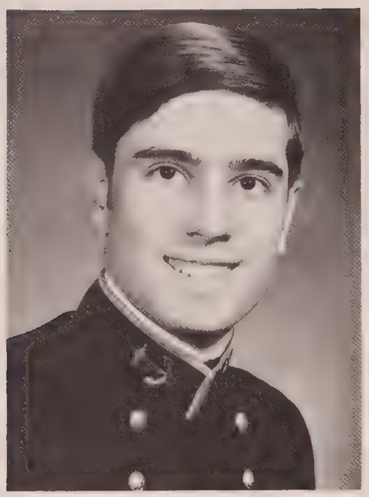


GREGORY JOHN DURAS

TIMOTHY RAY GILBERT

Probably one of the most easy going guys in the company, T.R. found life relatively easy at Navy. Always proud of being a "baggin ANAMANA major" and a firm believer in the equation one ounce of gouge equals one pound of knowledge, he had no trouble running the academic gauntlet. Both he and the "hound" will be happy to see June of 74 roll around. After that, Charleston S.C. becomes the home port and DD937 becomes home.

TIMOTHY RAY GILBERT



JOHN CARROL GRIFFITH

JOHN CARROL GRIFFITH

John hails from a small town in Tennessee by the name of South Pittsburg. Griff, as he is known by his classmates, came to the Navy fresh from four short years of high school. He enjoyed intramural sports and fair grades, and hopes to go into the nuclear power program after graduation.

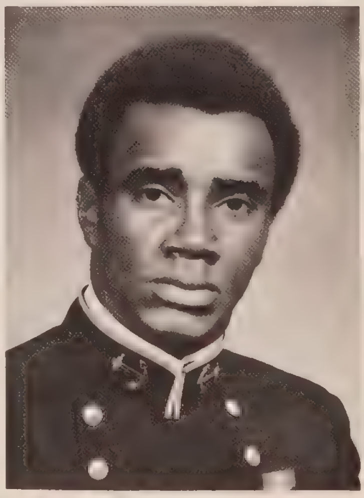
DAVID JOSEPH KASKIE

DAVID JOSEPH KASKIE

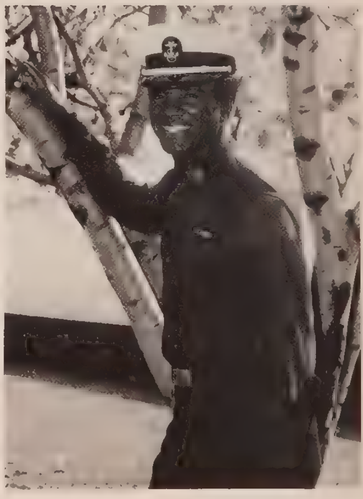
Fresh out of St. Viator High in Arlington Heights, Illinois, Dave "celebrated" his first night aboard most appropriately by standing watch in the regimental office, where he was among the first to receive the vital, hands-on training needed to answer the telephone (do it only when it rings, guys). More good times followed throughout plebe year in 1st company, where, through an academic over-achievement, Dave was nicknamed "Mistah Foh-oh" by a southern gentleman Firstie. Nothing could beat, (and nobody did), playing basketball with the champion Celtics of the Brigade. Most of the time, though, the name of the game was study, and it had to be played most proficiently when it came to the systems engineering curriculum second and first class years. Being too big a target to go Corps, Dave's future is in nuclear power, systems engineering, and the Good Life.

THOMAS EDWARD MINOR

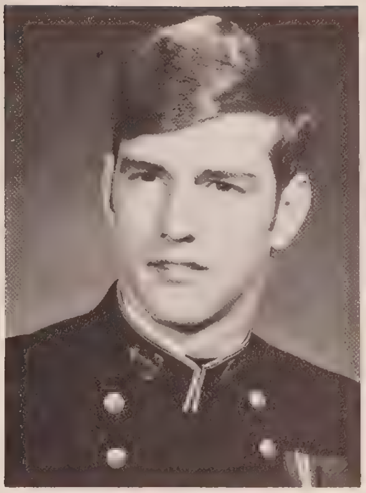
I was born in South Hill, Va., on Dec. 24, 1951, a Christmas gift to my mother. I grew up on a farm where tobacco was raised. I began participation in varsity athletics during my sophomore year in high school when I lettered in football, basketball, and baseball. I came to Navy quite by accident. During my junior year at East End High a local Navy recruiter visited our school recruiting for the Academy. I liked the emphasis being placed on athletics and academics and so decided to come. Since arriving here in the Summer of '70, I have participated in plebe basketball, for a short time, and actively in varsity track. Since plebe year I've known that only the Marine Corps would satisfy me. I look forward to Quantico.



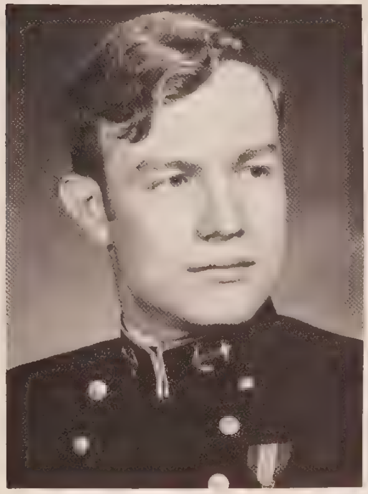
THOMAS EDWARD MINOR



JOHN JOSEPH HARRIS
"Live fast, die young, and have a good looking corpse."
William Motley
Knock On Any Door



JOHN JOSEPH HARRIS



KENNETH WILLIAM MARR

KENNETH WILLIAM MARR
Ken hails from Wisconsin, the land of breweries, and brought his well developed tastes for quality and quantity to the East coast. It was not until a company party at the end of 4/c year that his real capacity in this regard was seen. Youngster year brought a heavy academic load, and he could usually be found with "book in hand." For the next several semesters, if he wasn't in a class, he was in a lab some place, trying to keep that QPR high enough to interest a med school after graduation. Although many people thought that he would soon grow a pair of stereo headphones over his ears, it never happened. If not studying, he would be found reading the newspaper, enjoying a good cigar, or in the rack. Known by many nicknames at the Academy, he will probably be remembered most as Kilowatt.

WILLIAM EDWIN MUESING

WILLIAM EDWIN MUESING
Little Meez was a wonder to anybody who dared associate with him; his constant drifting in search of the gouge seemed to pay off as he didn't have much trouble with his bioscience major. Some people are proud of their home state, but Meez is obsessed with Minnesota in general, New Ulm in particular. Any Minnesota team, especially the Vikes, are worthy of his vocal support. Here in Annapolis, the little fellow got his jollies with varsity tennis and various company sports where he excelled. Although Meez will probably enter the medical corps, we all hope he goes surface line, as he is certain to be a good officer.

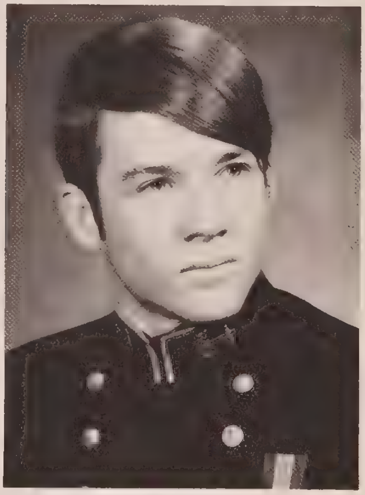
BRIAN JOHN RABE

B.J. came to the Academy from the Valley of the Sun in Arizona. His year spent at Naps foreshadowed his four years at Annapolis: excellence in academics, a great interest in athletics, and a capacity for getting along with anybody. Firefighting school must have sunk in, as Brian easily dealt with Skip's Great Fire in '72. Never one to interrupt weekend football games for something as trivial as academics, he made the most of the rest of the week to pull Dean's list in his major, naval architecture. Still uncertain as to where his future talents will be used, Brian will be a fine officer in Navy Blue, whatever field he chooses.

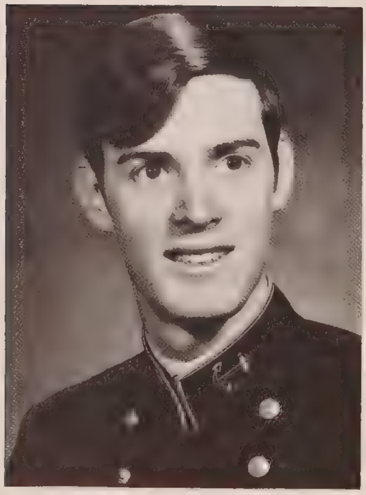
BRIAN JOHN RABE

VICTOR HAROLD RICHARD

"Rocket" Richard was a nickname Vic was given plebe summer and has survived for the years at the Academy. He has spent as much time as possible away from the Academy, but when he was around he could be found at one of two places; the computer center or the gym, pursuing his favorite sports.



VICTOR HAROLD RICHARD



WILLIAM TUNSTALL ROGERSON, JR.

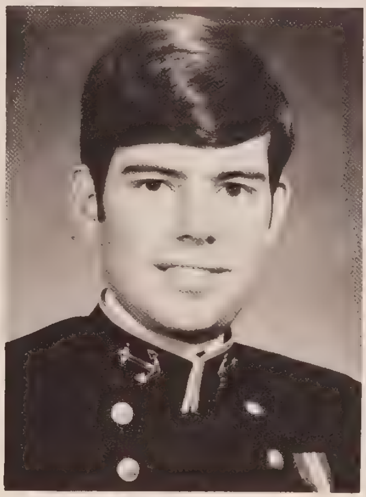
WILLIAM TUNSTALL ROGERSON, JR.

Hailing from the North, South, East, West, and occasionally from Annandale, Virginia, Bill set his sights early to master the "Briming Brine." Known best for his daring exploits in high school physics, he was also a man of the turf, and could often be seen running through the brambles, briars, and places where rabbits wouldn't go. At Navy, Bill was best known for his stalwart resolution and fearless determination. These qualities have been demonstrated by his frequent engagements with "Ralph" (the rack monster). Generally he can be seen heading in full battle dress to engage the enemy about 1530 and emerging again about 1820, tired and blurry eyed, but usually ready for more action. After surviving a crushing fall upon the rocks of heartbreak youngster year, Bill has come back strong. Now he can always be found in the company of a fair maiden, or flashing about the confines of USNA in his emerald green Datson. Being the indigenous scholar that he is, Bill has punted the academic life and now plans to sink his hopes beneath the roaring tide of Hyman Rickover.

KENNETH ROSS SHOWALTER

KENNETH ROSS SHOWALTER

Ken, known as Butch to his friends, is a native of nearby Annadale, Va. A bull in the china closet of sorts, Ken has made a name for himself bouncing off of people on the fieldball field and ramming heads with the academic department. A male chauvenist of the Nth degree, it will be many a day before one of the fairer sex sinks her nails into him. Having met the academics banana head on and won, and having fought back the Marine challenge, Ken now looks toward a future in Navy Air and an opportunity to serve his country and his Lord.



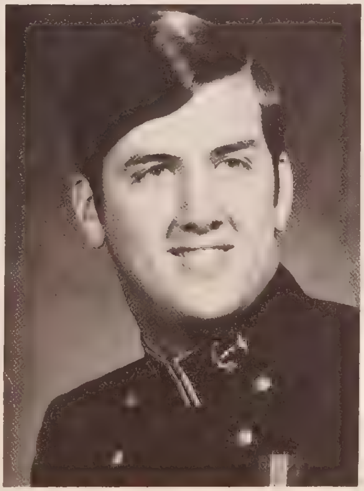
JAMES STIRLING STEVENS

JAMES STIRLING STEVENS

Jimmy, known to some as Cat, spent his first 18 years in the ship building town of Newport News, Virginia, and it was only natural that he come to USNA to learn how to drive them. Besides learning how to drive ships, Jimmy also found time to be a dedicated music listener and was one of the company's music authorities. In between listening to music and dreaming of his little southern belle, Jimmy managed to squeeze a few minutes of studying into a day which seemed to be all he needed, as academics weren't too much of a problem. His easy style of living and pleasant personality make Jim easy to get along with and with his dedication to the Navy, Surface Line will be gaining an outstanding officer.

ROBERT FRANKLIN WALTENBAUGH, JR.

Uncertain about his future and filled with the desire to travel, Walt chose the Naval Academy over several prominent eastern institutions. Having the opportunity to choose from a newly installed majors program, he decided to endeavor in the field of oceanography. Finding the social life too much to cope with, and realizing that to compete with the academic department's bouncers was hopeless, Walt coasted along while surviving the bell curves and the "2.0" borderline. He devoted a great deal of effort toward company sports, especially basketball and heavies. Realizing that Johnny River's concerts just don'e make it, Walt grooved to the vibes of 100 watts of Pioneer power, while choosing from one of the largest record collections to be found. He anxiously awaits graduation, the call of the sea, and the good life.



ROBERT FRANKLIN WALTENBAUGH, JR.

Tenth Company

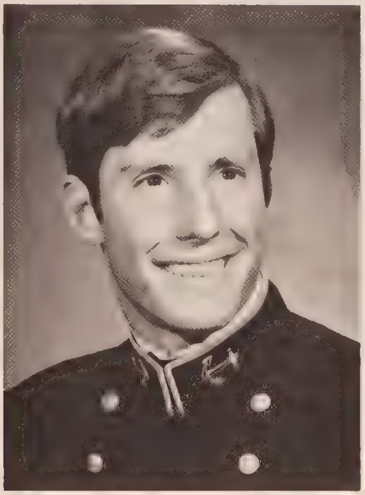
MILES EF 18
M C Albano
CARPENTER JR.
PETERSEN HJ 746790

LCDR STANLEY JEROME
CARTER, JR., USN

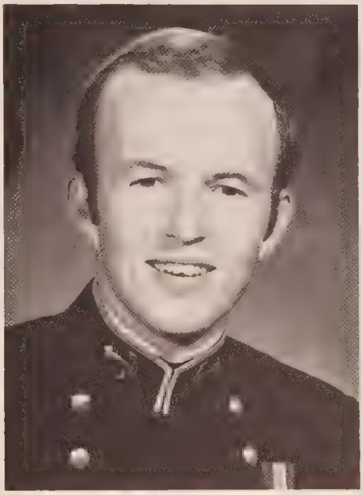
LCDR STANLEY JEROME CARTER, JR., USN

The first day Stan walked into Tecumseh Court to report for plebe summer, he was undoubtedly "Mr. Debonair". He still had a mustache and he was dressed like a real ivy leaguer. But since then, Stan has traded Ivy League for Navy Blue and has buckled down to a rewarding life at the Naval Academy. Stan graduated from Roosevelt High School in Washington, D.C., where he gained his interest in service life through the cadet corps where he was a cadet captain. Since his reporting to the Naval Academy, Stan has maintained a high participation in activities. Stan excelled in company intramural sports, playing soccer, football, basketball, and softball. After serving on the Public Relations Committee since plebe year, Stan was elected Sport Publicity Director for this organization. Being an avid weightlifter and sports enthusiast made Stan well qualified for this job. However, this enthusiasm was insignificant when compared to that generated by liberty call. Being a good natured and a well liked person, who could always be counted on to give a helping hand, Stan's classmates are looking forward to serving with him in the Navy.

MICHAEL EUGENE LITTLE



DEAN WALTER SCHILLING



RODNEY BLAINE CROZIER

MICHAEL EUGENE LITTLE

Mike came to Crabtown from what some people call the "arm pit" of California—Riverside, California. Mike has various nicknames, the predominant one being Mel—an acronym derived from his initials. Good Ol' Mel has various sweethearts throughout the United States—one of these women who was a penpal was ready to marry him after just four or five letters from this potent, virile young man. His quiet way of doing things and friendly advice are some of Mike's greatest attributes. The East coast, having failed to capture Mike's love after four years, will be deserted by him after graduation as he returns to California driving his "Z".

DEAN WALTER SCHILLING

Soon after coming to the Academy, V. B. Schubby began to exhibit the qualities that distinguished him throughout his four years—he talked "pretty slow" and "wasn't no whiz in the classroom, neither". In spite of those handicaps, his grades usually fell around 3.0, and he was selected to go to the French Naval Academy on an exchange program in May of 2/c year. To keep from getting too "Schubby", Dean played batt football, handball, company softball, and hockey as an ECA. Having grown up on the cold tundra of Minneapolis, he had a liking for snow and skiing, which were both still in great quantity after the family moved to Colorado in '71. At the time of this writing, he was looking in the want ads for his beloved '64 Tempest station wagon, which would serve him well as a Navy officer of some sort a year later.

RODNEY BLAINE CROZIER

A man of shocking good looks, silk smooth approach, and an incredible ability to consume alcohol, Rod Crozier is indeed the hero of 10. Coming to USNA from Princeton, West (By God!) Virginia, Rod soon won many friends with his easygoing southern style. He breezed through youngster year with one of the toughest majors at the academy (naval architecture), with a weekly trip to Boone's Farm (otherwise known at St. John's College) as his only crutch. Second Class year brought new horizons to Rod as he took delivery on his '69 Volkswagon, and was instrumental in such social successes as the informal mixer at HoJo's. Rod hopes to find happiness in Navy Air; we hope he finds that happiness, because he has been one of our best friends. We are forever grateful that Rod decided to make it at USNA instead of driving a truck. I rank him 2 of 25.

GREGORY HUGH ADKISSON

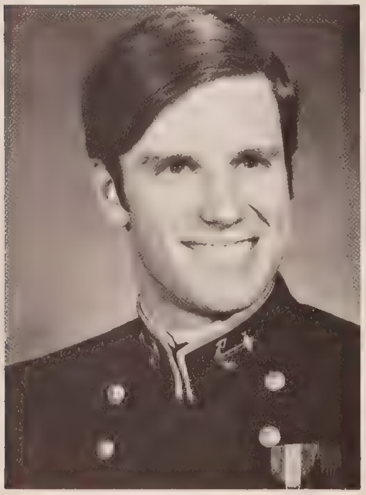
Addie came from a high school in Lincoln, Nebraska, with keys to the hearts of many a cute Cornhusker. He has followed the Navy tradition of a girl in every port to the fullest. The lass who finally tackles this guy will be extra-special, without a doubt. His extracurricular activities were varied. He got involved with as much as he had time for, and then a little more. He worked exceptionally hard at things he wanted, from N* in gymnastics to the new pre-med academic program. In the near future, we may be calling on the services of a Dr. G. H. Adkisson. We are proud to know him as a friend.

GREGORY HUGH ADKISSON

ROBERT MYRON BECKER

Immediately after Bobby arrived at the Academy, he began an unparalleled accumulation of good deals. His only period of relative inactivity was a four month layoff directly related to that mint condition vette. As a baseball pitcher he was feared by hitters and spectators alike. He maintained that, had it not been for spending ⅔ of the year's weekends playing baseball, his good deals would have run well into the eight hundreds. Being from Roswell, New Mexico and never having seen H^2O before, he took an immediate interest in the USNA scuba club, where he became an instructor and vice-president of the club. The Virgin Islands and other Caribbean trips highlighted the scuba club's activities under Bobby's tenure. His service selection will probably depend upon the comparative fringe benefits of the various services.

ROBERT MYRON BECKER



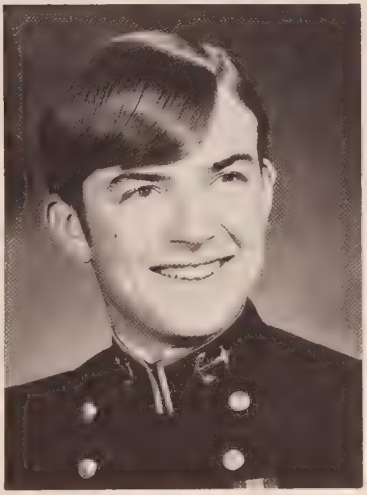
JACK ROYAL CARPENTER, JR.

JACK ROYAL CARPENTER, JR.

Jack came to the Academy from the thriving metropolis of Oak Harbor, Washington. As a Navy junior, however, he has experienced life in various parts of the country. Probably one of the "friendliest" guys to ever walk the sometimes gloomy corridors of Bancroft Hall, Jack can always be relied upon for a cheerful or optimistic comment along with sound and sensible advice. Jack can often be heard exercising his golden vocal chords in the hall, bathroom and shower. He displays his talents publicly in masqueraders, glee club, protestant choir, and in a folk trio, The Common Practice. A political science major, Jack has never been known to be particularly adept in the engineering courses here at Navy. Destined to be wed to a certain pretty lady named Julie, it is certain that Jack will be missed by all of his classmates. His altruism, firmly found Christian beliefs, and love of life will take him far.

STUART JAY CVRK

Stu rolled into Canoe U from the booming metropolis of Scotland, South Dakota, only to find more water around him than he'd ever dreamed about. He earned the rather appropriate nickname "Smirk" by his frequent facial expressions youngster year. Smirk spends most of his time on the music scene; NA-10, glee club, and was also an outstanding member of the D&B. Nobody knows whether he is majoring in barbering or oceanography, although we suspect it's the former, as recent price hikes have not hurt business at all. A typical night will find Smirk in the rack reading science fiction, piling hair on the floor, and listening to Black Sabbath on the record player. June of '74 will find Smirk and his TR-6 bolting for his brand new DE in Louisiana, where he might be the only officer in the Navy who doubles as MPA and barber!



STUART JAY CVRK

WILLIAM EARL MCCOLLUM, JR.

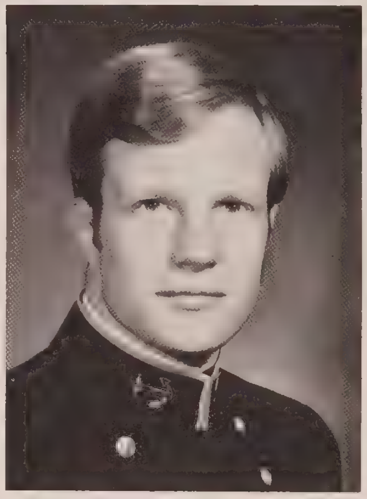
Bill came to the shores of the Severn from the peanut capital of the world, Dothan, Alabama (one of his favorite carry on questions plebe year). Although no one is quite sure how, youngster year he earned the nickname of "Beetle" (Beets for short), and it has remained with him for the duration. In his underclass years, Beetle could often be seen on Friday nights walking the halls of Bancroft with a dry mouth and shakey hands in eager anticipation for the weekends' activities. Second class year, Beetle furnished a drinking refuge for all in the Sugar Shack, which proved a home for his "B" as well. His motto: The rewards of virtue are tasteless and not to be compared with the glorious sensation of sin and wrongdoing.

WILLIAM EARL MCCOLLUM, JR.

STEFAN JOHN FATSEAS

STEFAN JOHN FATSEAS

Stef, a competitor and emotionally spirited Greek, comes from nearby Bethesda, Maryland. A class officer and athlete, he streaked out with plebe football, peaked with varsity spring practice; and settled to be a 150 pounder. After hours, Fats could usually be found patching out after formation or making a hectic return to Mother B. Stefan always managed getting into a hole, affording himself little protection and then pulling out just in time to achieve the ultimate 2.0. There is no doubt as to Stef's Navy Air career choice—the only question is whether or not they're ready for him.



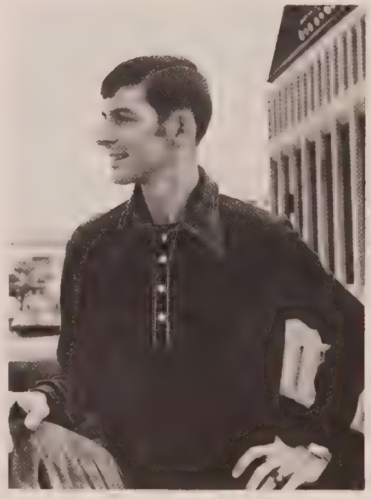
FRED ROBERT HAHNDORF

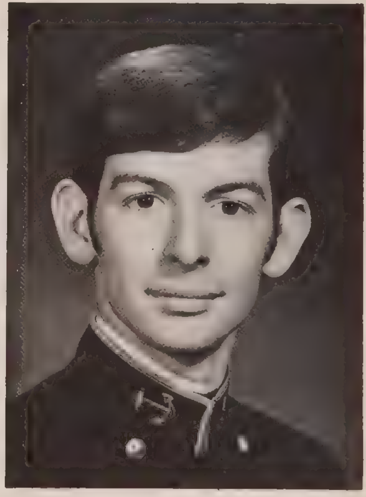
FRED ROBERT HAHNDORF

Hailing from Woodridge, Illinois, but a Long Islander by heart, Fred came to the Academy via NAPS. As a dedicated wrestler, during the winter months Fred earned his N* as dietitian of the year. Better known by his friends as "Honky", Fred's plans include an Eastern Wrestling title, a June Week wedding, TAD at the Academy for wrestling and a trip down to Pensacola for flight school. With these things in mind and some time to enjoy home cooked meals, Fred is looking anxiously towards the future.

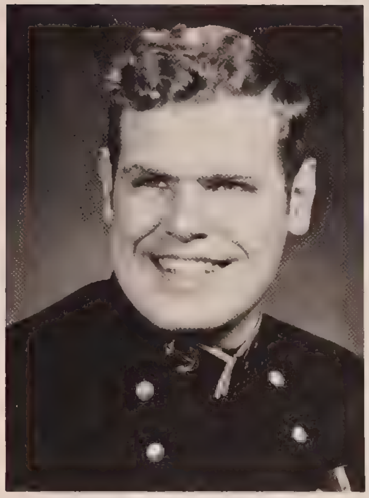
LEONARD PAUL HAMPTON

Paul, known to close kin as "Big Foot", thought he was safely hidden in the sticks and mountain country of East Tennessee, but the summer of '70 found him buying his first pair of shoes and packing his bags to leave a life of corn-shuckin' and bean stringin' for a return to his birthplace at Annapolis. With a twin in the same battalion, he has one of few who could boast of total strangers knowing him from "way back when". In his junior year he accepted the challenge to share Jesus with officer's children by teaching Sunday School, and became affectionately known as "Twinkie" by his 3rd and 4th graders. Graduation will more than likely find him pinging across the ocean depths in a nuclear submarine.





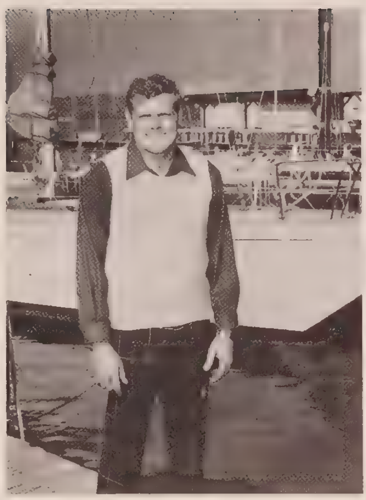
LEONARD PAUL HAMPTON

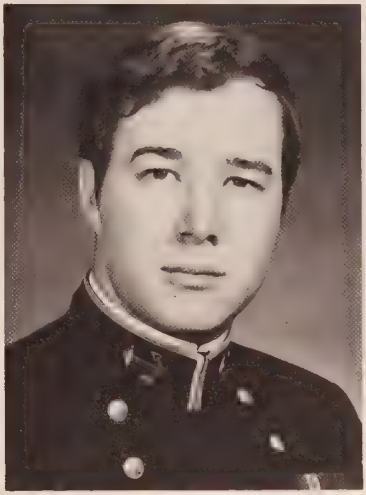


DONALD FREDERICK HOFFMAN

DONALD FREDERICK HOFFMAN

Don knew what he was getting into when he came to the Naval Academy; at least he should of, since Annapolis is his hometown. In his senior year, he finally went and passed his yawl command test, and was a racing skipper of a yawl for a season. At Navy, Don had the opportunity to travel several times to Europe. He liked Europe so much that he overloaded to take a year in French. After graduation, however, Don plans to travel around the States and see them in detail. With an eye on making the Navy a career, Don will report to Mayport, Florida for eighteen months aboard a cruiser prior to flight training in helicopters.





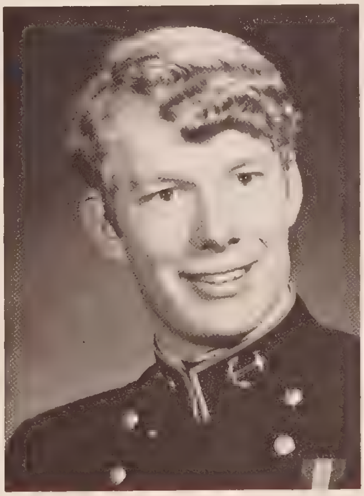
RICHARD FRANKLIN KAILEY

RICHARD FRANKLIN KAILEY

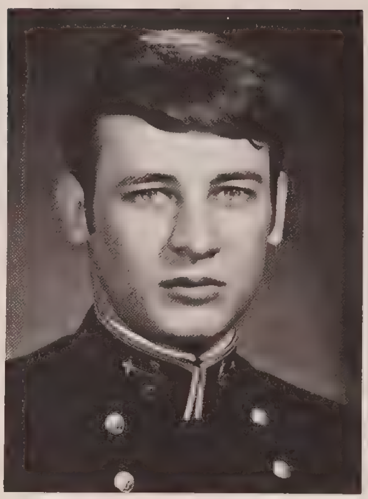
The most important adjustment Rick had to make during his plebe summer was that from the thin Rocky Mountain air of Englewood, Colorado to his new residence at sea level. Rick came from a background of varsity athletics at Englewood High School, but had to be satisfied with intramural competition here at USNA. Although Rick was certainly not what you would call an academic wizard, he was successfully tolerated by the political science department. Some have said he even had a minor while here, that being apathy. He rarely studied and is reported to have spent an entire pay check on long distance telephone calls. Come graduation day 1974, Rick will head his Corvette south toward Pensacola, Florida. Perhaps then, his long held dream to fly as high and as fast as he can, will finally come true.

DANIEL PATRICK MAYS

Hailing from Glen Rock, a reserved little settlement in Pa., Junta came to the Boat School after spending a year at NAPS. A boyhood fascination for ships and the sea sent Danny in this direction. Soon to exit from the plebe basketball team, Junta was quick to find other sports as tennis, squash, swimming, and handball. These along with company sports contained his athletic energies. Generally, Dan adopted the policy of "getting by", most especially in academics. He found political science fairly decent, but seldom resisted the pad. Much of youngster cruise was spent in the swamp, while first class cruise Dan had a lot to learn from the chiefs. Junta enjoyed being able to travel to Europe during summer leave and took advantage of it twice. Fitting into the scheme of things at USNA, Dan accepted life mildly. Not being strongly attached to a girl and eager to become a surface line officer, Dan will drive his 190 SL to San Diego after graduation and fall in place.



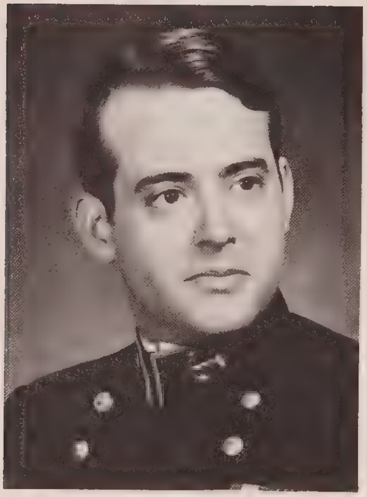
DANIEL PATRICK MAYS



SCOTT RICHARD MONMANEY

SCOTT RICHARD MONMANEY

Scotcho swaggered into Canoe University navigating via NAPS from Orono, Maine. In his travels, Scott discovered early that the best way to get by the system was around it, and undertook this task with long, hard hours of cramming. For Scott, athletics were always an anticipated pastime whether it be soccer, rugby, handball, or sailing. His interests included scuba, skiing, and a certain girl named Maria. As one who can always be counted on to get the job done with the least amount of fuss and worry, Scott has always been looked upon by his classmates as dependable and always willing to lend a helping hand. A dedicated and hard charging individual, the Academy and his classmates can expect to be proud of this lad in future years.



WILLIAM SUMNER PROAL

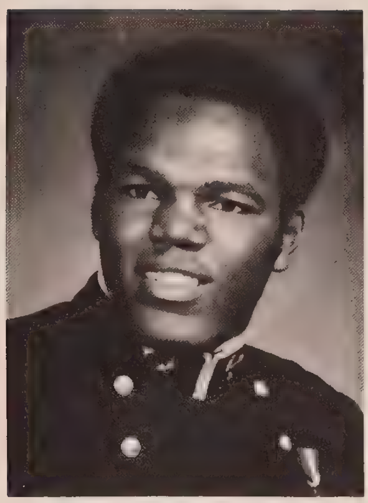
WILLIAM SUMNER PROAL

Joe dropped anchor in Annapolis Roads coming from Plainville, Massachusetts, via the University of Bridgeport, the U.S. Navy and NAPS. An oceanography major, Joe believes surface line means never having to say you're sorry. Battling Coach Lentz all the way, Joe sailed on the Jubilee III and anything he could. Everyone who knows the Troll wishes him well.

JOHN MARSHALL WINSTON, JR.

Jack is a rare individual who successfully combines optimism and cynicism into a practical philosophy. After a prolonged romance with the Nuclear Navy, including a deterrent patrol on the *U.S.S. GEORGE BANCROFT,* Jack finally found his calling in the skies. After graduation, Navy Air will be richer by one professionally dedicated officer, and Mother B will have difficulty replacing him.

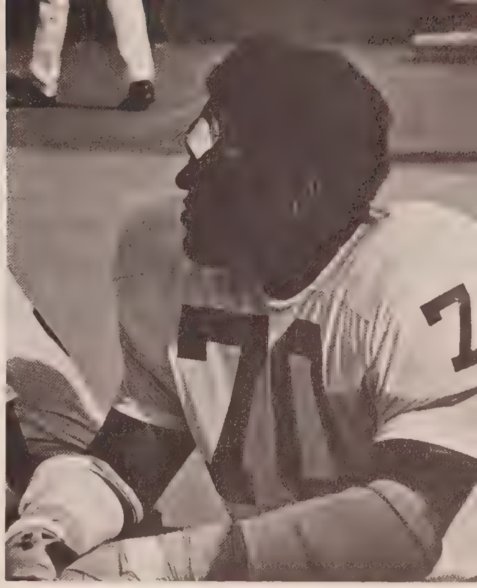
JOHN MARSHALL WINSTON, JR.



DONALD MONTGOMERY

DONALD MONTGOMERY

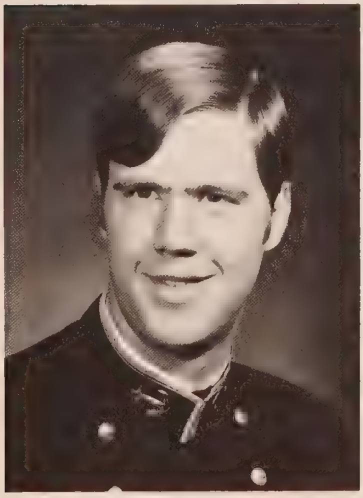
T-go, as Don is known by his teammates and friends, came directly to the Naval Academy from the Baltimore Polytechnic Institute of Baltimore, Md. Not being too far from home or his girls, Don spent most of plebe year dreaming up ways to spend more time with the latter. Don was a highly sought football prospect as he felt his education was more important than his athletic contributions. An all-state, all-city, and honorable mention, all-American football player, Don felt he could achieve an education and at the same time contribute to the rebuilding of Navy football. Don, like most high school athletes, has had to develop better study habits to help him attain his desired goal—a graduate of the United States Naval Academy.



RICHARD JAMES PARKINGTON

RICHARD JAMES PARKINGTON

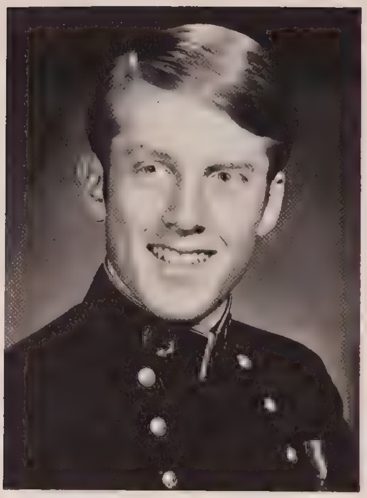
One of the more serious members of the class, Radar could often be found taking care of last minute details, sleeping up for the big test, or having just one more cup of coffee. Hard work and a determination to succeed marked him from the beginning, and had a great influence on those under him. Hampered by a permanent case of bad luck, his specialities included consistently late registration times and a knack for meeting the type of people around here that can find something wrong with anyone. Undaunted by these minor setbacks, Rick proceeded to add a great deal and accomplish much in his time here. The airways of the world have captured his fancy, and it won't be long after graduation until he joins, the Navy's finest, the "Nasal Radiators". Rick is also living proof that "blind dates don't all turn out badly . . . in the long run".



HARRY JEFFREY PETERSEN

HARRY JEFFREY PETERSEN

Pete rolled into the Academy from the wilds of Washington State. Having spent a year as a weekend warrior in the naval reserve, he had only a few problems adjusting to Academy life. A stellar athlete, Big Pete earned his varsity letter on Heinz's sub squad as a freshman and was a consistent preformer throughout his entire stay. Spring times found him relieving his tensions and hostilities on the rugby field and at the parties thereafter. Pete found the major of applied science stimulating but not too difficult. Hopefully, it adequately prepared him for nuclear power school and the submarine duty that lies ahead after graduation. Graduation also holds plans for a wedding and beautiful girl named Theresa who has been waiting for four years.



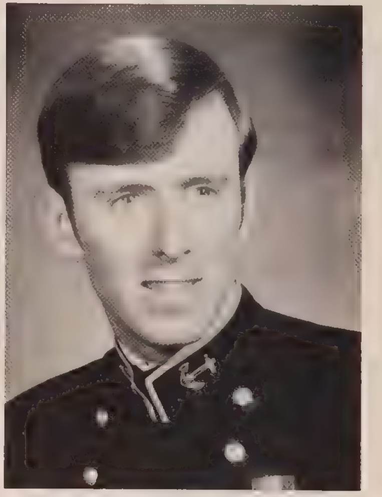
THOMAS JAY ANDERSON

THOMAS JAY ANDERSON

The class of '74 will long remember our very own Thomay Jay Anderson (Old Man) as a man of unquestionable honor, integrity, and superior teeth. Sailing from Santa Barbara, California, where his Papa is a dentist, Tom came to the Naval Academy a shy, thin, red haired young boy. In a matter of months however, the Naval Academy changed all that. So complete has this transformation been, that Tom was elected to the coveted position of captain of the 74 varsity drinking squad last summer. And it is common knowledge that he absolutely drives women mad with his translucent blue eyes. We in 10th company know that we have been fortunate indeed to have Tom as our very best friend. He is that type of wonderful person whom you meet so seldom in life. He will be a success in whatever he decides to engage in. God will bless him.

JOSEPH MURRAY RUPPERT, JR.

Bear came to Navy University directly from his high school on an island in New York. He got off to an excellent start by trying to spoon a firstie his first day of plebe summer. His friendliness and outgoing personality have made him many friends in and outside the Academy. Bear has a major in girls with a minor in oceanography. Every weekend he can be found walking paw in hand with a new addition to his major. A physical education fanatic, he awaits the day when applied strength is a thing of the past. Bear could always be found around the center of anything going on in the company. His love for the sea, acquired during summer cruises, has helped him in his decision to go Surface Line with hopes of an early out in the near future.



JOSEPH MURRAY RUPPERT, JR.

TERRY EDWARD SCHLABAUGH

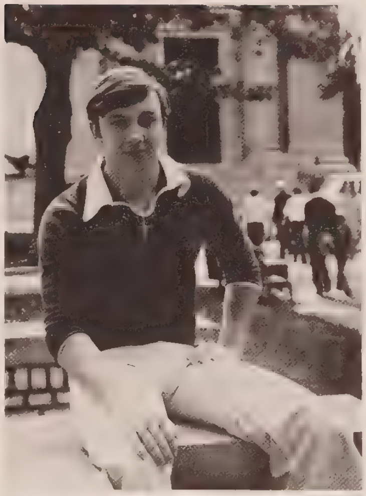
TERRY EDWARD SCHLABAUGH

Clark came to the Academy from the mountains of Colorado. A true nature lover, he soon became bored with the ways of the East coast and turned to sports as a way to pass the time. A gifted athlete, he was a member of the plebe gymnastics team, although he could have done equally well in a number of other sports. Unfortunately, academics and late return from summer leave curtailed intercollegiate competition. Youngster year was spent reading motorcycyle magazines, writing letters, and attending company parties. It looked like he would finish his career at the Boat School in much the same way, but during second class summer Joanna had a change in lifestyles. Delaware became his new hangout and the yellow V.W. a frequent visitor to USNA. Graduation finds marriage with big plans for the future in this dedicated civilian line candidate.

DONALD MATTHEW WEBB

DONALD MATTHEW WEBB

Bro arrived at USNA from Fort Wayne, Indiana, with no previous exposure to the military-industrial complex. He adjusted quickly to Academy life with the help of a few dates during plebe summer. His midnight liberty with trips to Georgetown rounded out his Plebe indoctrinaiton. Youngster year saw Aqua struggling through the difficult major of political science and retiring from the swim team in search of higher QPR's. Capitalizing on free trips to Brazil and Portugal during his summers, he developed his rap in Portuguese, and at the same time he furthered his professional development (?). Spending most of his liberty aboard his bike, his social life remained limited until second class year. Some sunshine, named Susie, captured his heart and dominated all of his free time. Bro referes to graduation day as merely the day before his wedding. However, many people wonder whether he hasn't been married all first calss year. Bro and Susie are headed for Nuclear Power School and plan to remain in the Navy no more than 5 years.

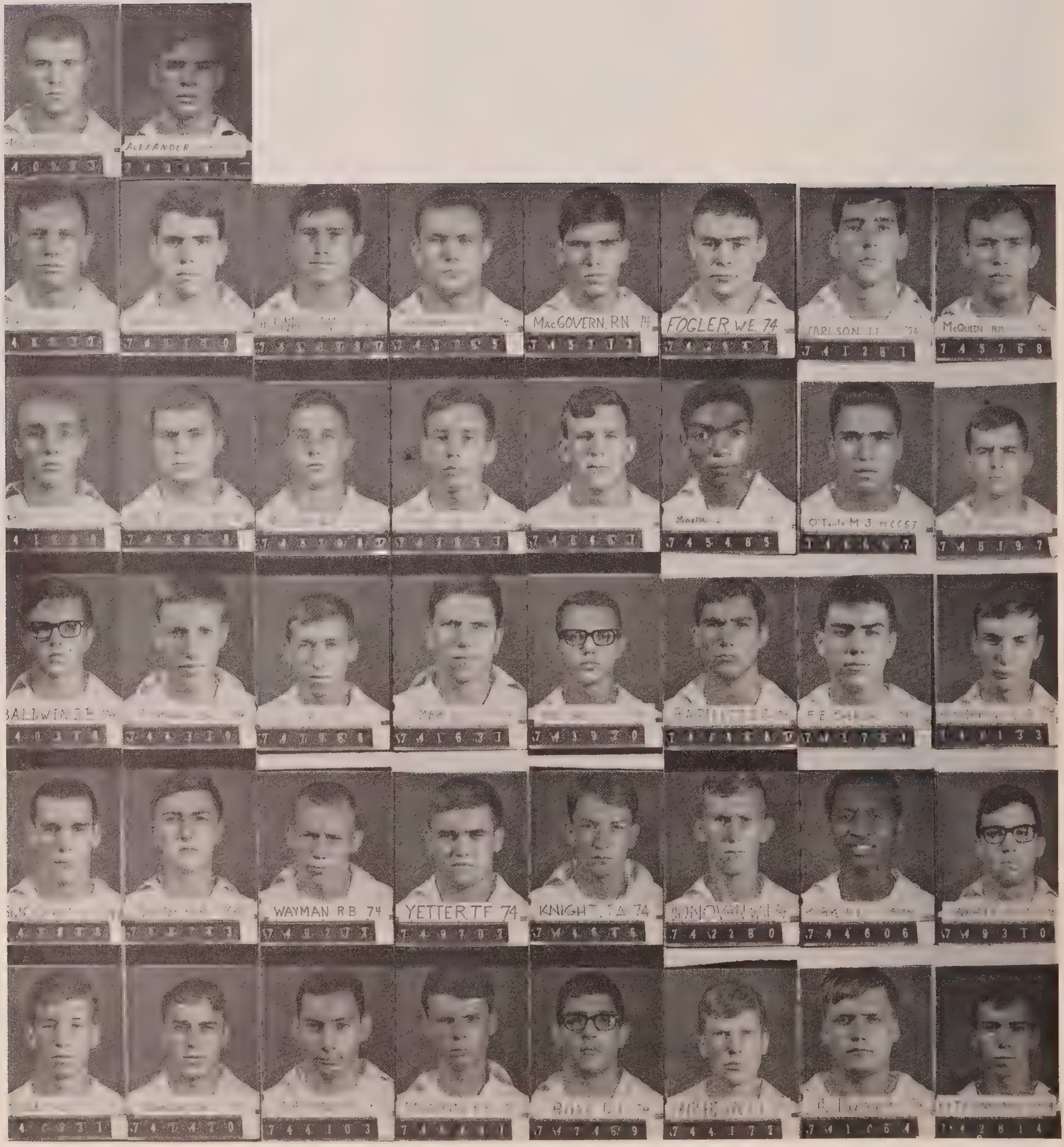


FREDERICK BARROWS WITESMAN, JR.

Down from the mountains of central California (Chowchilla) swept mountaineer Fred in 1970, and since then he's been either climbing or photographing every peak in sight. Mountaineerigng is so much a part of him that it is rumored that he has climbed to the top of Memorial Hall at 0300 on a cold night in February! Fred is also called Flamer, though the exact origin of this "misnomer" has never been discovered. (It's probably due to his bright red hair or else his effervescent attitude towards plebes.) As a wires major, Flamer has been a great help to his classmates who struggled through "fruit" wires. It's a shame that his long red hair will be lost, but it's for the best, since he is destined for great things as a grunt!

FREDERICK BARROWS WITESMAN, JR.

Eleventh Company


ALEXANDER
MacGOVERN, RN 74
FOGLER, W.E. 74
CARLSON 74
McQUEEN RM
741281
745768
745485
O'Toole M J
BALDWIN
741631
WAYMAN RB 74
YETTER, TF 74
KNIGHT 74
742280
744606
749310
744103
741172
741054
742814

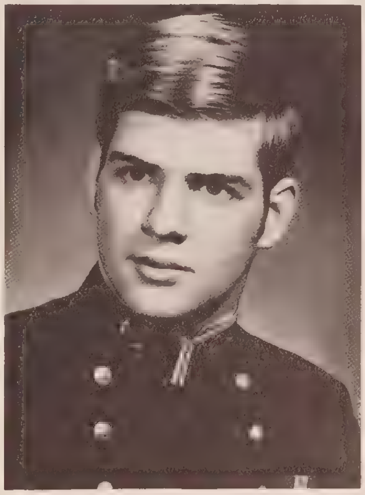
LT JAMES EDWARD WESTON, JR., USN

LT JAMES EDWARD WESTON, JR., USN

Jim came to Crabtown from the banks of the Rocky River. In high school he was a member of National Honor Society, and an All-league football and basketball player. Here at the Academy Jimbo played two years of varsity football before he retired for good to the blue trampoline. Academics posed no threat, as he found time during his first and second class years to overload. In his spare time Jim could be found in the workout room, or out on the rocks, "catching a few rays." Jim developed his musical capabilities during his spare moments. This enabled him to be a member of the chapel choir and he would often be found playing his guitar and leading his classmates in singing at the songfests. Jim is looking forward to a fine career in the Navy, and we have no doubts of his capabilities to become an outstanding Naval Officer.

EARL ROBERT ALEXANDER

The Dirt Mountain blew in on an ill wind from Alabama. Bringing only his pipes and a scholarly mind, he has consistently amazed the AC board by eluding their grasp time and again. Alex could usually be found leading the dawn patrol, working late into the wee hours to continue his survival here at Mother B. Always in the market for stockpiling pins from departing comrades, we sincerely hope that one day he will find a use for them. Dedicated to Etta, his blue MG, he has oft time been saved from a late appearance only by herculean efforts on her part. Armed with unending sarcasm and a knack for getting bad deals, Alex is anxiously awaiting his return to the outside world.



EARL ROBERT ALEXANDER

LANCE ORVILLE ANDERSON

LANCE ORVILLE ANDERSON

Orville, better known to us as Lance, hails from (or raises hell from) Kloten, North Dakota. (Do people really live out there?) Coming to USNA, he was apprehensive about making his grades. *So* apprehensive was he that he chose the easy systems engineering major to cushion his falls. After breezing through plebe year with only a little lube oil on his hands, Lance settled down with his perennial cup of coffee to enjoy the confines of Canoe U. Always ready to go skiing or break his leg playing basketball, Lance was an important, hard playing member of every intramural team he was on. Eye exercises were a big part of Lance's last two years at Nav, especially at 0300 when he took his study breaks. Assuming his eyes don't go bad and that Adm. Rickover doesn't nab him, Lance should be one of the best pilots in this man's Navy—in the plane and at the rallys, of course.

DONALD BRUCE BALDWIN

DONALD BRUCE BALDWIN

Son of a nail drivin' man, Don arrived at Uncle Sam's Yacht Club from the edge of Georgia's Okeefenokee Swamp, with an alligator in one hand, a football in the other. Aerospace engineering and Don got along fine after he had fired up his pipe, buttered the popcorn, and poured his coffee from one of the company's many camouflaged coffee pots. Many say he has grown gills from so much scuba diving and a watered brain from the many rallies in his VW bus. Always up for hot discussion, he would argue about the weather, the radio, and standoff the Army mule. Forever giving it his all, he spurred many on beyond their own preconceived limits. If he can survive Nuke Power School, Don will probably be seeing the world through a periscope.

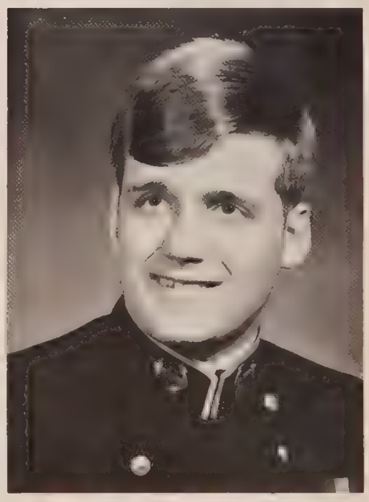
THEODORE JOHN BREGAR

THEODORE JOHN BREGAR

Ted, master of the old frat at play and official company DQ rep, came to us from Arvada, Colorado, a suburb of Denver. Two phrases which best suit Ted are gung-ho and hard-charging. Well, almost old buddy, but not quite. Ted spends most of his time with his sweetheart Hildegard, and plays a very important role on the Navy track and cross country teams. He is destined for big things in that department. First class "cruise" found Ted in Germany, Moscow, Italy and Africa, throwing the hammer for the U.S. track team. It was an interesting summer for Ted in more ways than one. While not exactly an academic wizard, Ted has managed to rely on the grades of plebe year. On the track or in the water, however, there is no one who surpasses him and his unique counting system. Before being sentenced to USNA, Ted served time at NAPS. He is thought of quite highly by everyone in the company and will certainly succeed in whatever he does. Good luck, Ted!

JAMES LEE BULLOCK

Bull, known as Jim to some, arrived for plebe summer at USNA via coal train from boomtown Follansbee, West Virginia. Recruited for football, Jim soon found out that T-tables were the only way to go and energetically played out a three year "no rest clause" contract with Forenzo. Sporting a particular interest in fluid dynamics, Jim dove head-first into an oceanography major, and could sometimes be found out along the seawall doing some serious crabbing. Bullwinkle was not one of the calmest individuals while at Navy, and when not at football practice he could usually be found worrying, figiting, counting the days until the next leave, or even studying. While he served out a demoralizing rap second class year for contributing to the delinquency of plebes, Jim was kept company on those long weekends by his pet fig. His hatred of the East coast deems him woodfolk–truth. Not a Marine type, Jim's love of LPD's will make him a proud amphib officer. But, whatever his choice, the Navy gains an outstanding man.



JAMES LEE BULLOCK

DENNIS CROWE

DENNIS CROWE

Denny came to us from Landlocked Hubbard, Ohio, more a master of a pitchfork than the sea. Though never one to look down on anyone, this five-foot-five giant among men decided he wanted to start at the top: Navy Air! During his four years of waiting, though, he had to be content with sitting in the Aerospace Department's wind tunnel, arms outstretched and goggles affixed. Although plagued by injuries, he still managed to get some time in with a few company sports. His rugby days will likely come to an end when Louise corners him in June. Denny's only real complaint at USNA was that there wasn't a separate obstacle course for sandblowers!

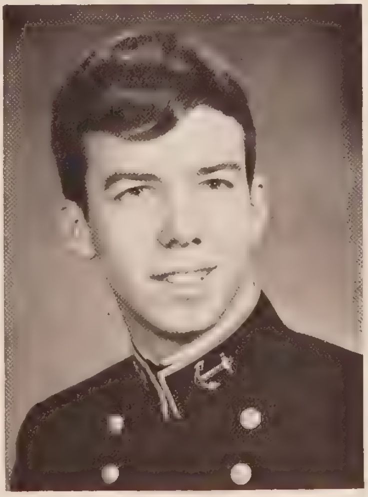
CHARLES DAMIAN DEBROW

Coming from the southern side of Houston, Charlie lost no time in contouring his rack to personal specifications. With the help of a sometimes golden tongue, 11's derelict was deep selected for many an aptitude board, and more than once it seemed that Navy would score. A famed fieldball and football champ, Charlie proved an indispensable man on the intramural circuit, and just as adept on the racing circuit, coaxing his "Green Slime" in on the one minute call many a night.

CHARLES DAMIAN DEBROW

JAMES RUSSELL FITZSIMMONS

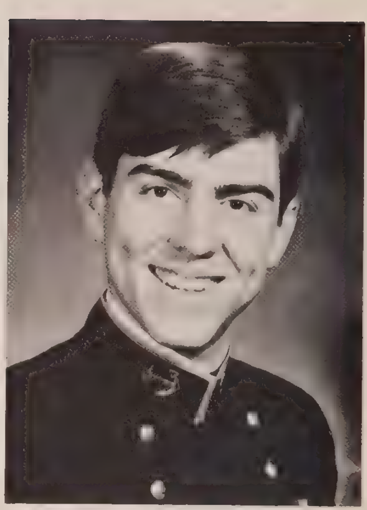
Three-Inch Fitzy, as he is affectionately known to his classmates (among others) and the cream of Trumbull, Connecticut's crop, came to USNA as an alternative to getting a summer job. He had such fun plebe year, though, that he decided to stay, and under the powerful influence of Uncle Galen (his guiding light during plebe year), he was infused with professional spirit and sought to strive for the top. Academics came easy, but he never did find a sport that suited his unique athletic talents (or total lack of them). Second class summer convinced Fitz that there must be better things in life besides Surface Line, Air, Subs, and the Corps (Marine, not Supply), and so he began his long quest in pursuit of a nice, easy desk job. Unfortunately, the possession of all of his original fingers and toes has precluded such an assignment, and so graduation day will see Fitz heading down to the sea in a ship to continue his never-ending struggle against the running-log lackey's of Stalinist aggression—and terminal seasickness.



JAMES RUSSELL FITZSIMMONS

FRANK EMMETT COOK, JR.

Hailing from Memphis, Frank brought with him high ideals, a high I.Q. and the distinction of being one of the nation's top high school ROTC students. He quickly established himself in the annals of academics and allergies. Although not as physically adept as most normal ten year olds, Frank more than overcame his problems with the mile run, applied strength and swimming by perserverence and, sometimes, repetition. As 11's resident wizard, Frank pulled many a classmate from the AC board torture chamber with his boundless knowledge of all things that be. He spent more time giving E.I. than studying his own lessons. If you don't know who, what, when or where, just ask Frank. This disappears into the world of Rickover's reactors, will be truly missed.



FRANK EMMETT COOK, JR.

DAVID FRANKLIN HIGGINBOTHAM

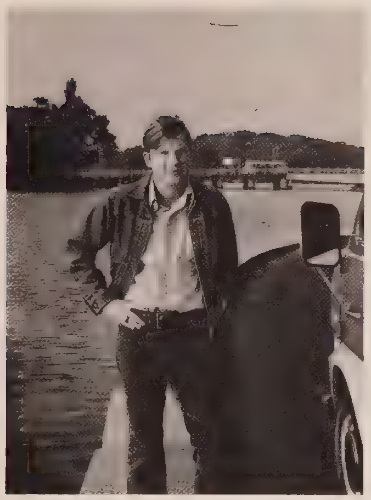
DAVID FRANKLIN HIGGINBOTHAM

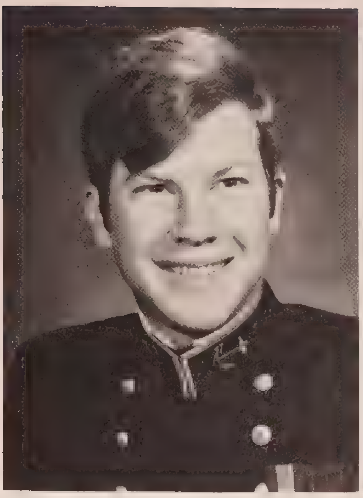
Out of the wilds of Itta Bena, Mississippi, David came to the playing fields of USNA. He was never one to worry about classes, and his grades showed it. Not even pro courses and a trip to the AC board stirred fear in David's soul as he pursued sat grades and the gold bars of graduation. The athlete in him surfaced quickly plebe summer, and he excelled throughout his four years at the Academy. (Matter of fact, the only tests he ever made perfect on were the football tests, which his actions on the varsity team showed). Though somewhat quiet his plebe year, the rallying man in him gradually came out, as the city of Sidney, Australia will attest to. He could always be counted on to contribute his share to a midnight card game or a weekend party. David has a bright future with a good lookin' gal from Mississippi and Marine Air. His absence will leave a gap in many activities after that day in June.

HOWARD EDWIN HILL

Hill came to USNA for only one reason—to become a professional Marine. His determination never wavered, even though he had to endure the pseudo—military, romper room, circus world life of Navy. Being more mature, serious, and thoughtful than the average mid, he had little trouble with academics. He wasn't a jock, but he *could* take care of himself. Hill's immediate ambition is to serve his country and make its ideals become realities. His future goals are to win the Medal of Honor, to write and to become a truly great American. He's going to work hard, and with his determination and perserverance, he just might attain these goals.

HOWARD EDWIN HILL

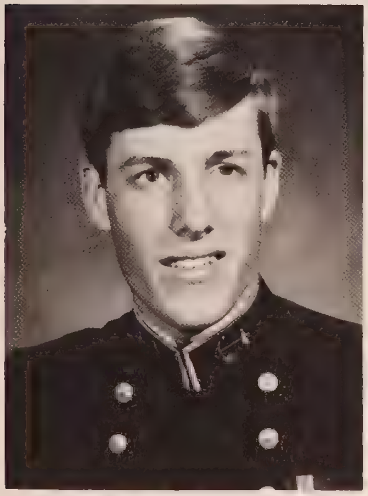




ERNEST LEE HUTCHISON, III

ERNEST LEE HUTCHISON, III

Lee, Hutch, or the Red-haired Wonder, wandered into USNA straight from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, the heart of Dixieland. Due to his insatiable competitive spirit, Lee's athletic record at the Academy speaks for itself, and there is little doubt that sooner or later it will (we hope) say something. Always a great partyer, Hutch keeps in fighting trim by living solely off Bourbon when outside the walls, and he is seriously selective about the female company he keeps (although a "rare" few might actually receive the "golden cufflink" of his heart). Lee is an ardent proponent of the "learned by osmosis" method of study ("it will all come out in the wash"), and can usually be found in the rack contemplating his QPR. It is Lee's professional drive, though, that is most unique, and his attitude upon graduation will be less of "I am ready to take the conn", than it is "ready or not, here I come". We certainly hope that the Navy is ready.



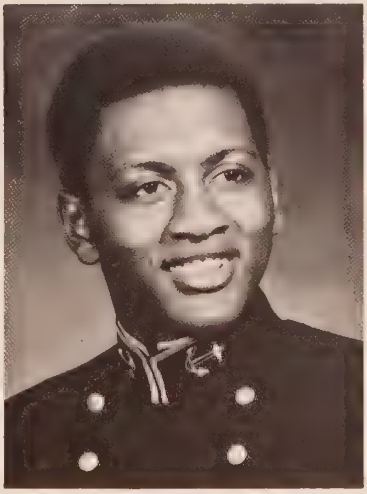
DAVID ALAN JOHNSON

DAVID ALAN JOHNSON

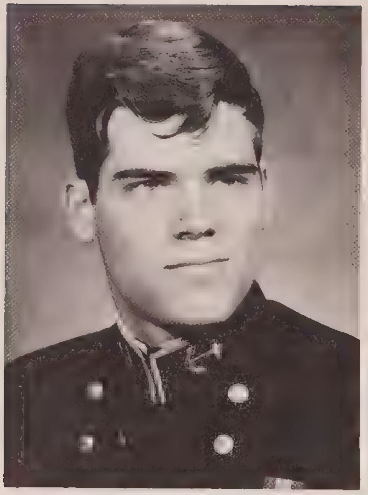
Dave came to the Academy from a multitude of homes, because of his status as a Navy junior. His strict adherence to regulations won him the name of Crazy during plebe year. By always taking the difficult road (overloading or taking a higher lever course when not required), Dave did little to dispel this nickname throughout his four year stay. Academics were no problem in his mathematics major, though, and Dave was always quick to help a classmate in academic need. Although indulging in many extra activities, Dave found time to lend a helping hand (or foot) to the company football, soccer, and sailing teams. First class cruise changed his mind about Nuclear Power, and consequently, Dave decided to go Surface Line with initial duty on a PG.

FORREST LARUE KIRK

It has been an eventful four years at the Naval Academy for Tree. In his time here, he has managed to go through more changes than any of his classmates in company. He was a basketball player, trackster, and football player, and successfully failed at all of them. He did hang on to graduate, though. Tree will be fondly remembered by those who knew him well as the phonemaster of the class of '74, and the honorary winner of a black N for most hours logged on the phone. I think that the most significant thing that Tree will be remembered by his classmates for will be the black and white discussions in the wardrooms at night, dealing with the basics of the professional officer and the Human Person. For this mental giant, Surface Line is mighty fine.



FORREST LARUE KIRK



ROBERT NEWTON MACGOVERN, JR.

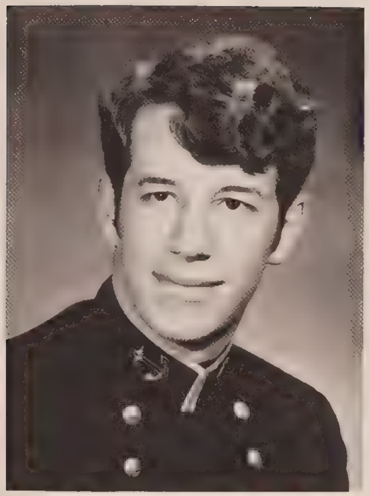
ROBERT NEWTON MACGOVERN, JR.

As a Navy junior with home in McLean, Virginia, Rob didn't have to go far to find 'he Academy. A firm adherent to all things conservative, he had found just what he was looking for. For four years, his math major made sure he didn't just coast, but it was worth it. He's now absolutely sure there are a hundred pennies in every dollar. A mania for traveling to every corner of the world made Surface Line his only choice.

MICHAEL ARTHUR METSKAS

MICHAEL ARTHUR METSKAS

Mike Muskrat came to USNA from Naperville, Illinois. With a slow start plebe year, things got slower academically. He had difficulty finding time for academics during youngster year because of more important things like girls, parties, glee club tour, masqueraders, tennis, choir, etc. He is famous for being the only Portuguese language studies major in his class. Mike has always said, "Surface Line is mighty fine!" After graduation, it's off for Pearl and the *U.S.S. REEVES.*



STEVEN PAUL BROOKMAN

STEVEN PAUL BROOKMAN

Spending all of his life on the rocky shores of New England and developing an inseparable bond with the sea, it only seems natural that Steve found his way to the Naval Academy. During that eventful first morning of plebe summer, Steve saw before him a free education at one of the most reputable institutions in the country and a chance to be near his lady, the sea. It seemed too good to be true, and by the evening of his first day he saw that it was as the ominous truth of the Academy unfolded. Officers, firsties, chopping, chow call, pep . . . The list seemed endless, but Steve decided to give it a try. It was only after that fateful day early in 2/c year that he made his decision to stay. Faced with the prospect of seven more years, Steve proceeded to make the most of it. Putting academics in the background (grades coming naturally), he devoted his efforts to more important things; finding time to party, scuba dive, buy two vettes, one MG and, in general, beat the system, whenever possible. Steve is now anxiously looking forward to flying his P-3.

WALTER JOSEPH DONOVAN, JR.

Born on a crest of a wave, Waltie was destined for the Naval Academy. Hailing from Annapolis, he was sworn in by his class of '48 battalion-officer-father. He went home every Saturday afternoon plebe year, and the Donovan house became our home away from home. He joined his classmates' plight, however, when his family moved to Europe 2/c year. As the proud owner of (not 1) but 2 non-reg cars junior year, he became manager of the company motorpool. Any afternoon found Walt leading the skinnies of Hubbard Hall on an 8 mile run or pulling an oar on the Severn. If he wasn't holding a cigarette, beer can, or oar, he was holding Carol, Donna, or George. June 1974 will find us losing the company of a good friend to the blue skies of Navy Air.

WALTER JOSEPH DONOVAN, JR.

WILLIAM EARL FOGLER

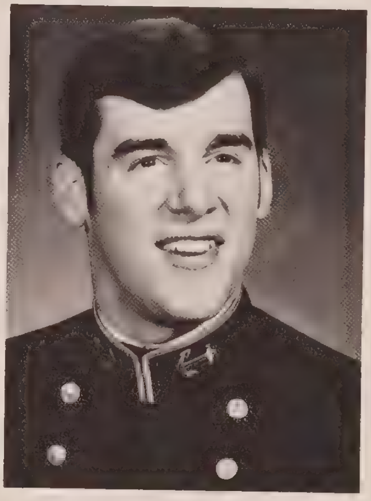
WILLIAM EARL FOGLER

Bill comes to the Nav from Exeter, Maine, a booming town of at least 600. After living and working on a farm his first 18 years, he realized the best way to look at cows was from an A-4 at 10,000 feet. Following his flying ambition, he readily accepted the Navy way of life and in no time nearly studied himself out of it. Halfway thru his 3/c year he saw the light, put the books away, changed majors, and concentrated on the more important things (i.e., the rack, rallying, etc.) His grades and overall disposition took an immediate turn for the better. During the fall, all of Wee Will's energies were directed towards the Might Mite's 150-lb football team, where he earned a sterling position as middle linebacker for two years. A combination of Bill's personality and keen knowledge of how the Navy really works will assure the service of one top-notch aviator for at least 5 years.

RODERICK MCLEMORE MCQUEEN

RODERICK MCLEMORE MCQUEEN

The Academy acquired this mountain man from Williamson, West Virginia. Rod kept up his family tradition by attending NAPS for nine months and attaining two appointments to the Academy. Rod adjusted to the Naval Academy life with ease, and spent his plebe year attaining Superintendent's List marks, and devoting time to plebe football, battalion track and battalion basketball. Mac selected operations analysis during plebe year and spent the next four semesters wondering why new courses were being added to his major, and why his grades fell off accordingly. The class car committee and 150-pound football occupied most of Mac's spare time. A strong believer that leadership at the Academy and leadership in the fleet weren't quite the same concept, Rod selected Navy Air for his selected service career. Rod's drive for excellence in all endeavors, and his desire for self-improvement, will carry this young Hillbilly far, and ensure the Navy an excellent leader, and an outstanding officer.



FRANK SWEIGART

FRANK SWEIGART

Frank came to Annapolis from Arlington, Virginia. He often wondered why he chose the Navy, for his father was a Colonel in the Air Force and his two older brothers were in the Marine Corps and the Army. A late decision to attend the Naval Academy and low college boards led Frank to Columbian Prep where, after a six month tour, he brought his scores up to acceptable levels. Frank spent most of the year rowing up and down the Severn River, working late hours with academics, and having up his hometown honey, who lived only 40 miles away. Although academics never seemed to come easy, and as crew was definitely more exciting, he managed to find the 2.5 slot in the academic world. Not quite decided upon his service selection (although Navy Air seems to have his eye), Frank will no doubt serve well in whatever he chooses.

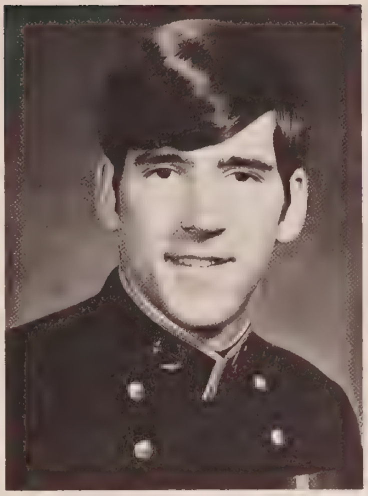
HERSCHEL ATTICUS SMITH, III

Herschel came to Annapolis from the pecan groves of Americus, Georgia, after a year of extra instruction at Auburn University. A quiet presence at first, Herschel soon utilized his experience as a fraternity man to enthrall the hearts of all the girls to soon become known throughout the company as the Midnight Plowboy. This southern gentleman was truly disarming with his quick smile and wry sense of humor. Active with the ring dance, class organization, and golf team, Husha Honey maintained a respectable QPR and still found time for a black N. Always impeccably groomed, anguished cries of "Who has the thinning shears?" Often drifted from his room. Winning the party after after Army, classic cars, sharp clothes, a frienly smile, and a helping hand became his trademark. Herschel's sincerity, persistence, and desire to excel will grace the wardroom of a destroyer after our long awaited graduation.

HERSCHEL ATTICUS SMITH, III

JOHN ERIC CARLSON, III

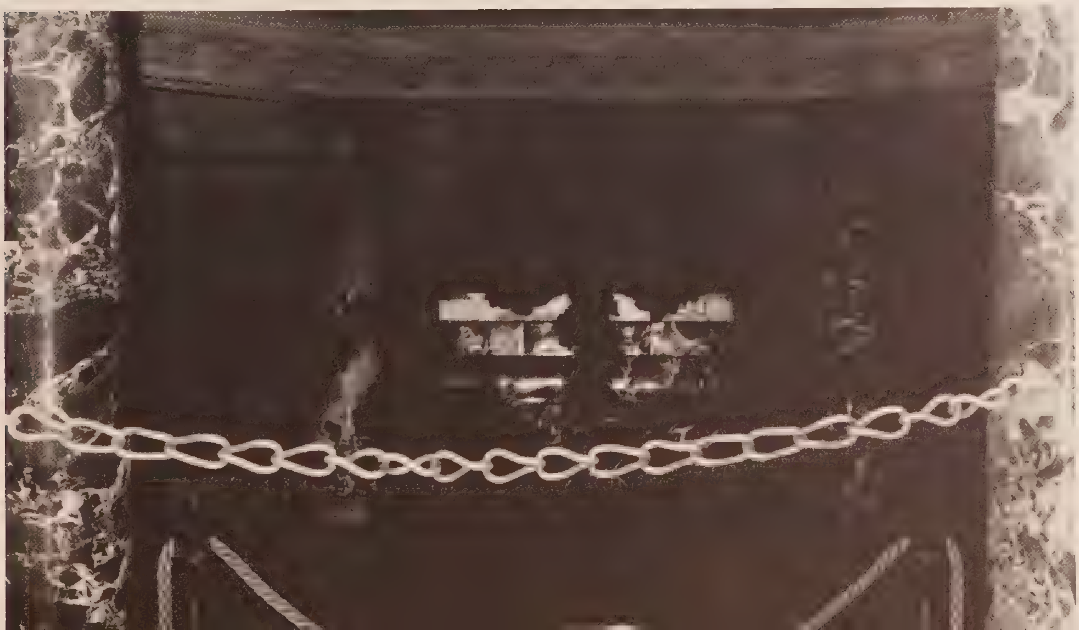
Erick "D-Berry" Carlson, a long, tall Texan from Sam Hill Drive in Irving (near Dallas), has been classified a man of many passions. These include his car, his snow skis, his water skis, his computer courses, and iced tea. Known affectionatley as Driftwood, he can be found pinging around the hall any time of the night in his bright red monk's robe, greeting everyone with a cheery "Que pasa?", or else bopping into a room with his famous "Where were you for this class?" Playing a civilian for a year at Michigan State University with IGEP should really cramp his military style. But after that, Nuclear Power is Eric's future choice, and we are sure that in his nuclear powered travels, he will do much to advance the cultural exchange between the U.S. and other countries. "Have any of y'all ever heard of rum and coke?"


JOHN ERIC CARLSON, III

ROBERT MARK VER SCHURE

ROBERT MARK VER SCHURE

Hailing from the pheasant-dog capital of the world, Bob showed his gunginess early in his career by coming to the Severn Sailing School 6 days after he graduated from high school. He wisely chose the easy electrical engineering major plebe summer, and since then, lacrosse has been the only thing that's kept Mad Dog sane. After breezing through plebe year with a 3.2 average, he rode the spiraling curve slowly downward for the last 3 years. A firm believer that "anyone can look good to you after a six pack," Bob was a lively part of every party he walked into and was carried away from. After graduation, Bob will be heading for Pensacola, his wings, and the parties. The legend of B.B. will undoubtedly follow him forever, and that's Ver Schure.



Twelth Company

C. V. WYANT
749600

CAPTAIN RICHARD JAY YEOMAN, USMC

CAPTAIN RICHARD JAY YEOMAN, USMC

Richard Jay Yeoman attended college at Iowa State University where he received a degree in the NROTC program and was a member of Scabbard and Blade, the tri-service military honor society. Also, he was a platoon commander and received an award for having the best drilled platoon. Richard belonged to the Alpha Kappa Lambda Fraternity during his four years of college. He was pledge educator and house manager at different times during that period. Also, he participated intramurally in both football and baseball. Richard met his wife during his sophomore year at college. They were married six years later.

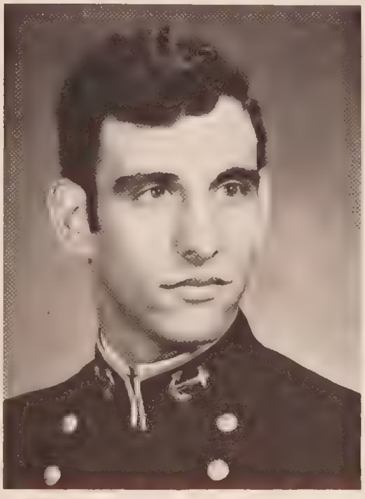
RAYMOND PRICE CRAIG. JR.

RAYMOND PRICE CRAIG. JR.

Ray, better knows as Lil' Man, came to USNA straight from the cotton fields of Bakersfield, California. Though hampered by the inferiority complex of an eternal sandblower, he had a heart of gold and the brain of a computer, except that the computer makes mistakes. Keeping his stars in aero and going to bed after the window closers got up did not keep him from being an effective class company commander or attending a 0100 second class rally. In that his loves at Navy consisted mainly of kites, wind-tunnel models, and the Mighty Mites, the little-boy aspect was not always out of character. Always ready to apply his literary abilities, his famous last words consisted of the original phrase "Go Navy Air". We believe Lil' Man will be a valuable asset to naval aviation, and if they can ever find a flight suit small enough, he ought to look forward to a great flying career in the clouds and beyond.

STEVEN JAY DIAMOND

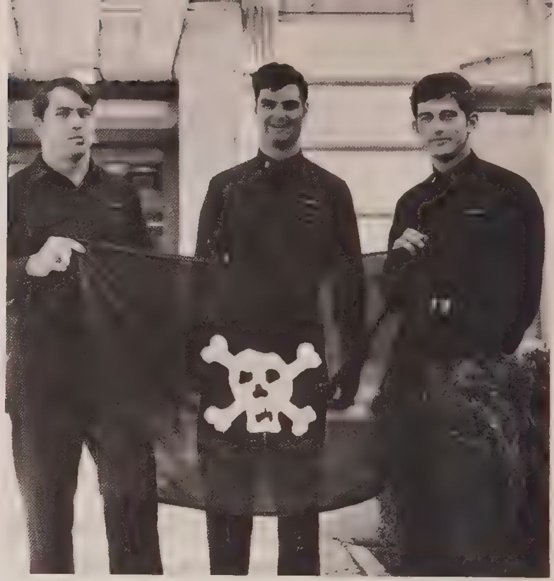
Ace Diamond came to USNA from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, bent on making a name for himself academically, though if he were not chained to his lab bench in Michelson, he could undoubtedly be found observing small, rebounding spheroids on the tennis courts. A double vet of the Navy knee knife, he always pulled thru with a smile and a ace bandage. He's determined to get into Nuc Power, even if it means going over Admiral Rickover's dead body. (Some say that's his only chance!) All in all, he should be a welcome addition to some wardroom out there on the Great Puddle.

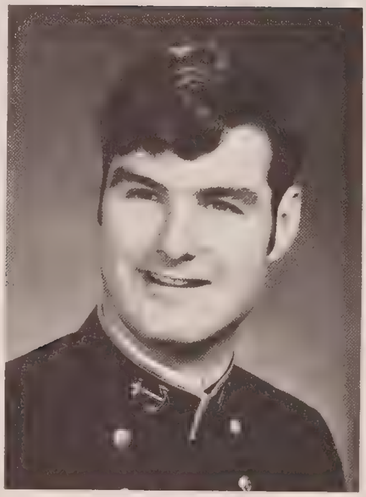


STEVEN JAY DIAMOND

JOSEPH KRIST MUDGE, JR.

Kris liked the Academy so much that at the end of four years, he had to stay for one more. Coming from Chester, Pennsylvania, Kris has been fascinated by the sea and the sailing way of life. He has hence risen to Rear-Commodor of the sailing squadron. Taking an "overload" of 13 hours a semester, he can usually be found testing his mattress for firmness and quality. Kris plans on making Surface Line his way of life upon graduation, and he has some plans for Stel, too. Above and beyond all else though, Kris can be remembered as a resident of the "Vista."





RAYMOND PATRICK DONAHUE, JR.

RAYMOND PATRICK DONAHUE, JR.

Dummer, as he is more commonly known by most officers and all mids, came from a typical town in the U.S., possibly like your own. But unlike *you*, Dummer is anything but typical. He's managed to con his way out of almost every formation or parade, But perhaps his most outstanding maneuver was his return from 1st class summer with ringworm, hepatitus, and mono; not bad for a month leave, huh! But his girl, George, didn't seem to really mind. He surely must meet the requirements for the "Vista".

RICHARD PRESTON FOSTER

RICHARD PRESTON FOSTER

Rick deserves the Christopher Columbus Award for discovering happy hour on Fridays at the Little Campus Inn. Coming from a Navy family, Rick has lived many places. Learning the ropes from his two Naval Academy brothers, he has the distinction of being the only mid with his car in the yard for three years. Rick played football plebe year, but found a life of leisure on the varsity golf team. Although he seems unsure sometimes, Rick is a flyboy at heart. Rick is also an essential member of the "Vista."

WALLACE MICHAEL ELGER

WALLACE MICHAEL ELGER

One of the gusto grabbing boys from Pennsylvania, Wally made his debut at USNA as a napster ready for any punches the plebe football team could throw. Wally came to be known for his love of sports. His second class year meant Rosemary became the love of his life, and all roads led to Crofton. First class year meant discus season, a quick change, and a June Week wedding. A hard charger and a tremendous guy to have on any team, we are sure success lies in store for Wally.

JAMES GREENE GLENN, JR.

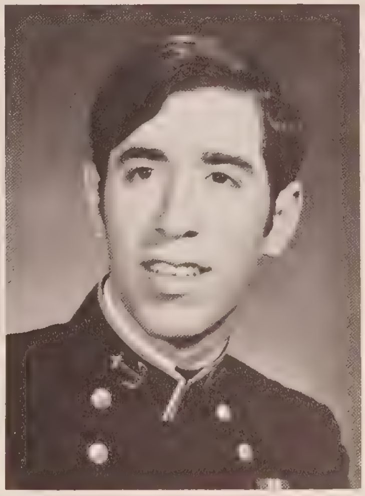
JAMES GREENE GLENN, JR.

Jim, the company Coke rep, is notorious for his academic prowess. He wandered north from Admiral Farragut Academy, and stopped by his hometown of Little Washington only long enough to change his white socks before reporting for plebe summer. That year saw him making fast, lasting friends with certain firsties. Having a keen eye for a good looking girl, Jim has come by many acquaintances, foreign and domestic, and we just hope he doesn't get trapped in an international incident. Service selection night found Jim next to *Jane's* and the verdict was an AGDE out of NORVA. A good man to have at the helm, whether he be a destroyerman or wherever his career takes him, is Jim.

JEFFREY DAVID GREENE

Yet finally, after four years, June 5, 1974–

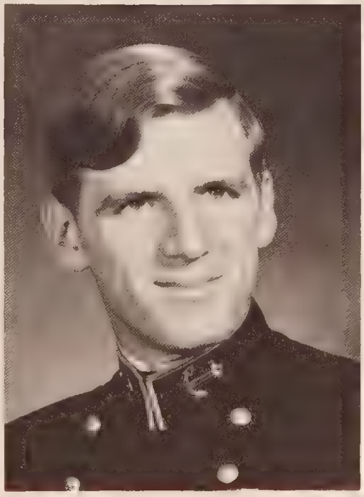
> ". . . let today embrace the past with
> remembrance and the future with longing."
> K. Gilbran, *On Time*



JEFFREY DAVID GREENE

HENRY CARROLL LANE, JR.

Henry ventured north from the mighty land of Texas where everything was bigger and better. Feeling his way through engineering, along with many other things, Henry was always seen horizontal, finding the rack number one on his list of priorities. A Texas sailor at heart, Henry was known for his many powers with his trombone, both with or without it. Second class year saw him travel to France for an unknown reason (?) and when asked why, the immortal words would always to be heard as, "You'll never know." Though the books and Henry never found each other compatible, studying *never* seemed to get the best of him. With a nose and smile that would "never quit," Henry's motto will always be known as "My rack, be it right or wrong, but day or night, always my rack."



HENRY CARROLL LANE, JR.

RICHARD CULLEN HICKCOX

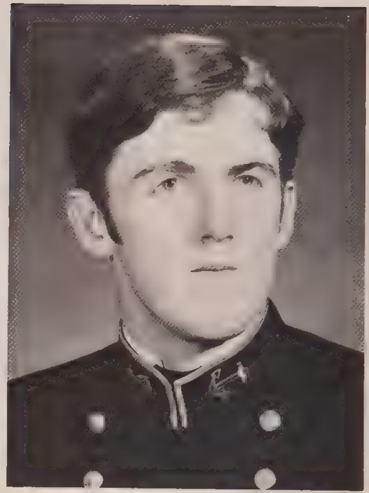
RICHARD CULLEN HICKCOX

"You can't always get what you want."

An individualist. A creative thinker. Optimistic about the future of mankind, and concerned enough to take a leadership role.

PATRICK WILLIAM MCNALLEN

Let the good times roll . . . played football and lacrosse during his sentence here . . . never left half a beer on the table in his life . . . looking forward to a spot in the Supply Corps after graduation . . . indefinite plans as to a career in the Navy . . . sure does like pretty girls.



PATRICK WILLIAM MCNALLEN

PATRICK WILLIAM MURPHY

PATRICK WILLIAM MURPHY

Murphy's Law states that if anything can go wrong, it will.

Corrolary 1: Everything goes wrong at the same time, and left to themselves, things will always go from bad to worse.

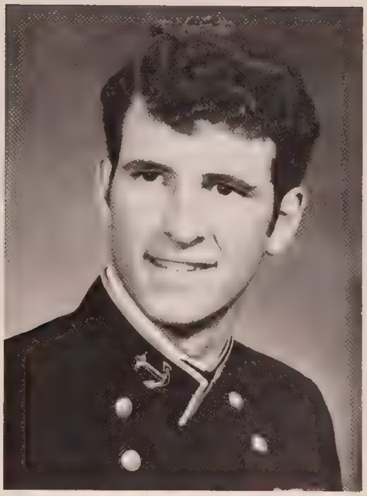
Corrolary 2: In simple cases, presenting one obvious right way versus one obvious wrong way, it is often wiser to choose the wrong way so as to expedite subsequent revisions.

"I've never left half a beer on the table in my life."

RICHARD PAUL TERPSTRA

"I am an American fighting man. I serve in the forces which guard my country and our way of life . . ."

RICHARD PAUL TERPSTRA



MARK EMERSON MOONEY

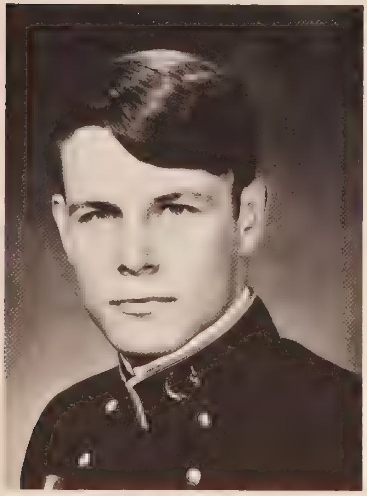
MARK EMERSON MOONEY

Mark came to us from Canton, Ohio, where everyone knows is the Football Hall of Fame. If they don't know, they will, after talking to Canton's Golden Boy. When he wasn't studying, Mother Mooney was trying to keep his Texas boarder from becoming a victim of the Padmonster. To some, it became evident after second class summer that Mark's echo was "work hard, play hard." Though he studied hard, the echo "Don't tickle me or I will throw up," could be heard intermittently through the night. Mark was easygoing except for his complains with respect to the purge on his "brillo". Mark's ambitions and desires will no doubt enable him to succeed in his future career as a Naval officer.

GARY DOUGLAS THRASH

GARY DOUGLAS THRASH

Doug's outlook from the bayous of Florida was slightly shaken when, on the first day of plebe summer, he found himself an intimate roommate of one of those big "Boys". In the true spirit of his constant improvement and diligent work, however, our Southern Man found himself in what could be almost termed a case of "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?" In the field of academics, his famous achievements are chiefly the ultimate observation that "Yx0=0" and that "there are three types of OAO; studs like me like it Off And On though". His stellar performance as company plebe chopper of the year and member of the 32nd acid squad were only exceeded by his all-star abilities on the field of fieldball, when he succeeded in putting his knee in a cast three winters in a row. Yes, the Marines will be more than happy to receive one the most military math majors to graduate from Navy, despite his frayed appearance. With his desire to succeed and native abilities, we all know Doug has a great future to look forward to flying with the "men in green".



WILLIAM LLOYD NELSON

WILLIAM LLOYD NELSON

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted
   wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference

—Frost

RYAN SCOTT WISE

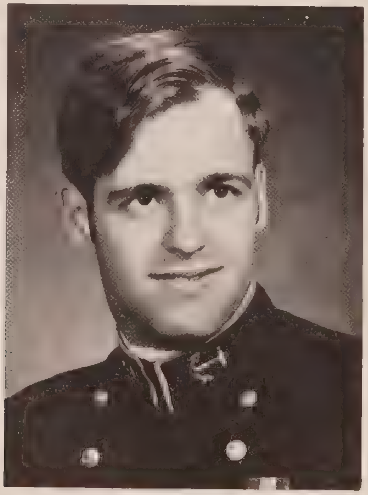
RYAN SCOTT WISE

A red-haired boy from 'bama, and an Air Force brat to boot, Ryan met USNA two weeks later than the rest of '74. 'He's been trying to catch up ever since!) While at the U. of Navy, he has been extraordinarily courageous in his encounters with the academic dept. For his efforts, he was awarded the DSM (Dixie Success Metal) by the C.S.A. Seriously, his likable personality and living faith in Jesus Christ will carry him far in whatever service he selects.

DONALD HUGHES TOMLINSON

Grown from the strains of hay-bailing and then cow-chasing of a Virginia farm life, Don brought his ability to get things done and his country wit north to Annapolis, and quickly adjusted to the rigors of USNA. Excelling in the challenging job of head manager of the Big Blue after much work in the lower ranks, in his academics and professional work, and as an active and growing believer in Jesus Christ, Don became a man great to work with. Recently, service selection night found Don latching on to a DD and, the good Lord willing, come June, he'll be latching on to an even better prize when he'll wed Miss Nancy Dove. A good man to have on the Navy team is Don.

DONALD HUGHES TOMLINSON



STEPHEN DONALD SHIGLEY

STEPHEN DONALD SHIGLEY

Steve, or Shigs as he likes to be called, claims Colorado as his home. He hopes to become general of the Colorado Army and erect a shrine to George Patton in Denver. Shigs is a Marine through and through. If he can't fly helicopters for the Corps, he plans on making Marine Infantry a career. Hopefully, he will be able to continue his favorite pastime of academic Russian Roulette. All kidding aside, Steve should make an outstanding Marine officer. I can think of no one else whom I would more trust with my life.

NEIL JAMES CHRISTAL, II

JERRY KEITH SMITH

STEVEN GLENN SANDERSON

NEIL JAMES CHRISTAL, II

Born and raised in the San Francisco Bay area, Neil acquired a lasting love for the sea and girls. During plebe year he was quick to acquire the nickname Pimp by setting his classmates up with weekend dates. Many raids on Mahan Hall were made on these weekends during his first two years, but now he's settled down to house on the Magothy River. Much high stepping has kept him off the altar so far, but marriage will definitely catch up to him after he collects two cases of Michelob from Buffalo and two from Lumpy. A promising career awaits Neil on his ammunition ship out of Concord, California.

JERRY KEITH SMITH

A Physical Science major from Seaford, Delaware. June Week 1974 brings a long awaited wedding and promise of being a jet jockey . . . that makes it all worthwhile.

"And in the end, the love you take is equal to the love you make . . ."

—Beatles

STEVEN GLENN SANDERSON

Sanderson came to the Academy from the relative obscurity of Ohio. Little did he know what lay in store for him in sunny Annapolis, but he was soon to find out. Steve made a name for himself quickly, due to his great ability, and from then on he has been known as Buffalo. This was a foreshadowing of Steve's plebe year. He had a bad habit of being in the right place at the wrong time. However, Steve *did* learn his lesson plebe year. He learned that you rate what you get away with, and the only time you get fried is when you get caught.

Thirteenth Company

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LIEUTENANT JOHN JAY LAPICOLA, USN

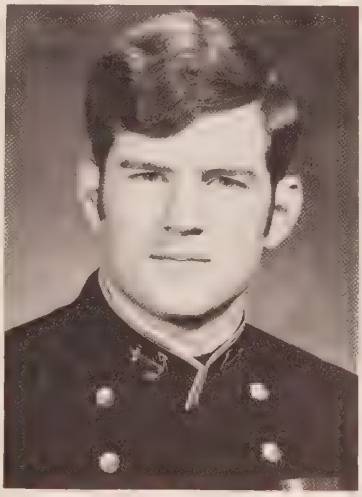
LIEUTENANT JOHN JAY LAPICOLA, USN

John J. Lapicola came East from Springfield, Illinois, the "Land of Lincoln", to take his place in the brigade. He is better known to his friends as "Lap" or occasionally "The Wop", due to his strong Italian ancestry. John fit right into the rigorous life of a Midshipman and soon excelled in all fields of endeavor. He was a leader in both academics and extracurricular activities. Easygoing, and with a smile for all "Lap" put his natural leadership to good use as President of the highly active Italian Club and in his "four-striper" position of Brigade Operations Officer. Athletically he played company soccer, basketball, lightweight football, and sailed yawls to boot. John, though motivated toward modern engineering studies still thinks about a future in law, of course. We wish him luck in his bright future, with his soft-spoken but quietly efficient manner, he will make an excellent officer in whichever field he chooses.

DOUGLAS KENT DUPOUY

MICHAEL ARTHUR KOWALSKY

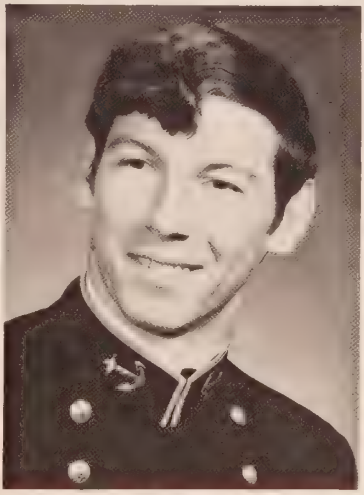
Ski came to the Academy after a short stay at NAPS with wrestling shoes in hand. His interests soon turned to other things, and he found he no longer had time to spend in the loft. Hailing from the Adirondack Mountains of New York (Vacationland, U.S.A., as he called it), Mike spent many hours daydreaming about leave, when he could take to the great outdoors on the seat of his motorcycle. When he wasn't daydreaming, he could always be coaxed away from his studies to talk about motorcycles, cars, or skiing. Good-natured wisecracks were common for those entering his room, which b-came the second class wardroom during the week. Popcorn and "Sunday Night at the Movies" was the usual ending for an all too short weekend. If he has his way, Mike will be wearing Navy wings as soon as possible after graduation, but whatever he does, he's sure to be a success.



ROBERT MICHAEL MCBRIDE

DOUGLAS KENT DUPOUY

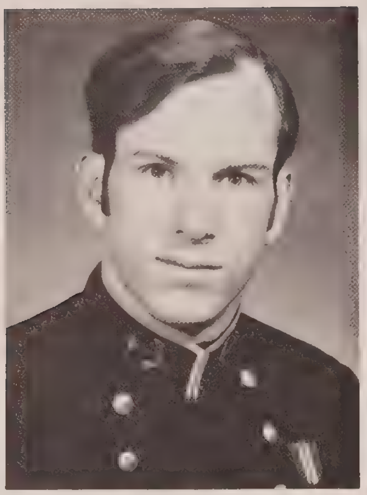
Unable to talk like a regular human being because he's from the yankee town of Topsfield, Massachusetts, Doug brought his Bostonian accent and toothpaste smile to the Academy with two primary loves—sports and voluptuous women. Sports he's done well at; the women—well, one out of two ain't bad. Not a bulky lad, Doug, or as he is better known, Slip of Nothing or Worm, is as blind as a bat and pings just about as much. Still, he's blitzed his way through a math major and may well be one of the best winter sports athletes at the Academy. An excellent skier and ice skater, Doug can "boogie like hell" on any slope or ice patch he can find. He'll be flying the wings of man, Navy Air, as a backseater after graduation.



MICHAEL ARTHUR KOWALSKY

ROBERT MICHAEL MCBRIDE

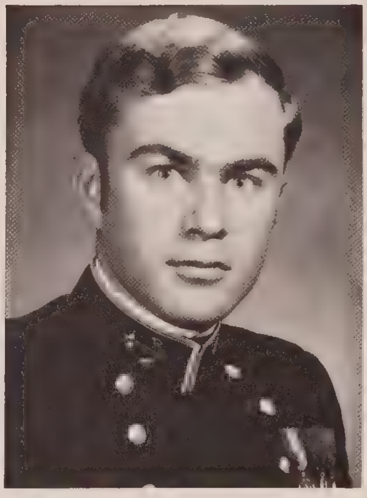
"See you at the ball park."



JOHN FRANCIS DUNN

JOHN FRANCIS DUNN

John's transition to life here at Navy was a marked achievement, considering the problem one had of understanding the language of his homeland in Fords, New Jersey. With an inept ability to come through in the clinch, John began his four years of his academic program in foreign affairs, where he had fought his way through the toughest of course. Nicknamed Ratso, John's busy schedule incorporates a sincere interest in setting a professional example for the upperclass. Influenced by a continuing attraction to what we here at Navy call the rack, John finds many an hour enjoying the wonderful life we all seem to find. Seemingly irresistable to the opposite sex, Ratso enjoys many a weekend both away from and around the Academy. Believing that cars should most certainly be granted to the younger classes, Ratso will be remembered for his driving ability on the crowded and sometimes dangerous Bay Bridge when returning from leave. The Brigade has found not only a well rounded man, but a man who has rounded out Navy.



JAMES LESLIE JOHNSON

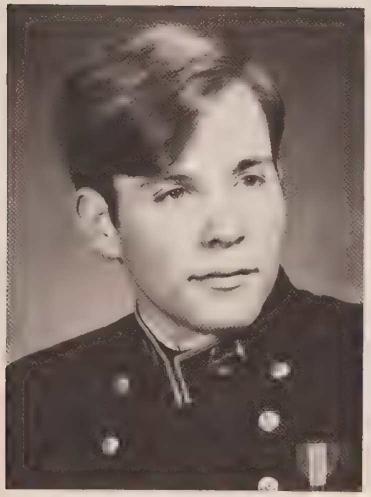
JAMES LESLIE JOHNSON

Jim came to the Naval Academy from a high school in California. Because of his high school track record, he was recruited by Jim Fherdes, the head track coach at Navy. He ran track plebe year, but was forced to give it up during youngster year due to an injury. Since then he has been active in the brigade art and printing club, acting as Secretary-Treasurer during his second class and first class year. He is a political science major and hopes to make Navy Air his service calling.

ROBERT JOSEPH TAYLOR

Tails floated down innocent and unknowing from The Big-O Country. All of that was changed quickly into the summer by 'ole John B. (followed by his roommate Horrible Harry), and Bob was soon initiated into the ways of the Big N.A. Bob managed to go through a few roommates during his term, one of whom had a bad habit of falling off chairs. Always one to bend the hair regs, Tails very rarely got caught (knock on wood), and is to this day hanging loose. For need of a better average than 1.33, the axe board kindly suggested a change from aero to management, and conceded another chance to the kid. Bob will leave these hallowed halls of Mother B with a light heart and a bright future, which hopefully will include punching holes in the sky.

ROBERT JOSEPH TAYLOR



RICHARD HALE COLLIER

RICHARD HALE COLLIER

By intent and purpose, one of the most individual and unconventional midshipmen of the naval academy, Rich's brilliance surfaced early in plebe summer, when, freshly emerged from the shower, he saluted in the nude the biggest and meanest firsties on the detail. From then on, his career was all uphill. Never a Prussian, Rich's free spirit earned him the fond endearment of The Drift by his classmates. However, Rich has definitely enjoyed the challenge of the naval academy, and has put out both an effort and desire obvious to all. Never one to waste time, he has spent many hours deep in study and thought, and has managed to gain entrance to the Dean's and Sup's List. Somewhat of a social activist, The Drift has spent time teaching sunday school to Annapolis children, being Big Brother, and a race relations representative at the Academy. An enthusiastic advocate of Bob Dylan, Henry David Thoreau, and Thomas Jefferson, Rich looks forward to standing as champion against the Grand Inquisitors of the world. His goal is to become a lawyer in the Judge Advocate General's Corps, and he intends to outshine all the Ali McGraws at law school next year, grow his hair long, and further develop his interests and abilities.

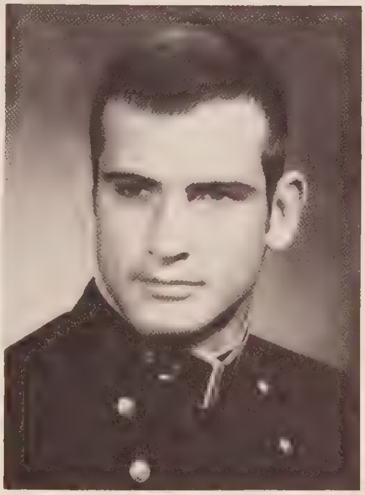
Thanks to '74, friends, family, and, most of all, Gail and Mom.

ENRIQUE JOSE PALLAIS

ENRIQUE JOSE PALLAIS

Nicuragua, the land of Ruben Dario, Sandino and the Somozas, sent us this rare and unique specimen built with Indian blood and French finesse. Surrounded by a feeling of "savoir vivre" he climbed every obstacle with the philosophy of "everything is O.K. that ends O.K." In the company we call him El Taco and we were "Los-Lic Gringos," but a strong friendship tied this foreigner with every single member of the group. Back in Nicaragua we wish for him to finally find what he was looking for in "the will to power" and "the little prince."

WILLIAM JOHN SMYTH
"TAKE IT SLOW"

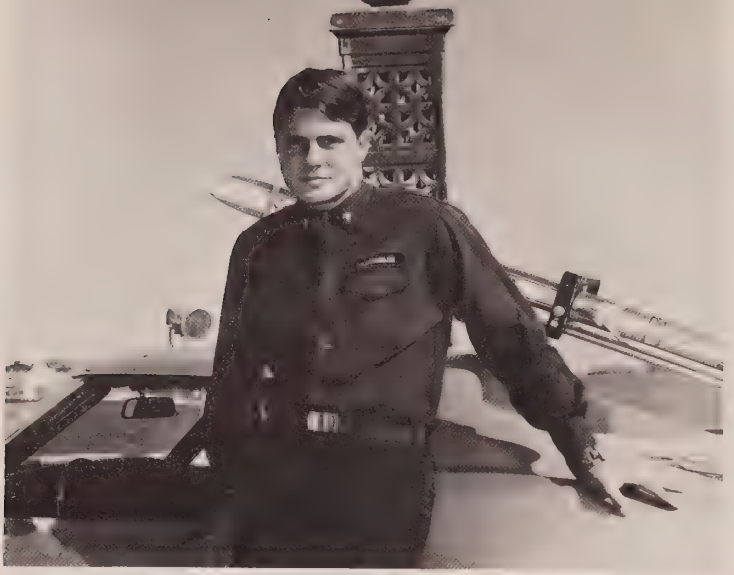


WILLIAM JOHN SMYTH

JOSEPH GREGORY NUTTALL

Hailing from the fogbanks of Pacifica, California, Joe came to the Academy anxious to play football and to graduate. During his plebe year, his playing days came to an abrupt end when he got that free knee operation out at the Navy hospital. After a "brief" recovery period, which took his entire plebe year, Joe began to work on the task or graduating. Unfortunately, steered in the wrong direction by his academic advisor, he chose to major in math. Fortunately though, through no fault of his own, he managed to crunch a few abstractions and numbers together in order to get passing marks in his major courses. After graudation, Joe hopes to earn his wings of gold and to fly a few years for navy.

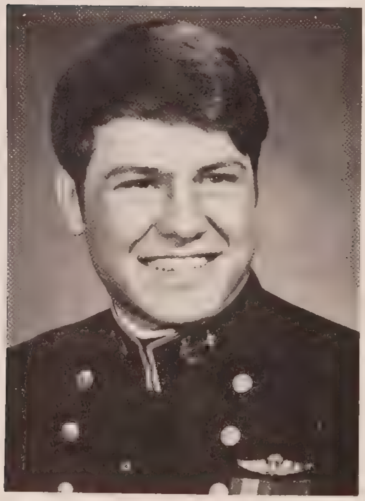
JOSEPH GREGORY NUTTALL



JOHN GABRIELE

HOBSON REYNOLDS

Coming to the Academy from Dallas, Texas, Midshipman Reynolds has been in and out of almost everything here at Annapolis. An active member of the parachute, scuba, skiing, and sportsman clubs all four years, he also played two years of plebe and varsity baseball, and was a Brigade boxer every year. Winning his black N star youngster year to letter early, Hobson, or Cheesey as he is known to everyone, is best known for the well oiled pair of roller skates he is always seen using. Displaying the fine officer-like qualities of aggressiveness and persistence in his girl chasing endeavors, Hobson adds to these a great desire to kill, rape, and eat babies—a combination that should stand him in good stead as he pursues a career with a UDT/SEAL team, or Navy Air.



HOBSON REYNOLDS

JOHN GABRIELE

. . . if you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you; . . . if you can dream, and not make dreams your master; if you can think and not make thoughts your aim, . . . if you can make one heap of all your winnings and risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss, and lose, and start again at your beginnings and never breathe a word about your loss; . . . if you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue, or walk with kings nor lose the common touch—if neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you, if all men count with you—but none too much; . . . if you can fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distance run . . .

—RUDYARD KIPLING

To my parents, Joe & Lynn, and my sisters, Suzanne & Jody—Thanks.

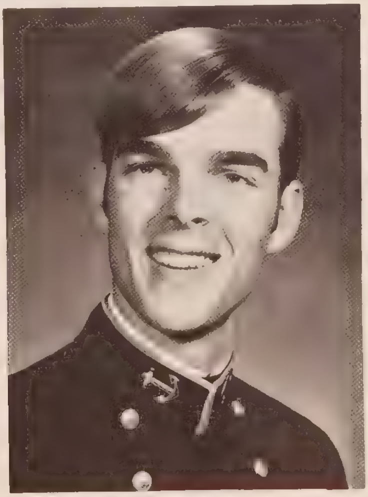
HUGH GOODMAN STORY, JR.

THOMAS ALBERT TREICHEL

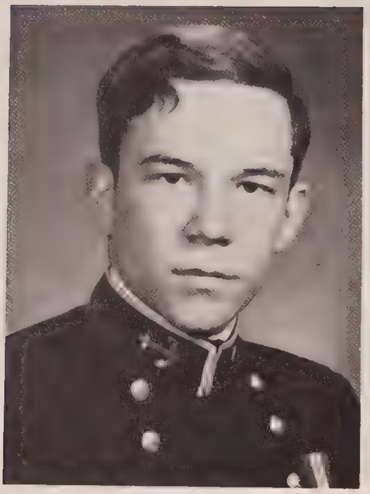
Tom came to the Academy from Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin. Having been active in athletics all through high school, he came with hopes of playing football for Navy's Big Blue. These hopes faded after spending his first season on the plebe meat squad. After several unsuccessful attempts at making the golf squad, he moved on to bigger and better things in the intramural sports program. He always had a picture of a beautiful girl on his desk; however, not too many people saw her for real, and it was believed he might have taken it from a magazine. (But believe me, she was real!) He never did go much for the townies or wild mid parties, and gained his enjoyment and relaxation from a weekend ski trip, a round of golf, or a game of tennis. After the reg change gave us bicycle privileges, it was wondered if that dream vette or any car at all would become a reality, as he rode his bike everywhere. Tom always managed to keep his grades just high enough to make the merit list and gain those extra bennies. He has earned the respect of all who know him, and will undoubtedly be very successful in Admiral Rickover's Navy under the deep blue sea.

HUGH GOODMAN STORY, JR.

Hugh sailed all the way from Afsnee, Belgium to join our happy family. Having lived practically all over the world, Hugh finds great adventure in travel, sailing in particular. He was probably the first 2/c to ever get a yawl command without having the qualification. Hugh has no definite plans after graduation, but Navy Air looks mighty fair.

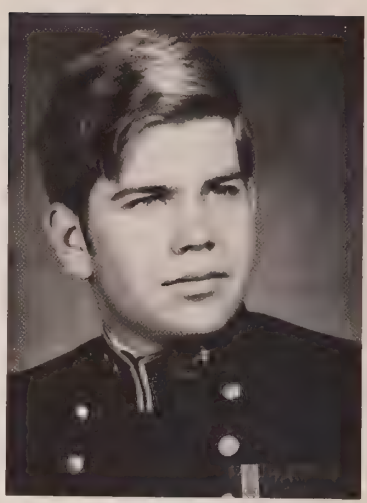


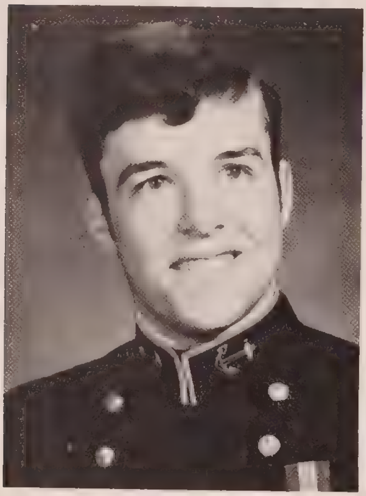
THOMAS ALBERT TREICHEL


WILLIAM JOSEPH BOULAY

WILLIAM JOSEPH BOULAY

Bill, or Boules, is one of the lucky few who can say that his grease girl since plebe summer is also his townie, as he hails from a suburb of Crabtown, Severna Park. Known in some circles as YP, due to a near mania for the smell of salt spray mixed with diesel exhaust, he sometimes calms down long enough to put in his thirty hours in his ocean engineering courses. Future plans include nuclear power and maybe subs, where his somewhat compact stature will, perhaps, come as an asset. A confessed lifer, he should do well if he can cure his habit of ending his coversation with "Roger, out"!


WILLARD CLINTON BUTLER, JR.

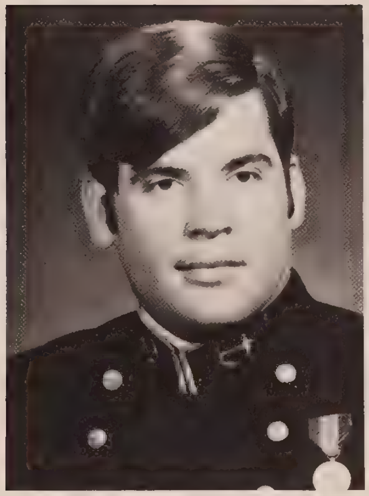

CRAIG ARTHUR CHAMBERS

CRAIG ARTHUR CHAMBERS

Craig walked down the Severn River from Cherry Hill, New Jersey, slide rule in hand. He had as much trouble memorizing plebe rates as a bear has in the woods. Though he dabbled in politics and literature, his first love and major concern was engineering. With the pressures of plebe year over, he promptly brought his sagging 3.8 up to 3.9 as an upperclass. Craig was a regular on all of the company intramurals, and his handwriting could be seen on many a score sheet. During second class year, he decided that academics weren't everything and pried himself out of the bulkhead. At the formation of the "Roaches" he captured the MVP award and never relinquished it. Confining most of his extracurricular activities with the fairer sex to leave periods, he managed a 4.0 in that category also. When it came to a battle of wits, Craig was always on top, and nobody was able to dig beneath his cuts. Perhaps this ability to stab low led to his love for subs, despite a bout with seasickness in New London, summer of '72. Upon graduation, Craig plans graduate summer, Nuc Power, and his admiral boards.

WILLARD CLINTON BUTLER, JR.

Bill arrived from the dusty desert town of Barstow of the great state of California. It did not take him long to get adjusted to plebe summer. After receiving the first form 2 in the Brigade that summer, he promptly attempted to blend into a bulkhead for the duration. The first academic year he was christened by his classmates with the nickname Butts, which will remain for the rest of his life. During youngster cruise, Butts was noted for his expertise in firing the 3"/50's. In recognition of this fact, the members of Mount 34 bestowed him with another nickname, Wild Bill. Youngster year and 2/c year brought higher grades and more social life. During this time he was the favorite target of the Roach; and also the LVP of "The Roaches". As an oceanographer major, Bill and the academic department got along quite well, and as a result, Butts had one of the top cum's in the company. On the other hand, the PT Department was always out for Bill. Only in swimming could he completely reverse the tables on these gods. Hopefully, after graduation, Nuclear Power will call on Butts, and later he will slip silently beneath the waves.



GEORGE WENCIL KORSON

GEORGE WENCIL KORSON

Leaving the sun and the surf behind, Big George set out for new adventures in beautiful, rustic Annapolis. Having been a California boy all his life, he found the cold Academy winters (?) pretty unbearable. George spent his afternoons on the gridiron with Big Blue, where his aggressive play earned him the nickname Alex, after the great Detroit Lions' defense tackle. Alex studied hard, despite an occasional game of cards or hockey, and was never in academic trouble. Whether competing on the playing field, or out sipping suds with the boys, George could always be counted on for a 100% effort. Resourceful, exciting, and kinda "cheap", George's ambition knows no limit. He will undoubtedly continue to pursue his career with the same zeal and enthusiasm he showed here at USNA.

DAVID HENRY JONES, JR.

DAVID JOSEPH ANTANITUS

DAVID JOSEPH ANTANITUS

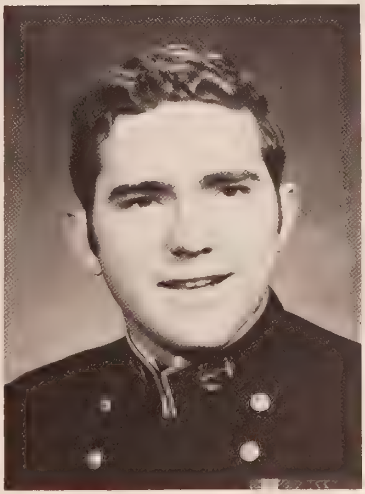
D.J. stepped out of the rolling plains of Illinois into the flat planes of a math major at USNA. Known apprehensively as the Roach, he masterminded the weekly efforts of his classmates to win, at any cost, WRNV's trivia contest. "To Roach" became synonymous with a good natured cheap shot. His exploits on the squash and tennis courts became a 5th Batt legend. After graduation, Dave can't see himself anywhere but in Nuclear Power School as a submariner. With his brains, ambition, and personality, his career knows few limits. Being a roach means never having to say you're sorry.

DAVID HENRY JONES, JR.

Jonesey stroked his way up the Severn from Trinity College. During the first two and a half years, Dave spent one and a half in Hubbard Hall. Finally he saw the light, and realized there was more to life than just oars and crew shells. No longer bothered with workouts, Jones decided to turn the game of spades into a science with the help of a chubby youngster. Dealing in the probability and statistics of cards resulted in Jonesey finding himself in a more favorable economic position. As for a social life, he divided his time between the wardroom, the world's fastest Trans Am, and hoping the police would never find out he didn't have a driver's license. Always vying for the high score, Dave was a vaunted member of the "Roaches". After graduation, he plans to trade in one well used pair of oars for a set of Navy wings.

DOUGLAS LEON BLOOMQUIST

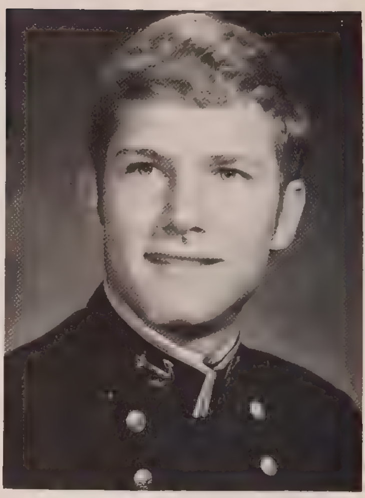
Leaving behind his one true love, Doug joined the University of Navy, not particularly looking forward to those long stretches away from Martha. Bloomer made the most of his time, being very active in company activities and as a member of Danforth, the hottest rock band ever to hit the Academy. Doug was known to have entertained the occupants of nearby rooms at different times during the day with his eloquent accordian playing but usually during study hours. Maintaining a good QPR with a tough math major wasn't hard for Doug, despite his ability to get reeled in to other activities instead of studying, especially on Tuesday nights when the cry of the Roaches were heard. A tough competitor on the tennis courts, with the Company Heavies, or shooting hoops, Doug will be welcomed and admired wherever he goes, but especially in Lansing, Michigan, where Martha waits.



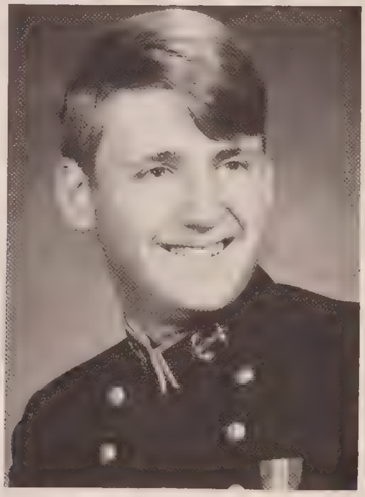
DOUGLAS LEON BLOOMQUIST

MARK JEROME HANDLAN

. . . and I came from Missouri to get an education, play soccer, and become a naval officer. An education I have surely received. I have learned to appreciate more than ever those things that are really important to me, such as my family, my friends, and my free spirit. At the same time, I have grown more tolerant of the thoughts and actions which, on their face were objectionable to what I feel. I am glad that I had the chance to play soccer. The degrees of elation and dismay I have felt would not have been experienced in another area, and I always enjoyed playing, which is most important. And now I hope to fly and apply, as an officer, what I have learned thus far. As long as I can look forward and remain excited about what lies ahead, my spirit will be free and I will be happy. Thank you Mom, Dad, brothers and sisters, John L. and Paige for your support.



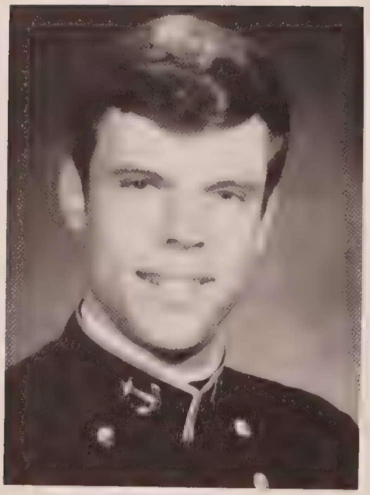
MARK JEROME HANDLAN



MAURICE SCOTT KOPHAMER

MAURICE SCOTT KOPHAMER

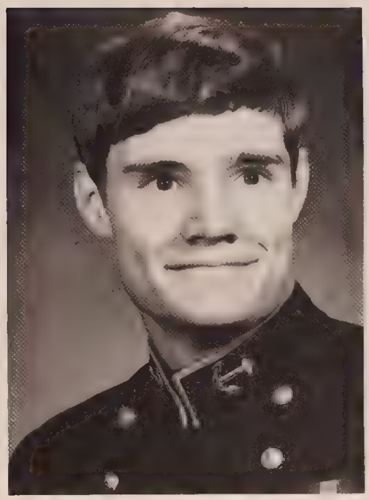
Arriving from that thriving metropolis in California, Bakersfield, Maurice has wasted no time in letting his friends, such as J. Bird, know the pronunciation of his name. ("Kophamer, Sir, like a policeman hammering nails!") Maurice decided quite early in his career to devote his energy to aerospace engineering, which to him was just another chance to excel. He frequently can be heard running down the halls saying, "Zoom, zoom, zoom." Although Maurice desires to become a successful pilot in today's fun-filled Navy, he still has not forgotten the old conservativeness of home. He frequently can be found in the company area of investment, which deserves considerable credit. While it is true that Maurice spends most of his hours studying late at night and sleeping during the afternoons, he anxiously awaits the return of someone special from Spain. It is easy to see that Maurice is a well rounded man, who will be successful in any field he chooses.



RONALD LEON POLKOWSKY

RONALD LEON POLKOWSKY

Ron settled on the Navy campus after some wild and unforgetful high school days. The change to the life of a Midshipman was both a challenging and rewarding experience, as he has emerged with an awareness of what life is really all about and why people are like they are. A set of goals, a self establishment, and an appreciation of people are what life as a Midshipman has given him. Ron has benefitted from Annapolis, and he hopes he can make Annapolis benefit from his quests upon graduation . . . The Impossible Dream . . . The Unbeatable Foe . . . The Unreachable Star . . .



HENRY JOSEPH NETZER

HENRY JOSEPH NETZER

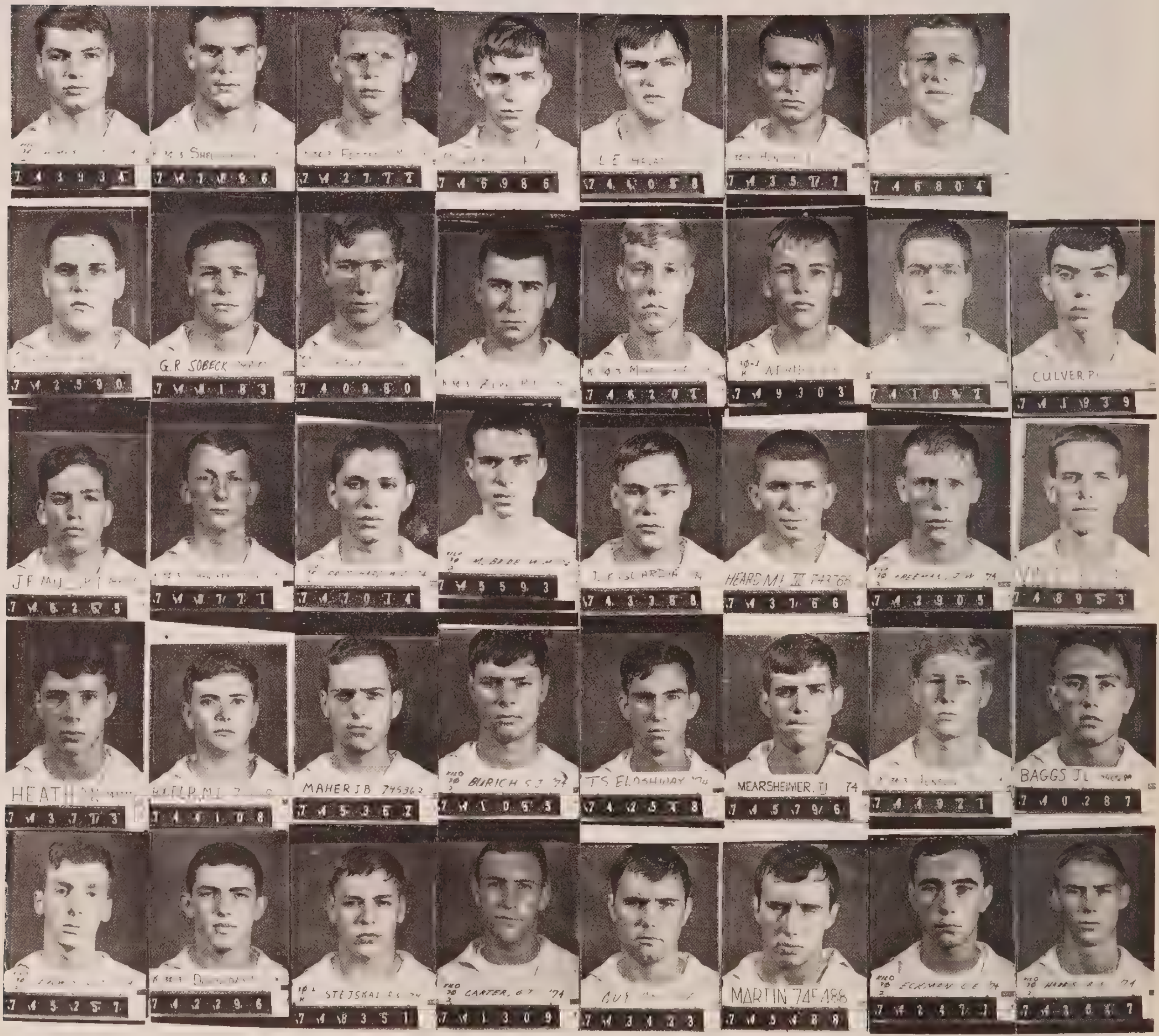
Henry entered the Academy right out of high school from the Midwest town of Oshkosh, Wisconsin. He came to Annapolis mostly with aspirations of an education, not really knowing the Navy way. During plebe summer, he decided to give rowing a try and stuck with it all four years, rowing heavyweights the remaining three years. He has enjoyed a fairly successful career as a mid, taking advantage of the few good deals provided by the Superintendent's List. Future plans for this math major include Nuclear Power School and probably subs.

JOSEPH AMBROSE SESTAK, JR.

JOSEPH AMBROSE SESTAK, JR.

If I wanted to become a tramp, I would seek information and advice from the most successful tramp I could find. If I wanted to become a failure, I would seek advice from men who have never succeeded. But if I wanted to succeed in all things, I would look around me for those who are succeeding and do as they have done—such as my Father. Thanks Mom

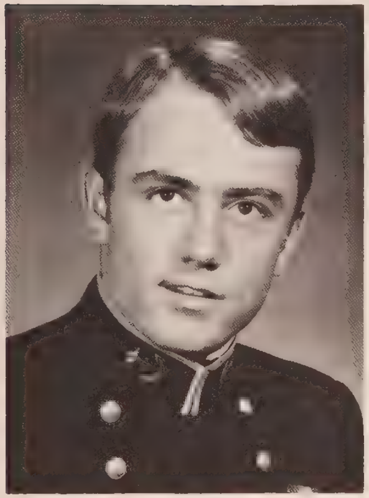
Fourteenth Company


G.R SOBECK
CULVER
HEARD M.I. III 743766
HEATH
MAHER J.B. 745362
BURICH S.J. 74
T.S ELOSHWAY 74
MEARSHEIMER, T.J. 74
BAGGS J
STEJSKAL
CARTER, G.T. 74
MARTIN 745488
ECKMAN 74

LIEUTENANT MUREL CLIFTON SCOTT, JR., USN

LIEUTENANT MUREL CLIFTON SCOTT, JR., USN

Murel began his college days at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Although an active participant of the Naval ROTC and Phi Kappa Sigma Social Fraternity, Cliff soon grew restless and at the end of his freshman year, set out for fun and adventure on the way to his new school. Arriving at the University of South Carolina road weary and travel worn, Scotty had finally satisfied his desires to move and was ready to settle down. He remained a member of NROTC and Phi Kappa Sigma, where he was honored with the position of social chairman. In January of 1965 Cliff met his wife-to-be and after graduating in June of '66, left for Whiting Field to formally exchange vows. Always on the go, Cliff finds Navy Air truly exciting.



JAMES LAWRENCE BAGGS

JAMES LAWRENCE BAGGS

Bagger came to us from the peaks of the Rocky Mountains with a pinch of Skoal in his lips and a Coke can in his hand. He is an avid skier and mountain climber. One can always find him out behind Jake's, waiting for his scrufty old man to deliver the Boone's Farm. Bagger is a regular at the 14th company bashes at Ho Jo's, and picked up the arts of dart throwing and race driving second class year . . . . He enjoys the opposite sex, although, as a midshipman, he feels that he suffers from lack of exposure . . . (?) Never one to let studying interfere with music or the rack, Bagger was always able to come out on the safe side of a 2.0.

KEVIN DONNELLY BROWN

KEVIN DONNELLY BROWN

Elmo Brown, the man with a smile a mile long when he has a beer in his hand. Elmo, the man who says sleeping is not hazardous to your health. Elmo, the man with a 3.0000QPR. Arriving from Hellertown, Pennsylvania, Kevin (Elmo) Brown quickly realized his mistake and adjusted to the routine of life at Navy. After a season of T-tables with the plebe football team, he found his true calling and switched to intramurals and athletic clubs. Second class year pro courses were somewhat of a trial, but he still managed to spend much of his time ironing out the bumps in his rack. Economics proved to be the perfect major for him, as he had a natural aptitude for handling money. Friends with everyone, enemies with no one, the Staff Corps can only benefit on graduation day.

STEPHEN JOHN BURICH, III

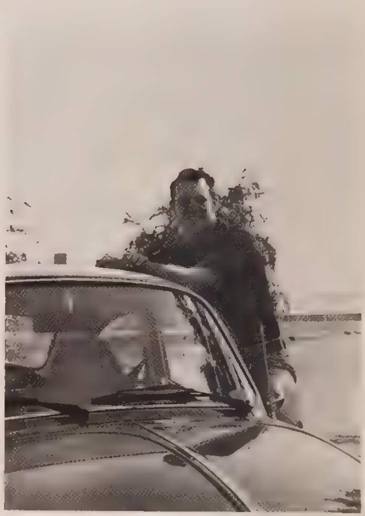
STEPHEN JOHN BURICH, III

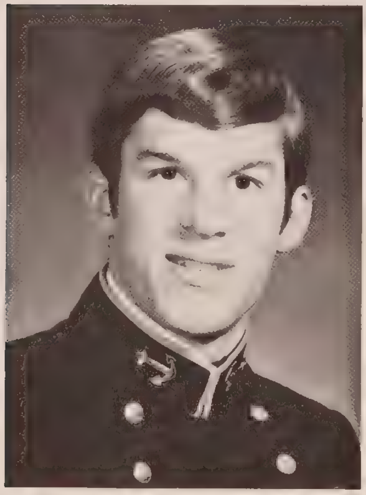
Steve came to USNA by way of Hawkinsville, Georgia (nice name for a town!) Also known by other names such as Grit, Fat, and Biggie, he chose to follow the "tough" road of analytical management. He managed along the line to fill the merit list a couple of times, establishing among other things the title of gypsy studier. Plebe year he found a place on the golf team, and thereby managed to evade Worden Field for a grand total of four years. Never one to miss a "grope" at Ho Jo's, he could usually be found with a six tucked under his arm during the weekends, or a tall, dark thick one on the weekends. Good luck in Navy Air, Steve.

GARY THOMAS CARTER

GT or Carts as he is called, came bouncing his way into USNA via NAPS. Coming from Newark, Ohio, Gary can usually be found pounding around the basketball court, throwing the little round ball for points. The athletic type, Gary becomes a frequenter of the "Pit" in the spring. To anyone familiar with track, this is the scene of the heavies, where he throws the weights around the room in preparation for hurling the discus. On the lighter side, Sundays usually find GT marching down the aisle with the chapel Choir. Maybe not one of the Navy's great intellectuals, he finds a ready application for his analytical management major in the supply of used converse tenny shoes to some of his underprivileged classmates. Gary's easy personality and eagerness to help others have earned him the friendship and respect of all who know him. He will be a welcomed asset to the Navy and any young lass who gives Carts the eye once too often.

GARY THOMAS CARTER





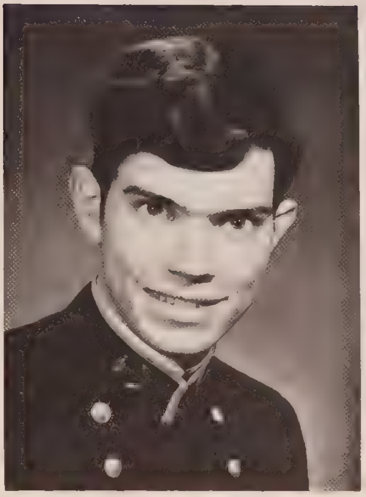
RICHARD DENNIS COSTELLO

RICHARD DENNIS COSTELLO

Only from the alleys of Darien, Connecticut could you find a Stagger Lee, Jr. like Abbott Costello. Cos could always be found crooning his way through the songs of the sixties every Saturday night at the local watering holes and parties. Cos wasn't the most scholarly Mid ever to enter USNA, but after a second second class year, he fit right into the company. Cos not only boosted the company's academic average, but was the company's jock of all sports, from b-ball, to football, to softball. Of all his accomplishments in his 5 year tenure, his most renowned was his standing bout with USNAR. Cos' overall record, at last count, was 74 ego-building victories versus 73 restricting defeats. But who could ask for a more well-rounded individual? Strong dedication to graduation, Cos has become a true member of the class of '74. So when you're roaming through the hallowed halls of Bancroft, hearing the tune of "Stagger Lee", and see a dude dancing at no more than an arms-length from a cold Schaefer, you'll know you're looking at one of the few good men. Cos plans to T.C.B. in Pensacola.

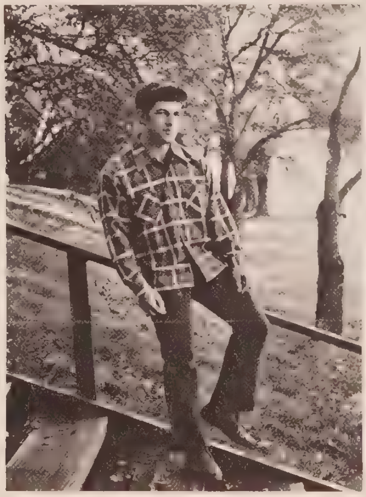
PAUL CHRISTOPHER CULVER

Paul came to us from the thriving metropolis of Hopewell, New Jersey, and was quick to establish himself as the jock who has the best shoes in the platoon. His three stripes quickly dwindled to two when his true attitude finally came through. Ver, as he was known to us, had interests in the track team, but was hampered with wrestling accidents and spending many hours crawling across the bottom of the pool in order to pass swimming. Never one to miss a party, you could always see him with a bottle or two of Boone's Farm on the weekend, and "choklit" from the basement during the week. We wish you good luck in the Staff Corps.



PAUL CHRISTOPHER CULVER

EDWARD CHARLES DOUBLEDAY

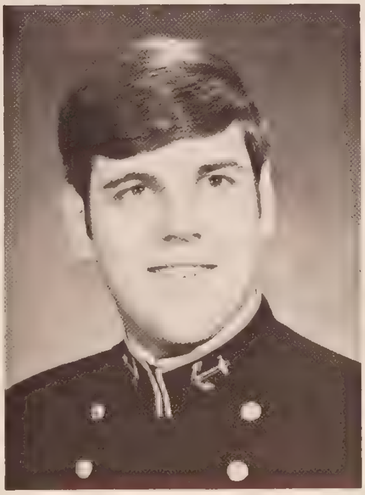


EDWARD CHARLES DOUBLEDAY

Ed came from Hartford, Vermont. He has many friends who are derelicts. Someday he and Deb will be hermits in the back hills of Vermont. Maybe somehow, someday, he will find a place to be happy. He sure hopes so.

KENNETH BENJAMIN EPSTEIN

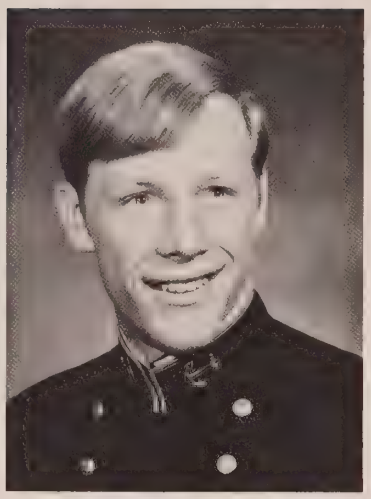
Rhino, winner of the Bobby Darin-comb-your-hair-alike-contest, came straight to USNA from high school in Waterbury, Connecticut. Among his other mistakes were, "No sir, I wouldn't like to play baseball", thinking, and a certain young lady in New Jersey. Having a very persuasive personality, his sincerity and determination have captured the heart of many an AC board. Not one to be discouraged, he continued his career as a dedicated Navy engineer at a time when the Navy needed engineers, although this thought never entered his mind. Being a jock at heart, Rhino really got into batt football and fieldball. In the evenings and during the free periods, Ken, as his classmates seldom called him, could be found in his room studying. His plebe year was characterized by professional reports on Russian Porsches, marching E.D., and listening to Sean Kelly. His main goals are getting the ring of valor and going Navy Air. Let's hope he doesn't lose his ring in the clouds.



KENNETH BENJAMIN EPSTEIN

JAMES WALTER FREEMAN

Free arrived from Cartersville, Georgia with a quick wit and a warm smile that have stayed with him throughout his visit at Annapolis. One of the more prominent Rugby jocks; Free was often seen trying to remove his soaked and muddy game jersey before trudging to the shower after a big battle. But the next moment you would see him marching down the aisle with the chapel choir or glee club. But whatever it was, Jim's warm smile and radiant personality were always present and the fleet will certainly be improved with one of the Acamdey's finer products.

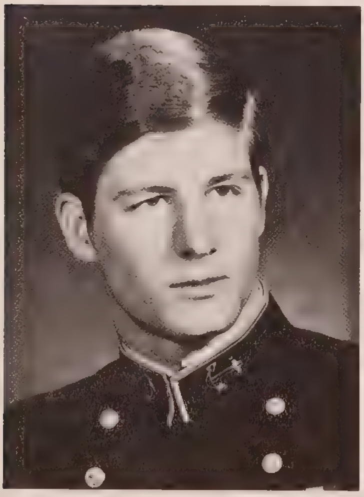


JAMES WALTER FREEMAN

STEPHEN JONATHAN HIMES

Steve came to us in the summer of '70, fresh from the rolling farmland of central Ohio, with his apple cheeks glowing and a keen desire to fly. Based on this interest, he chose aerospace engineering as his major and managed, by sacrificing unimportant things such as weekends and sleep, to come out on top of 3.0. When Rabbit wasn't booking it, you could be almost certain to find him on the phone with one of two girls, trying to set something up for the next weekend. A member of the famous Annapolis "five-hundred twenty-two", the Pepsicola Hilton will be getting an outstanding tenant in '74, an easygoing guy destined to be an ace no matter *what* he flies.

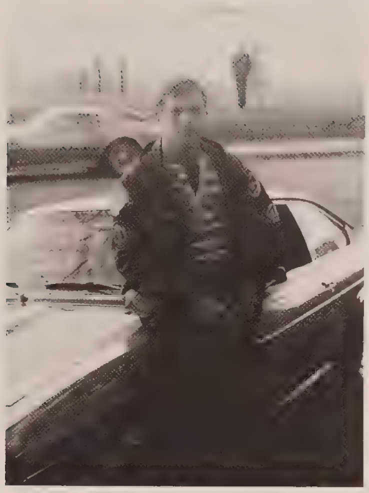
STEPHEN JONATHAN HIMES

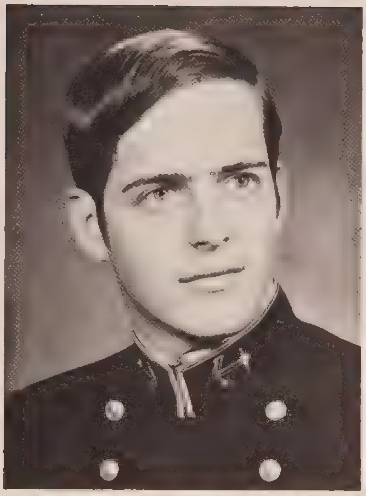


RICHARD JOHN JENSEN

RICHARD JOHN JENSEN

Rick came to us from sunny Orinda, California, as imposing as a redwood, and just about as wide. Hulk had some trouble adjusting to the seemingly perpetual dark ages, and even had a panel discussion with Lord Jim about it at the end of plebe year. Rick maintained a low (or shall we say "squat"?) profile youngster year, putting in long hours with the books, while Elmo slept the year away. Second class year and his new roommate, Crazy Leo, opened new horizons to Hulk. He and Leo plotted revolution and founded the Korova Joe Bar. Rick's athletic prowess in heavyweight football, coupled with his George Blanda body and field-goal kicking expertise, earned him yet another nich-name, Peach-Toe. Those long nights second class year, nights of engineering paper, slide rule, pencils, graphs (not to mention inumerable cups of joe), all paid off for Rick as he defeated wires, steam and A.E. Bock to cruise into senior year. Rick took advantage of '74's unlimited NFO billets and is headed for Pensacola after graduation. After he gets his wings, Hulk will be found in the back of his P-3c, broiling a steak and cooking up a pot of joe; land based, fat and happy.

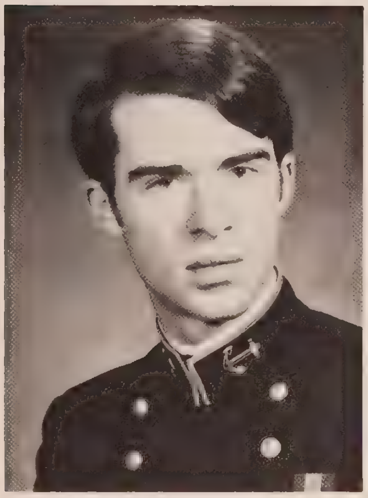




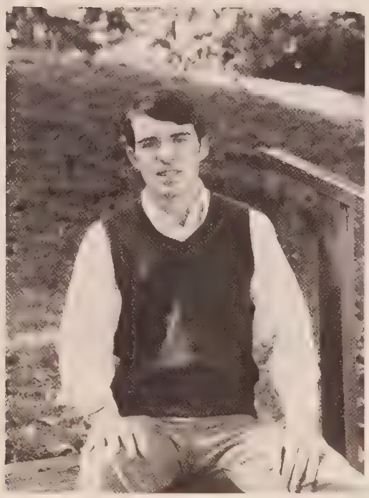
JOHN BARRETT MAHER

JOHN BARRETT MAHER

John Barret Maher found his way to the Naval Academy straight from a senior high school where he spent most of his time going to Florida State, meeting his second love, computers. His first love is groping his way about the green slime of lakes, caves, rivers or anything else that has water in it. He was caught one day, though, and the scuba club has to take second place to m.a.m., a delightful mermaid who swears by John's patented buddy-breathing system. A real asset to the scuba club, John spent most of his time trying to bring Navy qualification to USNA's scuba program via anyone who sat still enough for John to get a hold of him. Greenface, a name he acquired from his diving, likes to play with the computers at Navy and strangely enough, his math major seems to assimilate to a computer. When it's up it's gravy, when it's down it's the empty set. John will be welcome wherever he goes.



WILLIAM MICHAEL MCBRIDE

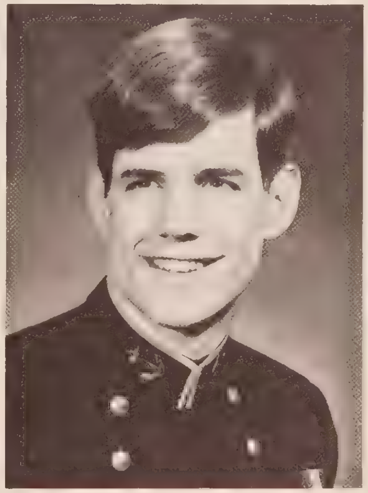


WILLIAM MICHAEL MCBRIDE

Four years . . . four years to collect nicknames . . . like Mack, Honkmat, Honky, Smedley, Simple, Pig . . . four years of influence . 9 . Homer Rood, Johnnie Johnson, Knapper, TAM III, and Crazy Leo . . . a year of pledging followed by a three year struggle against the preschool mentality . . . who won? . . . a four year sacrifice of easy living with a russian major for the call of engineering and the uphill struggle with naval architecture . . . the ping-pong grades from 2.0 to 3.0 . . . but mostly 2.0 . . . blood, sweat and midnight oil burned . . . hundreds of subs consumed and tuna lost, never found . . . I wonder why? . . . empty chalkboards begging for pictures and the revolution for followers . . . at last, the world of peace vibes and of the Peace-Mobile . . . escape for a time . . . four years of memories . . . the bad blurred, the good ones crystal clear . . . friendships made to last a lifetime, and a career to last, well, how long? . . . Hello, Reserve Fleet.

THOMAS JOSEPH MEARSHEIMER, JR.

T.J., the Silver Fox, the Jerry West of the Severn, stumbled upon USNA after a brutal battle with the college board scores that almost drove him bankrupt, yet kept him from becoming a Woop. To T.J., fluids was not a course but a way to describe his jumpshot, and, somehow, it always hit for two. One of his main problems was never finding enough time for all of his girls. Known for drinking a single beer in two hours, he was always heading up the weekend blow–outs at HO-JOs. Most famous for his quote, "The only way I will get close to a nuclear power plant is if they put one in the back seat of an F-14 Tomcat" Mother B will miss a good one.



THOMAS JOSEPH MEARSHEIMER, JR.

GERALD ROBERT SOBECK

GERALD ROBERT SOBECK

Swept from the streets of San Francisco by a grid recruiter, Jerry decided to help defend his nation azd joined the big league at USNA. Soon after arriving, Jerry got an idea and made his move for Hubbard Hall and college baseball. Heeding the words of Theodore Roosevelt, he was known to speak softly and carry a big stick. He has also been known to speed shift some little capricious Capri once in a while. When not on Lawrence Field, So, or Hans ("let me tell you how I got Hans for a nickname"), could be found playing chess or handball, and losing very few matches of either. Easygoing, yet being very determined, So cannot miss in being a fine naval officer.

RANDALL SCOTT STEJSKAL

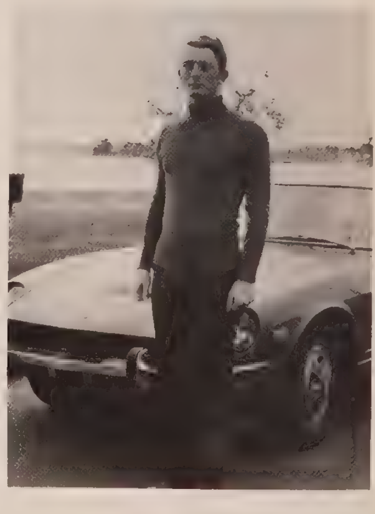
Randy Stejskal can proudly call Hinsdale, Illinois, home. Randy, commonly known as Stejeckyll, came to Navy to play football, but turned into a true academian instead. Originally majoring in ocean engineering, Randy did not want to limit himself, so he switched to general engineering. (Randy also figured that he would have a ready job with General Motors or General Electric if he ever went civilian line). Randy played football plebe and youngster years, but retired into intramural sports and the sunny side of a 2.0. In intramurals, Randy was a definite standout, especially quarterbacking the batt football team and at fieldball. Randy decided to disappoint Admiral Rickover and fly Navy Air instead. The Academy's loss will definitely be Pensacola's gain.

RANDALL SCOTT STEJSKAL

ROBERT GLENN THRASHER

ROBERT GLENN THRASHER

The Coontz . . . V=IR . . . Johnnie Johnson . . . Quantico . . . Betsy . . . The Steam cycle . . . mile run . . . applied strength . . . PEP. All fond memories in an unforgettable stay at USNA. Coming from Hartselle, Alabama, Glenn decided to visit the world's largest dormitory and look at it from the inside. Throughout his freshman year, with helpful hints from upperclass, Glenn learned most of the school customs the hard way. But relying on his quick wit and sarcastic humor, he made it through with few battle scars. His special pastimes included psyching himself for the mile run, visiting historic Worden Field, and participating in the many intramural programs. Sometimes pre-occupied in studying for his zero-n day, he could be found on weekends roaming the streets of Annapolis in search of something different. Always looking on the bright side of life, Glenn spent many an hour daydreaming in a horizontal position on Thrasher Field. Given a pizza, a coke, and a tank of gas, he was usually content. Following his graduation, Glenn will be an outstanding naval officer. I rank him 4 of 4.

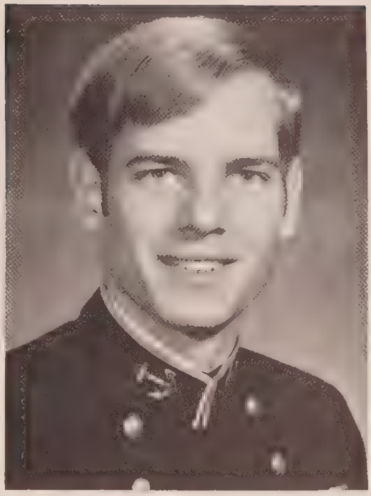


ROBERT DALE VINT
"Blue Money" and "Too Many Mondays"

I questioned its worth, but thought upon the people I have met and the places I have seen, and it seems worthwhile. I saw a man once, not long ago. He laid there lost and abandoned. "Can I console you?" I asked of him. He stared, perplexed, puzzled, and confused. Had I not smiled there next to him, he might have lived and struggled on; but happy in this moment, he laid down to rest and wandered on through endlessness. He left these words:

"Ask yourself if you are happy, and you cease to be so."

I must stop asking.

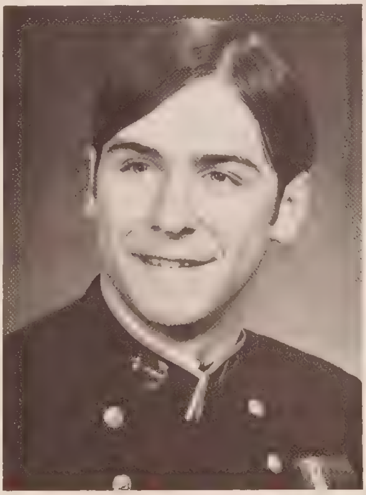


ROBERT DALE VINT

ERNEST HUGH WERNER

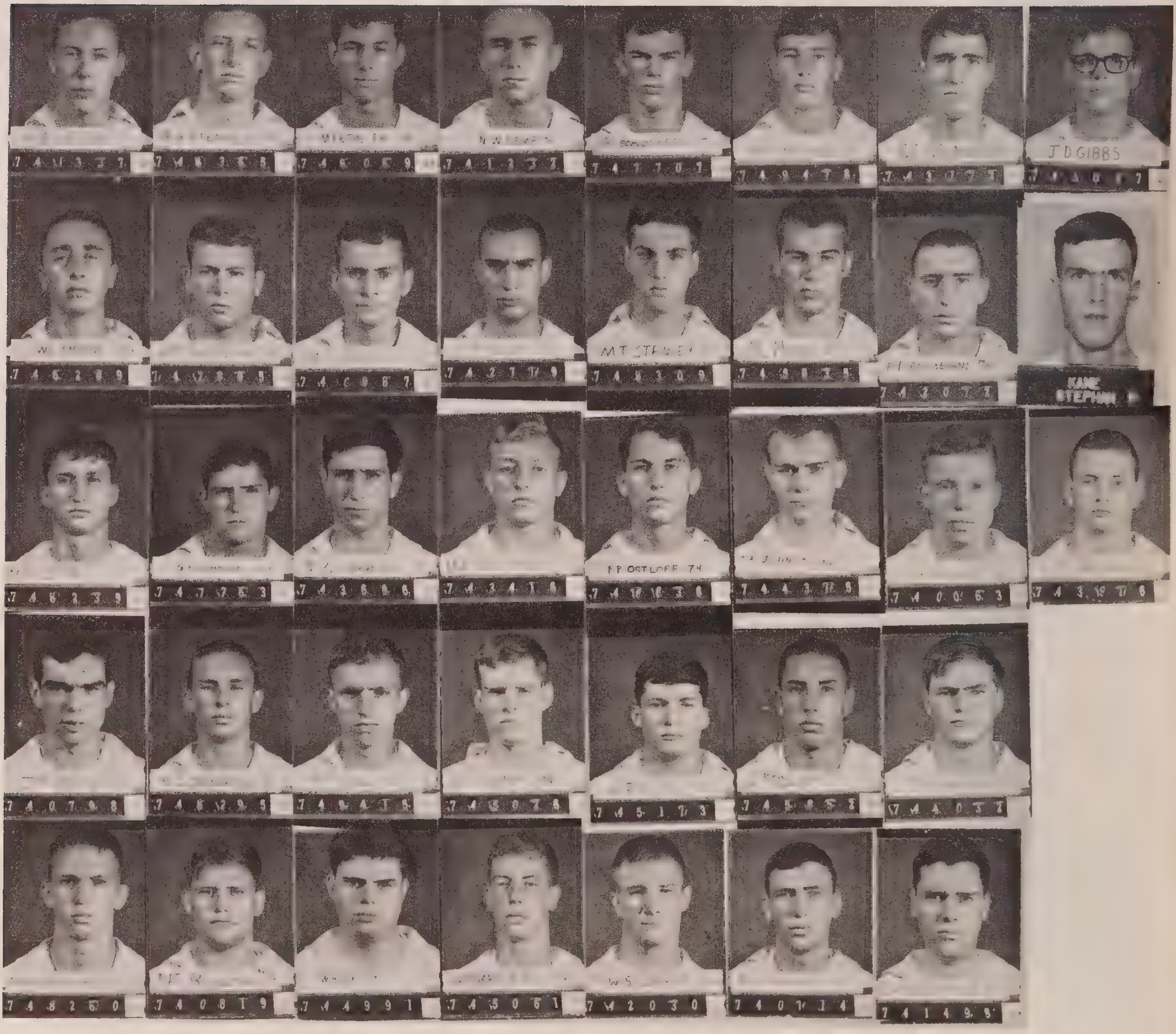
ERNEST HUGH WERNER
Ernie left Dearlorn Heights, Michigan, looking for an exciting and thrilling college experience. Instead, he came to USNA. Finding the academic department no challenge, "Double Major Ernie" majored in both oceanography and economics, while still keeping a 3.0 cum. His natural abilities at academics left him considerable time for crawling between the sheets and numerous card games. Second class year he acquired the names of Drifty and Hermit. He took an interest in athletic activities and clubs, including scuba, tennis, squash and karate. After a long, hard workout, Ernie could often be seen sudsing-up and rinsing himself off vigorously for hours on end in the shower. With his easygoing nature and quick wit, Ernie will make a welcome addition to the brotherhood of naval aviators.

PAUL JONATHAN ZEPP
Sparky . . . company comedian . . . fad starter . . . "Hey, do you know???SHA! . . . I saw your father the other day" . . . Johnny Carson, the Bullets and Karen Valentine . . . I'm going to EI" . . . battalion barber . . . lover of booze, women and song (however, not always in that order) . . . 1001 girls . . . company basketball, fieldball, and softball . . . jam sessions every Friday night . . . T.C.B. with Muddy Waters . . . heavy raps and heavy blues . . . "Mow", the Fiat . . . "Oh, ? I thought it was a lamp!" . . . leader of leaders . . . "Do it!" . . . Fleet, LOOK OUT!!!



PAUL JONATHAN ZEPP

Fifteenth Company


J D GIBBS
KANE
STEPHAN
F P ORTLOFF 74

LIEUTENANT STEPHEN MICHAEL ANDRES, USN

LIEUTENANT STEPHEN MICHAEL ANDRES, USN

Steve came to the Academy from Stepinac High School in White Plains, New York, with an excellent academic record and a number of outstanding track awards. On the athletic field, Steve was always out front. He ran Plebe and Batt track as well as Company cross country. While those around him were in the rack, there was Steve, battling (and winning) against the academic departments. He was always willing to help others and spent many a night struggling with a classmate lost in skinny. To the Plebes under him while he served on the Plebe Detail, and especially to his roommate, he was known as "Moms." No matter where he goes in the Fleet, Steve, through his good nature and hard work, will win success.

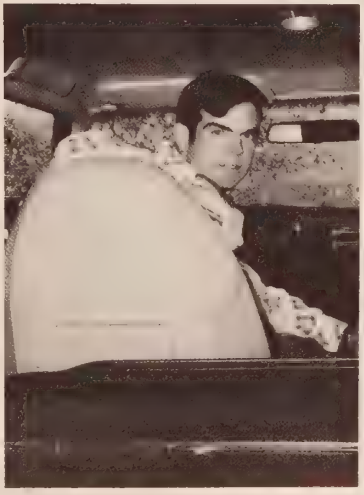
MARTIN STEVENSON BROWN

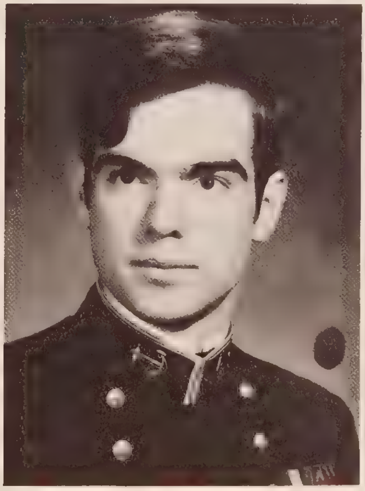
MARTIN STEVENSON BROWN

"Brownie" came to the Boat School from some town called Carthage (Cartilage), in the sticks of Missouri. After a hardily fought plebe year victory over the swimming sub squad, Steve became the first rock to take scuba lessons. Like all good seafarers, Brownie had a girl in every port, not to mention a handful from Falls Church, and he'll have "a thousand more before he's through." If not drifting around the hall, he could usually be found studying, working out, out with the Greyhounds of the Bay, or freaking out with the top ten of the 1963. Taking a big interest in the YP Squadron, he was one of the first in '74 to get command. Brownie was one of those people who never let academics get the better of him. He was best known as the lovable kid who packed for leave a month before it started. Steve never got around to leaving for Purdue or Canada his youngster year, but he will probably be doing a lot of traveling once he gets his VW van. Whether Admiral Rickover likes pagans or not, the Navy will be getting one of it's best officers when Steve hits the fleet.

JAMES THOMAS BOYD

Jim left the friendly confines of Kingston, New York, and decided to give the Academy a try. Jim, or Boooyd as he became known, reached Navy with considerable tennis ability, and though not recruited, had a brief trial on the plebe team. However, he soon found his true position at battalion level. Jim chose mathematics as his major and soon became the company's diff eq's instructor. Jim's hobbies include, rooting against the University of Maryland and mud sharking. Jim's accomplishments include having 11th Company's first and only million-selling record, "Sleepless nights", which his roommates heard every night. His love of Navy Air soon took second place to Nuclear Power, and after spending seven weeks on the *USS ENTERPRISE,* Jim is looking forward to a rewarding career in subs.





JAMES THOMAS BOYD

NEIL WESLEY CAMP

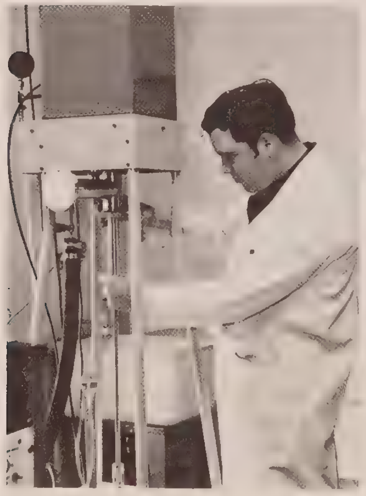
NEIL WESLEY CAMP

Neil, affectionately known as Camper and more so as The Doc, spent his early life at various Navy towns from California to Florida, but now calls Orlando, Florida his home. A bio-science major, Neil will leave the Academy for the Corps (medical, that is!). After his four years at dental school and then one year as an intern, Neil will rejoin his classmates in the fleet, probably on one of those big nuc boats. While at the Academy, Neil served on one of the most outstanding basketball teams that ever played the game; four years without a win. Neil also is noted for his ability to swing the clubs. But most notably, Neil is renowned for his bowling; from plebe year Neil was # 1. Always wanting to bowl, and bowl he did. Starting the team and, for most of the time, he was the team. On weekends, Neil could be found studying, lounging in the ward room, or bowling, of course. At any other time it was over to Michelson for labs, or back to the warmth of the rack. Neil will make a fine addition to the Dental Corps. If not, then the friendly skies of Navy Air.

RICHARD MARK CASPER

Rick came to USNA from Rochester, New York, leaving behind him his little purple boat. He seems to have adjusted to living without that boat and now enjoys the little gray cabin cruisers of the bay, as he got command of a YP at the end of youngster year. During the winter, Rick was always ready for taking in the fresh air with the company lightweights. Weekends found the godfather either hanging around the hall–since he was a confirmed teetotler–or driving the roads between Annapolis and his snowbound home in the North. Rick finds time for a variety of fun things, ranging from taking a dip in the pool at six in the morning with scuba gear to hitting the beaches at Palma or Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen while on cruise (What's the probability that you'll find a girl in Copenhagen wearing all of her bikini, Rick?). After opting for an ops analysis major, Rick would always seem to be saying, "living at Navy is like getting caught in an endless loop on the computer." Another one of his frequent sayings was, "I'd better get a letter tomorrow." Rick will certainly brighten up any ship's wardroom and, with his shiphandling skills, will prove himself on any bridge.

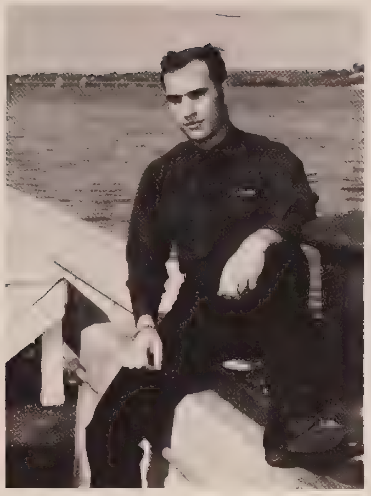
RICHARD MARK CASPER



CHARLES WESLEY CHESTERMAN, JR.

Chuck, or C.W. as he was hailed by his classmates, came to the shores of the Severn an aged but wiser man. Coming from Berkley, California, where he graduated from College Preparatory High School and then spent two years at the University of California at Berkeley, Chuck set his sights and goals on becoming a truly professional naval officer by giving good old USNA a try. Starting with plebe year, he took an avid interest in a variety of ECA's. A member of Chinese club, WRNV, '74 ring and crest committee, ASME, log staff, managing editor of the *1974 Lucky Bag,* and winner of an Isherwood 500 car race, showed his devotion to service. Many chilly afternoons were spent out on the rough Chesapeake, running through corpins and turns. As an active member of the YP Squadron, he proved his professional ability by getting his OOD and command qualifications in the boats of the little gray fleet. Although he proved that he could take command on water, C.W. had somewhat of a setback his first two years in boxing . . . but his two broken noses haven't dampened his iron-willed determination. Finishing Navy as a mechanical engineering major, Chuck looks forward to what he loves best. Surface Line and smooth sailing are part of the bright future ahead for C.W. after June "74".

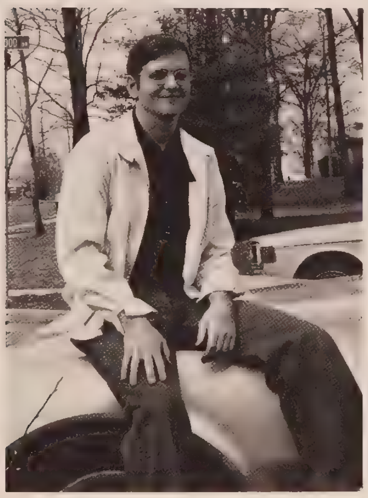
CHARLES WESLEY CHESTERMAN, JR.



VICTOR RAYMOND FIEBIG

Vic, or Fiebs, or Beak, or just Wop for short, is a master in the classroom, despite all the time he spent earning a varsity letter in rack-time and television-watching. His professional attitude and zeal for the job at hand has earned him a reputation as a man who can be counted on to get a job done and done correctly. He was the only guy to be told he was too small for the 150s, even though he never passed up a plate of pasta in his life. He could always be found sprinting past the secondary for a touchdown in the many company football games he starred and coached in. A real gentleman, you could usually find him escorting an attractive young lady—Ensigns included—to a great time in Crabtown. A new member of the Nuc Navy, Vic will be a welcomed addition to any wardroom.

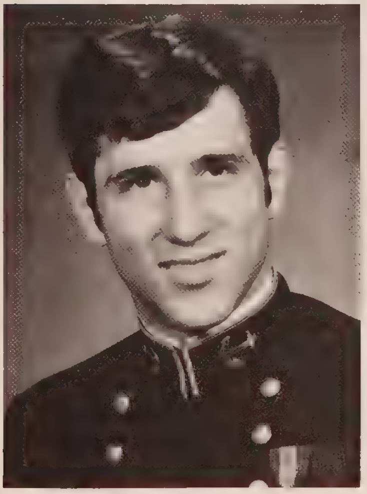
VICTOR RAYMOND FIEBIG



JAMES DAVID GIBBS

JAMES DAVID GIBBS

Jim took a dip in prestige when he left his position as BMOC in nearby Timonium, Maryland to come to the Uncollege. The word is that the class of '70 at Dulaney High School never could have made it without him. But the humbling qualities of plebe year had only a temporary effect on Jim. He soon found the groove, and began to reassert his abilities in all fields of endeavor, becoming a varsity all-nighter team letter winner along the way to achieving excellence in his foreign affairs major, and becoming an important member of Navy's top-performing pistol team. Jim would ultimately like to take his place in the diplomatic community and settle down to the "good life." Having chosen the "first team" for a career, Jim is bound to be a rapid success.

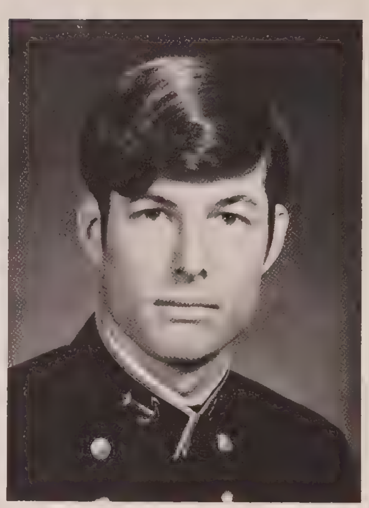


THEODORE LEONARD HARWOOD, II

THEODORE LEONARD HARWOOD, II

Theodore Leonard Harwood skied his way to Annapolis from Eagle Bay, New York. An avid skier, Ted used the many talents he had learned in high school, to help out the ski club as safety officer, vice-president, and president. Ted could easily be distinguished on the J.V. soccer team because he always wore the same shorts and knee socks. Ted made an impression 2/c summer, and it had its effect on him. He still wears the lump he received from an impressionable lead pipe while in Newport. Squirt finally met his true love at a Sunday Afternoon mixer and has been spoken for every since. Fire-and-Passion would visit every weekend, and home soon became a short drive to Baltimore, Ted plans a rewarding career for Navy, hotdogging-it in a P-3.

THOMAS ROY AINSWORTH


TED RANDALL MIXON

MARC THOMAS STANLEY

THOMAS ROY AINSWORTH

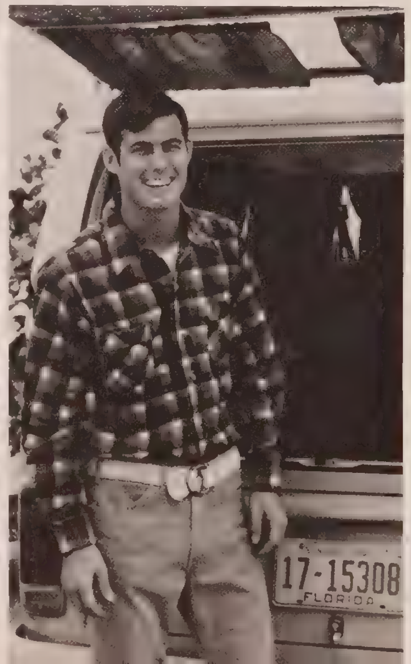
Roy, a second round draft choice for the Naval Academy, hails from the bustling metropolis of Mira Loma, California. Upon arrival at Navy, he immediately set his priorities in order: majoring in handball with a minor in ocean engineering. Youngster year was uneventful for Roy, but second class year, he finally made it to the top and beyond (the wall). For several weeks thereafter, Roy could be found practicing for the Naval Academy precision drill team. Cheerleading for our hero, at many of his varsity drill meets, was the reason behind it all, the girl of his dreams! Mr. Roy, alarmed by his curly locks, took to wearing a stocking cap whenever possible. During study hour was when "Ains" really excelled; if the rack didn't get him the mirror did. Aside from his peculiarities, Roy could always be counted on to liven up any event or to help out a friend. Roy plans a career in Navy Air. We wish him luck and remember, "Diamonds are Forever."

TED RANDALL MIXON

Ted ended his wayward life as a Navy junior and decided that he wanted to call Annapolis his home for four years. Starting out electrically, he decided that electrical engineering just wasn't for him—especially when they took his radio away three weeks into plebe year. At that point he was disappointed that neither art nor carpentry was an available major. So he settled with analytical management and started organizing the universe. His innate meticulousness kept him constantly above the 3.0 barrier and gave him the reputation as the file cabinet of the shaft. Weekends found Mix off somewhere doing something with someone but nobody really ever knew much about anything. Captivated by purple passion, he expressed this royally with the horse, source of his expedition and leave period transportation. He often made trips to little Rhode Island; for a variety of reasons whom some of us never met. Graduation will find Ted an eager and aspiring future Navy NFO trying to get stationed in Florida year after year.

MARC THOMAS STANLEY

Marc came to USNA from Indianapolis, Indiana and brought with him—nothing. After his arrival, Marc was first in several things, including being one of the first mids accepted in Pre-med. He also was one of few keeping the same girl all four years. Affectionately known by his classmates as Doc, the Wedge, and Aqualad, he could be counted on to make you laugh or cry, whatever the occasion. He could also be depended on to help whenever there was a job to be done or free yo-yo lessons to give. Up until first class year, the Wedge could be found with his nose in his books. But with the arrival of his OAO in Crabtown, he could never be found. After graduation, the Doc hopes to make it on to Med School and the Medical Corps. Marc should prove to be an outstanding officer capable of giving the best physicals ever dreamed of!!!!!! Best of luck Marc, and we hope your life is a bowl of peaches!



TIMOTHY ADRIAN JOHNSON

TIMOTHY ADRIAN JOHNSON

Timmy, the most exciting thing to happen to Blountville, Tennessee since somebody ran both traffic lights, rolled into USNA on 29 June 1970 with contact lenses and Huey Cobras in his eyes. Always having problems with the fair sex, Tim found a real solid girl in MEDUSA. Tim got all the good deals Plebe year: Greg and Norbert, Air Force CMOD, Spring Formal CMOD, and Plebe Formal CMOD. Youngster year was fun with a friendly visit from Midshipman Dumb and H.O. Henry. Academically, Timmy was the only one we knew who could fall asleep during a hot gouge session. Timmy's New Math states that 12-9=2. Changing his major because of a certain USMC chemistry prof. plebe year, Timmy went oceanography all the way. Handball and scuba (he grew flippers 2/c summer at Key West) provided distraction for this short-haired Marine NFO aspirant. A real go-getter, Tim should be an asset to the Marine Corps.

STEPHAN PATRICK KANE

A 6-8 jolly giant, affectionately known as "Kaner," came bounding into the Academy from Dayton, Ohio on that fateful June day in 1970. Getting off to a great start, Steve made varsity excused squad with a nicely dislocated shoulder. Notwithstanding, Steve has since participated in nearly every intramural sport the Navy offers. He had the good fortune to find Plebe Year that one pinch equals four spoons. Though it seemed that Steve spent all his time studying and writing term papers, he always had time to concentrate on the opposite sex. He seemed to enjoy his history major, for nearly every subject he touched turned into an "A", in spite of his constant complaints about low grades. Kaner must have been Brigade supplier of Moody Blues albums second class year as some phantom visitor kept ripping them off. Fond memories of Quantico and Pensacola steered Steve toward Nuc Power. He completed First Class Cruise without the benefit of a sun in a "sewer pipe". First Class Year, following the tenets of the Peter Principle, Steve received three stripes second set. After graduation, its off to Admiral Rickover's P.G. School. Best of luck, Steve.

STEPHAN PATRICK KANE

WILLIAM HARVEY LEE

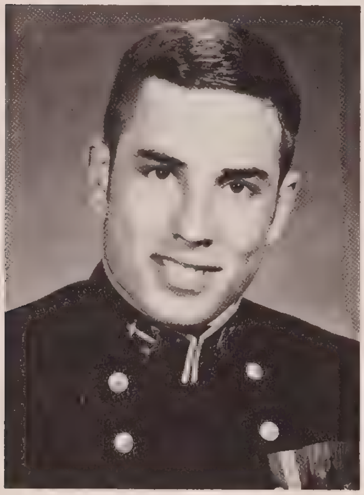
WILLIAM HARVEY LEE

Hicksville, New York lost one of its best men when Bill left home for good ole USNA. Wild Bill or Spiderman, stepped right into plebe year and took it in stride. He did a lot of studying in front of the tube as an upperclass, but still managed to keep his grades around 3.5. Being the most professional mid in the company, Bill always aced his pro courses. He was active in the YP Squadron, qualifying as a skipper, and played on the company football team. All in all, he never let anything interfere with his natural ability for the rack. Bill was a friend to all, even the plebes. He was always ready with a cheerful "Hi", and was willing to give anyone a helping hand. He will be taking his smile and cheeful personality out into the nuclear suface program after graduation. The Navy will be getting a fine officer when it gets Bill.

RALPH ROYDEN LEONARD, JR.

Roy came to the Naval Academy from Turnersville, New Jersey, but no one has been able to locate it on a map. An alumnus of Washington Township High School, Roy, or Ralph, as he was more commonly known, came to Navy with visions of 4.0 dancing in his head. He did distinguish himself academically . . . by being the first mid in history to keep the AC board waiting for him. In his early years at the Academy, Roy was never seen with the same girl twice, a truly remarkable feat. Twenty-fifth, eleventh, and fifteenth Company's "dirtball" also lived up to his first name by blowing his cookies on the *USS RALEIGH*, in a T-2, and in a T-34. An avid sportsman, Roy participated intramurally in football, basketball, and softball, but more often than not he could be found in the rack. Roy's ECA's included Sunday school teaching, ski club, and presidency of the "Rick Must Go" society. An oceanography major, Roy intends to fly Navy upon graduation and should face an exciting career.

RALPH ROYDEN LEONARD, JR.



BENJAMIN CHARLES MEYERS, JR.

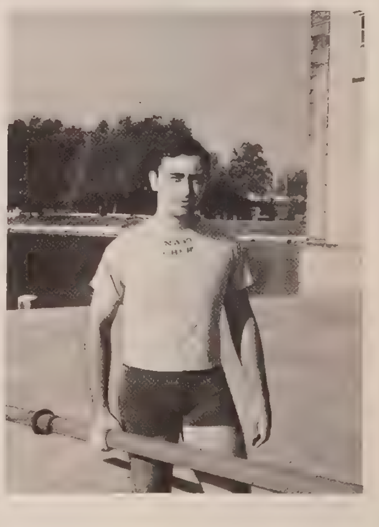
BENJAMIN CHARLES MEYERS, JR.

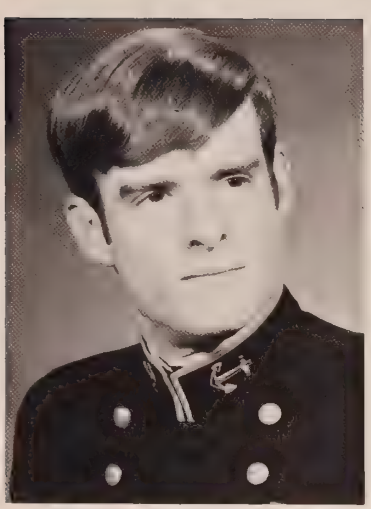
Big Ben came trucking out of Fremont, California with a guitar in one hand and his skis in the other. Unfortunately, he forgot his slide rule, which may explain his problems in the fields of learning. However, in the fields of sports, Ben was one of the best. He never got higher than the second team on the football squad; that may be due to his nickname, Gentle Ben, but he was one heck of a forward on the rugby team. With the end of our days at the Boat School, Ben will start to sail the waves for the Navy, maybe even the sea. A true and loyal friend to all, he'll be a fine officer and a good man with whom to serve.

WILLIAM LEE MORRIS

Bill came drifting into Annapolis from Motown on that bright, sunny June day, plebe summer. Fortunately for the rest of the company plebe year, the upperclass were too busy concentrating on "Moreye" to give anyone else much grief. Youngster year brought on a brighter outlook after Bill was able to live down Wallie's reputation. "Mor-eye's" nearly perfect attendance at Sunday mixers paid off quite well, though he seemed to have had more ups and downs with girls than an infinite sine wave. Bill considered himself quite a ladies' man. "More-eye" was a very dedicated wires major who could frequently be found up in the wee hours of the morning working on one of Prof. Santoro's notorious take-home exams. One curiosity about Bill, which nobody could quite figure out, was his strange affinity towards the number 2.00. Second class year, "Mor-eye" found fulfillment in crew, which stood second only to his Honda out on the open road back home. He chose the Corps for service selection.

WILLIAM LEE MORRIS





SCOTT EDWARD LEITCH

HARRY CHRISTIAN SPIES

SCOTT EDWARD LEITCH

Scott was first burned big by the Navy while getting his physical. As a vital member of the shaft, Scott was able to maintain a 3.8 and at the same time secure company sub-commander. Unlike his other companymates, who also maintained high standards of aptitude and academics, he also maintained a personality. Always one to keep on top of things, Scott, who had been advised to get out of the Navy by his company officer, did so by becoming a member of the GREEN TEAM. Dispite the detriment of leaving these hallowed halls, Scott will surely find something to replace the intense intellectual stimulus afforded by these four great years.

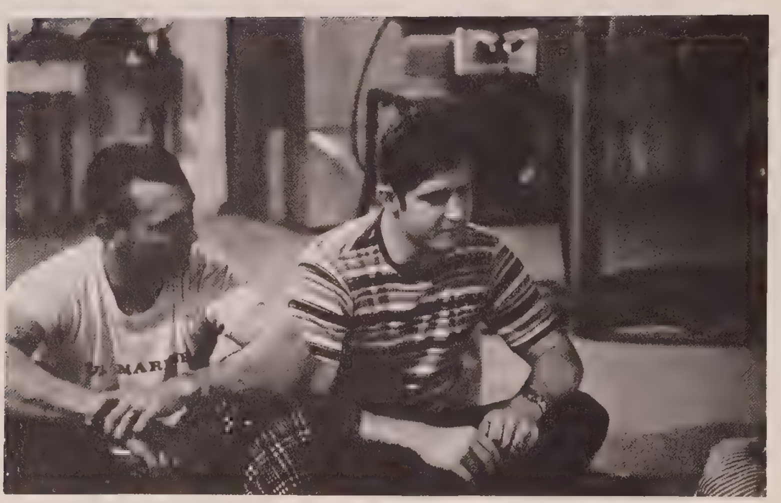
HARRY CHRISTIAN SPIES

Greenbrook, N.J. lost next to nothing when it gave up Harry to Annapolis. Never being one to use sarcasm—he managed to survive his stay here with a little help from his wealth of friends. Harry obviously hated his summer leave periods. So he used them to do insignificant things like sailing trans-Atlantic, and climbing Mt. McKinley. Weekends found him God—knows—where, but you always were sure he was doing something with you-know-who. A vital member of the shaft, Harry could be counted on to contribute, whether it was pumpkin carving, D.C., June Week, or a party. His never-ending love for the Navy and the sea caused him to choose the Marine Corps. We're all sure Harry will be able to survive the Corps with all the fond memories he surely cherishes of USNA.

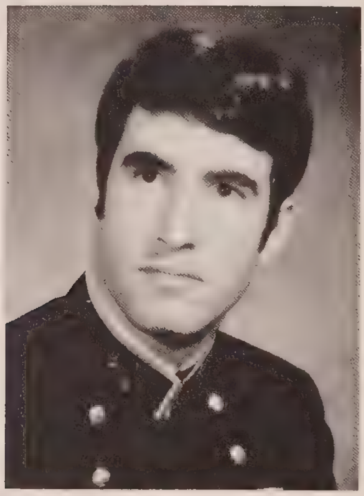
ROBERT GEORGE STENGLE

ROBERT GEORGE STENGLE

Bob, better known as Casey, slipped into USNA from Baltimore, Maryland via his K & E slide rule. Without the slighest hesitation, he proceeded to validate everything in sight and became the only plebe to give EI to his profs. Casey went onto compile a fairly impressive academic record, despite a minor setback at the hands of lieutenant Dyches, and did graduate work in the field of nuclear engineering. A firm believer in capitalism, Casey did his best while at the Academy to support the local electric company and Cornhusker's Lotion, Inc. Lettering as manager of the varsity rifle team and attaining command qualification on the greyhounds, Casey outdid himself by accomplishing 19 years of social development on the evening of December 29, 1971. When not on a weekend or in the rack, Casey could be found at his desk in front of a pile of books (non-bull variety only). Casey intends to grace dear old Admiral Rickover's boys with his presence at nuclear power school, but one wonders whether it will be as a student or instructor. Whatever Casey does, one can be assured that he will do it well and that he will find the pure essence of life in his true love—engineering.



ERNEST MONROE BOLING, III



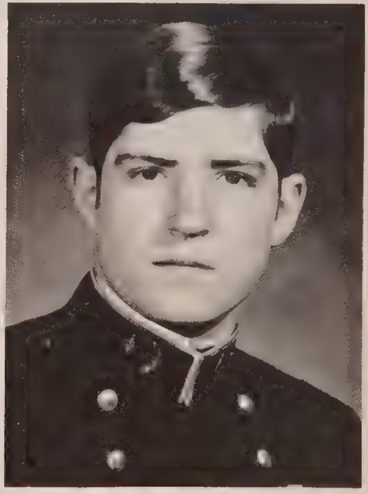
GREGORY CHARLES GILMORE

GREGORY CHARLES GILMORE

Once upon a time, many, many months ago, a skinny dark-haired Napster reported to the Naval Academy with ambitious dreams of being a hard-guy Midshipman and breaking the four minute mile. Yea, one by one his visions were shattered as Greg realized he could pretend no longer to be the characters he impersonated. Not one to give up easily, the Dirty W transformed himself into Prince Charming, drove to Long Island, and courted his lost jr. high honey. Alas, the bud of romance blossomed, and Greg and Nanny plan to live happily ever after.

GERARD PAUL SCHROCK

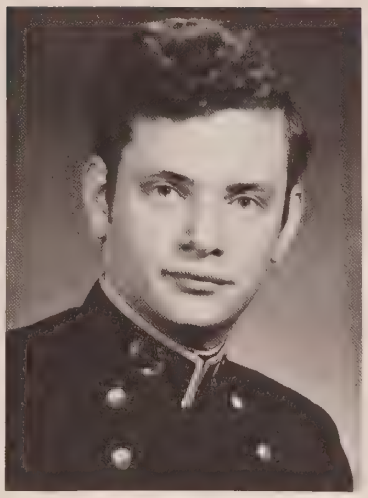
Gerry reported, quiet and reserved from Detroit, Michigan, to the Naval Academy ready for hard work and that's what he got--hard work. As an electrical engineer, Gerry spent many hard hours with his slide rule, slaving over problems. Since youngster year, the 150-lb. football team has had a hard working offensive tackle in Gerry. Dropping the necessary weight included numerous trips to the repair tailor shop for uniform alterations. After football season, Gerry would begin to bulk up for rugby season. The best way to bulk, of course, is to find a secluded spot and settle down with a well iced case or two or three or . . . . When it came time for wheels, Gerry took a practical look at the situation and decided that two were all that were needed. Gerry's hard work will be a valuable asset to him during his years in the Navy.



GERARD PAUL SCHROCK

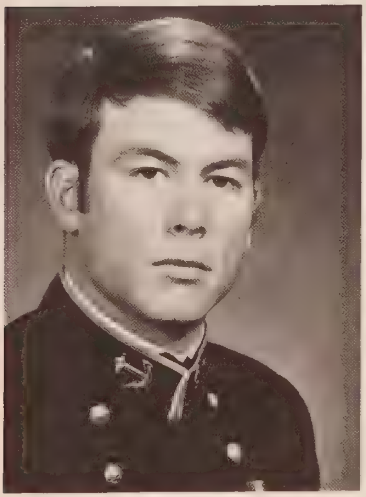
ERNEST MONROE BOLING, III

In the beginning, a mass of grits, chitlins, and Southern fried chicken, wrapped in a Rebel flag, stumbled through the main gate of USNA singing its heart out, sweating off beverages consumed the night before. Soon after the beginning, Ernest Monroe Boling, discovered the booming metropolis of Annapolis, could not be traversed as quickly as the old home town of Merigold, Mississippi. The need for a car was imminent. Various solutions, as the-girl-named-car, and a rent-a-truck went down in futility. A required grade average of 3.0 caused Ernie to conduct studies in video displays, stereo equipment, and advanced brown-bagging. Other interests of his time at USNA were whiled away by glee club, intramural soccer, and lightweight football. Much after the beginning, his fine efforts were justly rewarded by having his problems of wheels dissolved by the vette. At the end of the fabulous beginning Ernie, equipped with his vette and OAO, should provide the Marine Corps with a fine officer.


CORNELIUS FORD HOLDEN, JR.

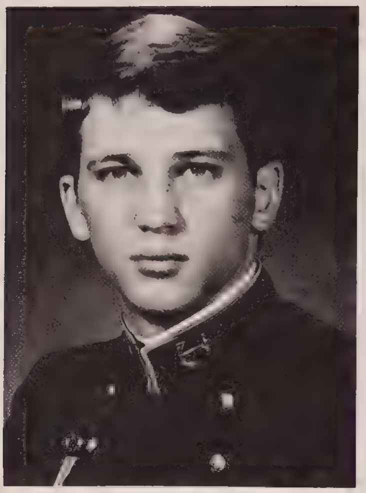
CORNELIUS FORD HOLDEN, JR.

Neil had many things going for him on his arrival at USNA. He came from faraway (30 miles) Wheaton, Maryland and he had an upperclassman for a brother. Both of these situations almost assured him of success. However, Neil had other qualifications, such as his athletic ability, which was spread out among soccer, judo, and backpacking. On the cultural side, Corny, the company poet, could always be depended on to enlighten our minds with one of his poems, even if it was only the *Jabbowockke*. His interest in poetry could have been partly due to any frustration he incurred from the mechanical engineering department, of which he was a participating student. His achievement in academics was demonstrated by the fact that he earned long weekends first class year, doesn't it, Neil? Anyway, Neil plans to stick with the books at least for one more year due to his service selection—Nuclear Power. Upon graduation from this program, the Navy will be provided with yet another fine junior officer.


DANE THORP SCOFIELD

DANE THORP SCOFIELD

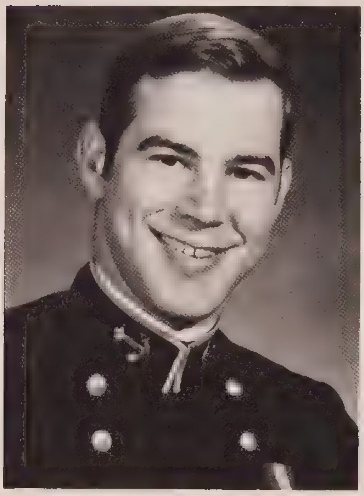
Dane journeyed to Annapolis from Naples, Florida, regretfully leaving behind his alligators and other wildlife friends. It is Southern Florida where Thorp, or the "Old Man" recounts his exotic tales of rather questionable validity. After some time of jumping from prep school, he ascended Annapolis with a great deal of experience, but still lacking in any high degree of academic prowess. It was indeed a shock to several firsties our plebe year to learn that Thorp was in our company when he aroused from hibernation late in March. Dane, as an upperclass, spent many fruitful hours—most of which were in a horizontal position—reading his vast library of Edgar Rice Burroughs paperbacks. If the theory of a beauty-sleep is true, then it can be said that Dane is no ugly duckling. Always one to interject his profound wisdom and advice, he was an inseparable addition to the Shaft. As far as service selection is concerned, we're confident that he'll be able to find some nice Air station in one of his handy catalogues, where he undoubtedly will choose his wife and children too.



GREGORY JOSEPH STACHELCZYK

GREGORY JOSEPH STACHELCZYK

Gregory Joseph Stachelczyk, commonly known as Stack to friends, and just about anybody who couldn't pronounce his name (which was just about everybody), heralds from the building metropolis of Norwalk, Connecticut. Active in Catholic choir, soccer, company football, and varsity wardroom, Greg still found time to squeeze in a little time for a thing called academics. One to frequent the Sunday afternoon mixers, Stack compiled a list of lovelies (?????), which entirely filled up the left side of his Trident calendar. When not in the wardroom or studying, you can easily find Greg by listening for the distinctive sound of smash reverberating throughout the hall. He was one of the really great comic book authorities of our time—woe be to the plebe who chose Marvel comics as the subject for a friendly game of baseball in the mess hall. With his eye on Navy Air, Stack intends to uphold the highest traditions of the naval service and ride the waves as an officer in Uncle Sam's yacht club.



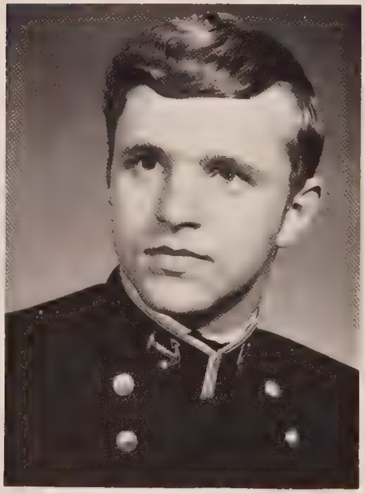
JOHN CHRISTIAN MERRILL

JOHN CHRISTIAN MERRILL

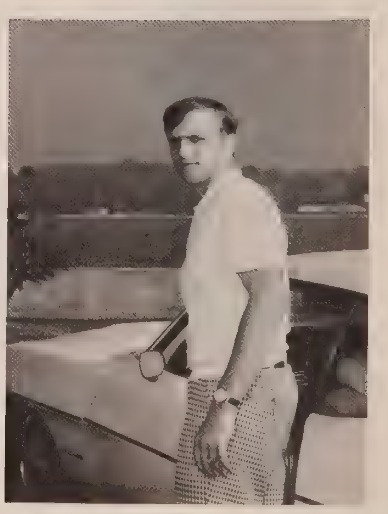
John drifted his way down to the University of Navy from Honeoye Falls, New York (yes, there is such a place), with his Buck Owens and Eddie Arnold records under his arm. His plebe year was pretty uneventful except for his occasional happiness caused by Bubbles and Scroggs. JC hopes to put his aero major to good use when he gets behind the stick of his own F-14, and he can now usually be found somewhere behind a pile of books working his slide rule, feverishly saying, "All the answers are here, all I have to do is find them." A man who is always thinking, John should find his life and career a challenging experience.

EDWARD EMMETT WILBER, JR.

Squeak drove his snowmobile from Allegany, New York and arrived at USNA just in time to join the class of 74's ranks. Only once did his snowmobile fail him—unfortunately it earned him his only letter while at Navy. Wilbs participated in lightweight crew, but soon found the merits of the rack outweighed those of blistered hands. An alumnus of the Chicago Institute of Voice, Flippa, as he was also known, could usually be found on the bottom of the pool trying to pass the 400 yard swim. Ed's ECA's included presidency of the Utah Chamber of Commerce, whose motto, "Utah is only as far away as you want it to be." Squeak surpassed the famous swimming Porsches of the 11th Company of yesteryear by blowing one up twenty minutes after buying it. During 2/c summer, Quantico put its best foot forward for Ed, steering him to Nuclear Power where he should have little trouble succeeding.

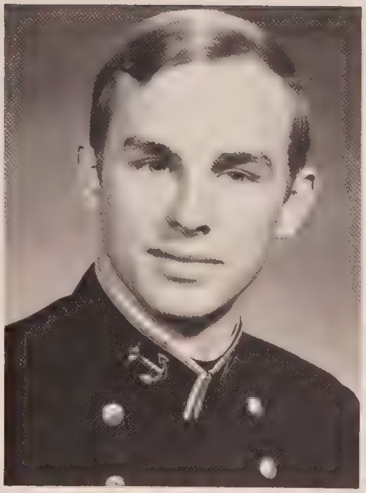


EDWARD EMMETT WILBER, JR.

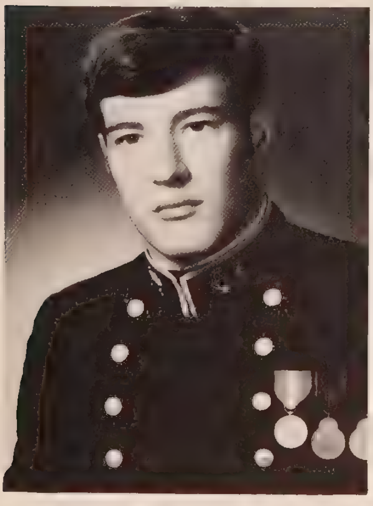


ELMER LAWRENCE STANDRIDGE, JR.

No, it's like this about Elmer; he came from Warrior, Alabama, and brought with him enough tall tales to last four years. It's rumored that one whole section of the new library is being dedicated to *Elmo's Tall Tales.* Majoring in aerospace engineering, Elmer was consistently on the Superintendent's and Dean's lists. Elmo could be counted on at anytime, whether it be to do a job, help classmates with academics, or finish a pitcher of brew. Elmer's only problem at the Boat School was his seriousness, which caused him to lose much of his hair. Upon graduation, Elmer hopes to go Navy Air—if his eyes stay good. But judging from the looks of his girlfriends, he should be spending the rest of his days beneath the sea.



ELMER LAWRENCE STANDRIDGE, JR.

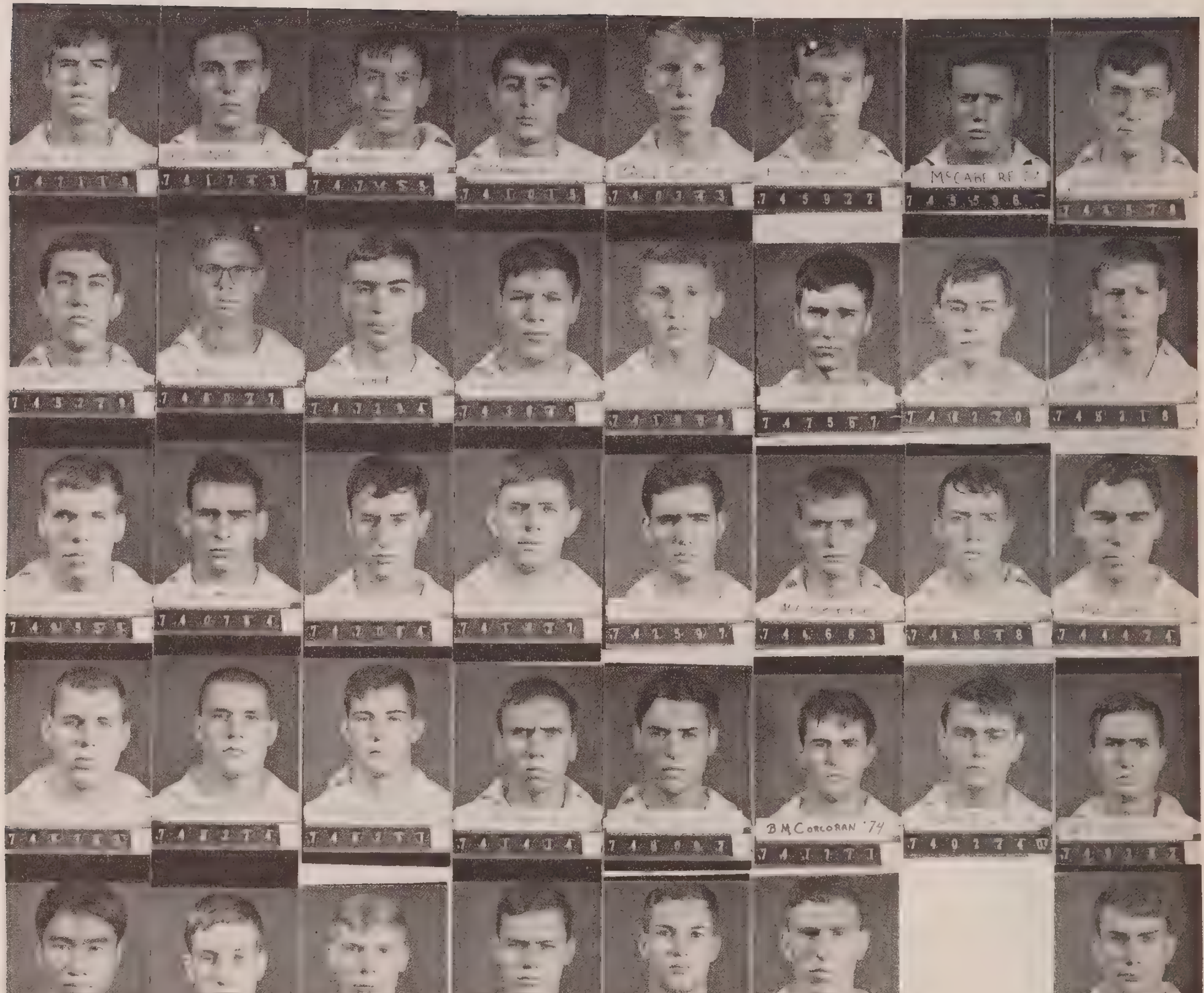


RICHARD STEVEN WILLARD

RICHARD STEVEN WILLARD

Rick decided to forfeit a promising gambling career for a four-year stint at Navy, much like his brother Bob did a year earlier. Upon entering, Rick proved himself quite versatile by trying every sport available. He was fast with the women and fast with the beer, but he was fastest getting nowhere with either. This was not enough to make Rick change his ways or opinions. If there is one thing Rick is not, it is a defeatist. Probably this quality more than any other was responsible for his high academic standing and his battalion command. Though Rick was torn between Marine Corps, Nuclear Power, and Navy Air, he made his decision to wear the Navy Blue to Pensacola upon graduation. It is no doubt that Rick will excel there and become one of the Navy's finest pilots.

Sixteenth Company



745922
McCABE RF
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B M Corcoran '74
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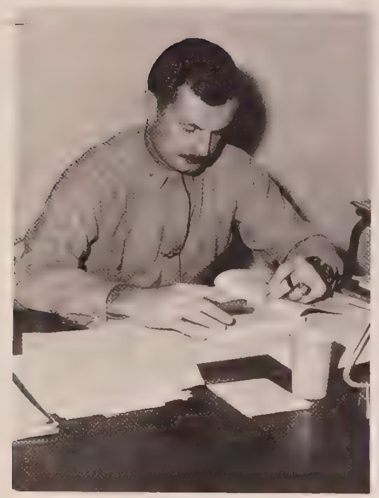
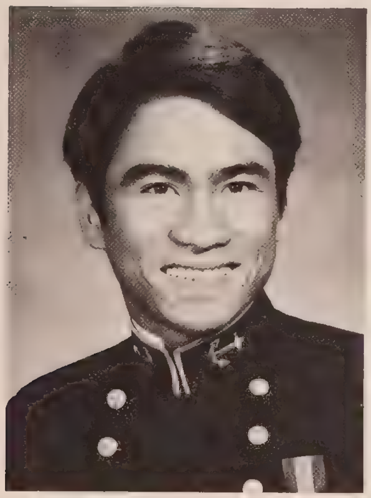


MAJOR PATRICK JOSEPH JONES, USMC

MAJOR PATRICK JOSEPH JONES, USMC

Coming to the Academy via the Marine Corps, "P.J.", as this redhead was called, stood out as one of its finest products. Joining the Brigade in 1958, he brought his amiable personality, superior athletic ability, and keen interest. These attributes helped him win many friends throughout the Brigade, become a mainstay on any basketball team, and become battalion Hop Committee representative. When not engaged in these activities, P.J. could usually be found in his bed. Four classes or one, Pat believed that a good night's sleep was the best way to prepare. With his attitude and abilities, the Corps will indeed profit by his addition to its ranks.



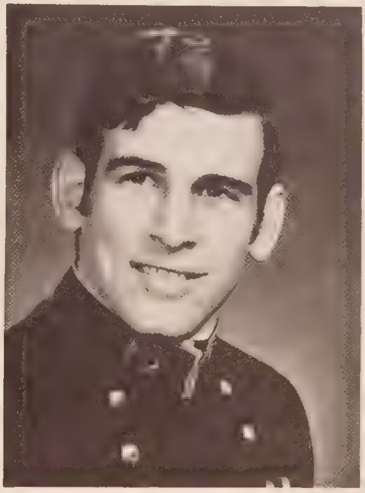
ARIEL ABRIAM

ARIEL ABRIAM

"I'll catch the sun
and never give it back again.
I'll catch the sun
and keep it for my own.
And in a world where no one
understands
I'll take my outstretched hands
and offer it to someone
who comes along and tells me
he's in need of love.
In need of hope or maybe just a
friend.
Perhaps in time I'll even share my sun
with that new anyone
to whom I gave my hand"
—ROD McKUEN

BARRY CRAIG BOUSTEAD

Barry came from the big city excitement of Fair Oaks, California, not even knowing where USNA was until June 29, 1970. He's not alone in never having said he liked a day of Annapolis weather. However, he's got one big reason for liking many days of Annapolis life—Toni moved to Annapolis 2/c summer, all the way from California, just for him. It took a while, but Barry is now one of the "married men" of 16th company and loving it. (But he still reserves the right to look where he no longer has the right to touch; he's an appreciator of fine chassis, females as well as automobiles.) Barry had to give up as a wrestler because of injury, but he's a good one. He's also 16th company's car expert and '74 car representative. He's definitely sold on the benefits of Navy Air, but he hopes someday to get into oceanagraphic research. Along those lines, he is a frustrated oceanography major and has earned his scuba qualification.



BARRY CRAIG BOUSTEAD

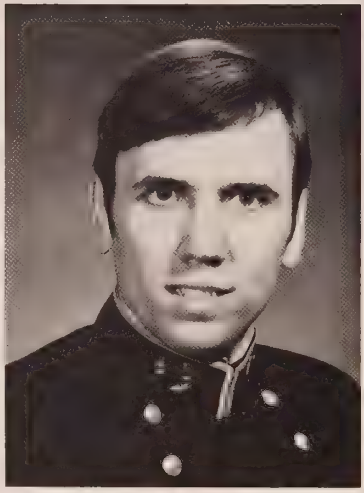
EDWARD NELSON CAYLOR

EDWARD NELSON CAYLOR

There you go man keep as cool as you
 can
Face piles
And piles
 Of trials
With smiles
 It riles them to believe
 That you perceive
The web they weave
And keep on thinking free.

GERALD JOSEPH CERNY

Jerry arrived at USNA from the booming metropolis of Osceola, Nebraska, feeling that he had to impress the fact upon his brother, a WOO-POO, that Canoe U. is the only school for the professionally inclined. While in high school, Jerry's main interests were basketball, football, and girls. Little has changed about him except that now he occasionally relaxes with a tall, cold one on the weekends. Being on the Dean's list consistently, in the 3.6 region in applied science, Jer finds time to relax on week nights in front of his own tube. Consequently, he is often joined by many of the 16th company avid TV fans. Being the easy going guy that he is, Jer made many quick friends and could always be counted on for an optimistic point of view on anything. Because of his determination and dedication, success in all his endeavors seems to be assured, with Navy Air getting the nod.



GERALD JOSEPH CERNY

VICTOR JOHN GAZZOLO

Drifting in from Elmwood Park, Illinois, which is lost somewhere in the shuffle of Chicago, Gut put a wholehearted effort into his naval career. This included changing his major at least four times before finally getting stuck in the wilderness of engineering. Engineering soon became Gut's bag, or was it that Gut bagged engineering. Not to be out-done in the female department, Vic could be found chasing fair young chiquitas whenever his financial situation and the time was right. Vic divided his time up between studying, boxing, and scuba diving. He is certainly one of the premiere boxers the Academy has, as far as hard nose aggressiveness goes. If you don't believe it, walk into his room sometime when he is studying, and see who gets his lights punched out, and maybe even has an open knife thrown at him for added hilarity. It is well known that there are visions of airplanes dancing in his head, and the Gut has served notice that if the Navy does not have a plane for him in Pensacola, heads will roll.

VICTOR JOHN GAZZOLO

RICHARD DAVID HAYES

Dick, the cowboy, hails from a little town out in the plains of southeastern New Mexico called Eunice. He came to the Academy wearing boots, levis, and a cowboy hat, with a pack of chewing tobacco in his back pocket. A bull major, Dick lost his math tables and sold his slide rule during plebe year. It is generally accepted that if the Academy had a major in the history of the Old West, Dick would have been a 4.0 student, using for his research material his collection of western books and all those western late movies he stayed up for. Academy days are just memories to the Cowboy now, and if you happen to see him in the future, just say, "Howdy!"

RICHARD DAVID HAYES

DAVID LOUIS KOCH

DAVID LOUIS KOCH

Cookie Man came from High Ridge, Missouri and jumped into the athletic program as a football manager. He has talent as a bass singer in the Antiphonal choir (when he finds time to participate), and he is holding his own as one of our take-it-easy math majors, averaging 16 hrs/semester. He's definitely on the lookout for any possible good times, but so far most of them have been alone . . . . Dave is among the class leaders in numbers of Dear John letters received. (At least after a brief bout with Ann Zumwalt, he's back girl-chasing on a level more similar to the rest of us.) If he sticks with his thoughts on Navy Air, he should do well as one of the fun-time fly boys and as a naval officer.

MARK EDWARD KOKOSINSKI

MARK EDWARD KOKOSINSKI

Mark, or more often called Koko by his classmates, comes from North Arlington, New Jersey. During his years at the Academy, Koko developed his biceps by tipping many a coffee cup during his endless studying. To put it nautically, more coffee has passed down his throat than water has passed under the hulls of the U.S. Navy. Besides that, Mark was always ready to help a guy out, even the Dirtball. Mark has got the drive needed in good naval officers and should be able to put it all together himself.

BRUCE DORN LOWMAN

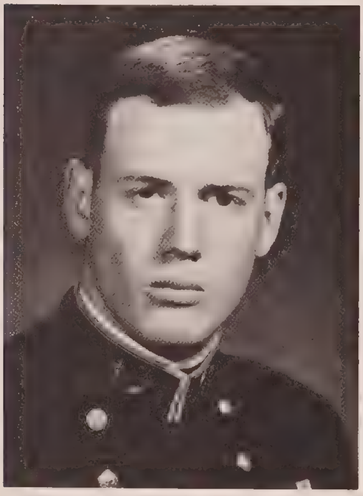
BRUCE DORN LOWMAN

BD set sail for the Academy from Hingham, Massachusetts. Determined not to be "sea daddy" from the start, Lobo has searched for the big desk job where he will enjoy dictating letters to the secretary on his knee. Always known for being swift afoot, one often wondered if BD received his early track and cross country training out-running irate fathers. Always giving his best, Bruce can be assured of success in the Navy Supply Corps.

RONALD STANLEY MALEC

Hailing from National City, California, the Jammer has been the center of attention throughout his four years at the Academy. While at the Academy, he distinguished himself as the business manager for Reef Points and for three years as a football manager. During his four years at Canoe U., Ron's attention has jumped from one young lovely to another. Ron is sure to stand out as the NFO for some lucky pilot.

RONALD STANLEY MALEC



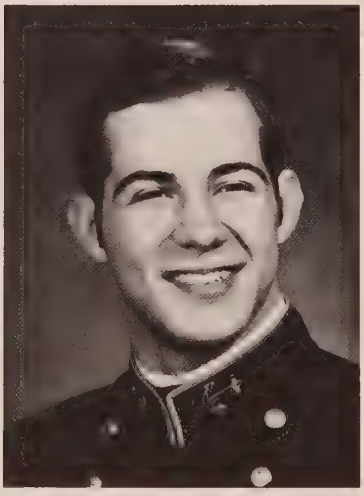
ROBERT EMMETT MCCABE, III

ROBERT EMMETT MCCABE, III

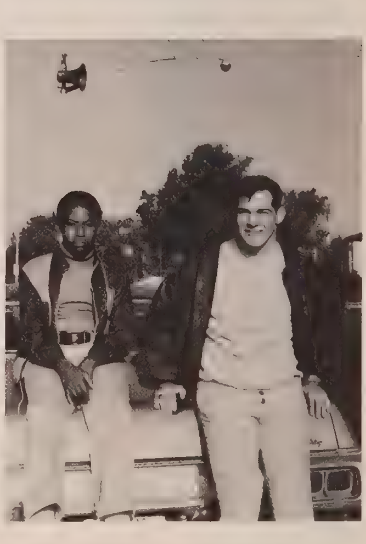
The Captain is simply amazing. Always the old man of the group, he still held his own with his shot of gin and a butt. He came from San Diego, where he "was in the Navy basically 21 years," and after graduation will return, this time on a ship, his life long dream. Bob's only love has been the sea, and he would not let anyone forget it, since he had more time at left full rudder than everyone in the Frat had at sea. The Redhead has been the best of friends and will be the best steamer the Navy has had in a long time. He is a person to be emulated, and people should follow his block.

TERRY ALAN MULDER

Leaping up out of a snow bank in Wyoming, Michigan one day, Terry decided to "bless" the Naval Academy with his presence for four years. Upon entering the Academy and discovering that he could not even operate a window, Terry promptly established himself as the company systems engineer. Since then he has become active in batt wrestling, antiphonal choir, big brothers, rugby club, and as a company rep., despite consistently keeping his grades above 3.2. He has also managed to start losing a few rounds to the pad monster since second class year began. Being unable to operate windows, Terry has decided that the submarine force needs him. "Are they home-porting subs in the Great Lakes yet . . .?"



TERRY ALAN MULDER



RICHARD KENT PYELL

The Dirtball came rolling to the Academy out of a cloud of dust from Orleans, Nebraska. Although the Naval Academy was his third choice of service academies, Gomer fit in well and adjusted easily to life here on the banks of the Severn. He could always be counted on to add a witty, spontaneous remark to any conversation (Huh?). It may never be known why he chose math as his major, but it is generally felt that the main reason is because Chauvenet Hall is the closest academic building to Mother B. Cornfields, pigs, cows, siamese cat calls, and "Ray and Mary's Co-op" will always hold as tender a spot in Rich's heart as his manners do in ours. Although Rich will probably end up in some branch of the service, his mind will always be in the barnyard of life.

RICHARD KENT PYELL

ROGER IRVIN BRUECKBAUER, II

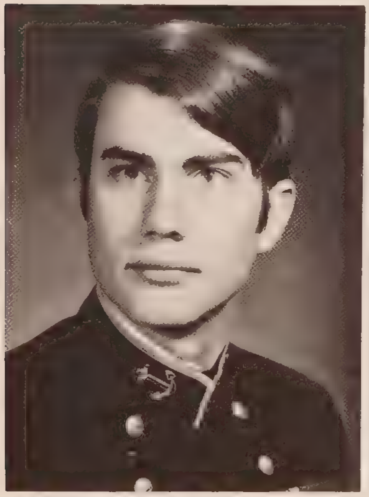
ROGER IRVIN BRUECKBAUER, II

He came, he saw, he . . . made it by the skin of his teeth. After a short stop at Naps, BB continued his trip from Kohler to this wonderful place. As an original Frat brother, if he was not running around the track, he was out with the women and the gusto. He just could not let his studying interfere with his (or her) education.

PAUL ALLEN ROLLINS

Some say he was born under the final approach at Sanford Naval Air Station, but those of us who have been close to him know better. The truth of the matter is that Apollo Rollo was hatched by a matronly Saturn-V rocket on Cape Canaveral's launch pad 39-A. Shortly thereafter, our hero made a short stop at Sanford Naval Academy, where a night bombing raid on a football game and an inherent knack for blowing up helium balloons convinced him that Navy Air is the only way to go. He subsequently received a presidential appointment to USNA, which became merely a stepping stone to a career in flying.

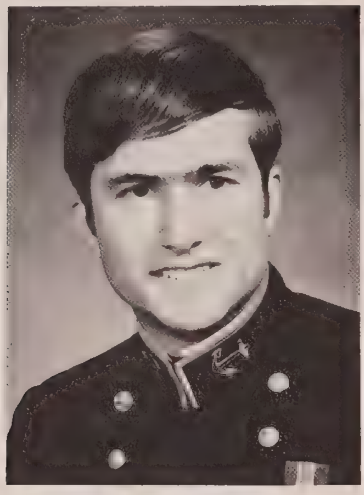
PAUL ALLEN ROLLINS



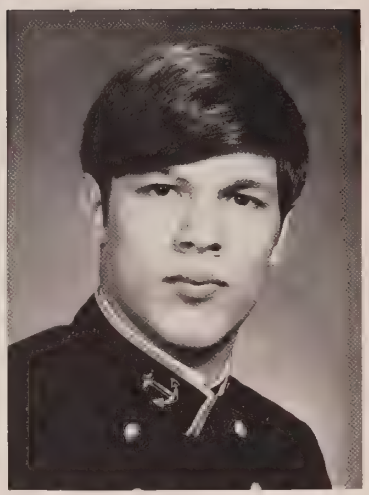
MARK ARTHUR HALLENBECK

MARK ARTHUR HALLENBECK

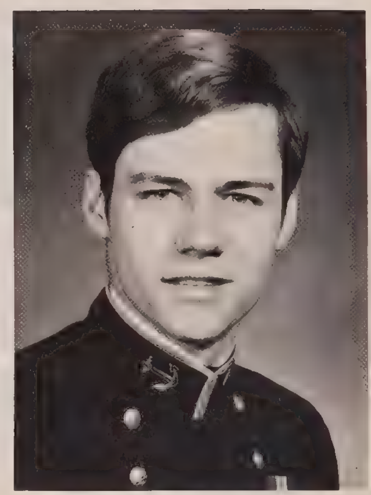
A man of few words . . . that ever made sense.



JOHN TURNER WELLS, IV



RICHARD NAVARRO



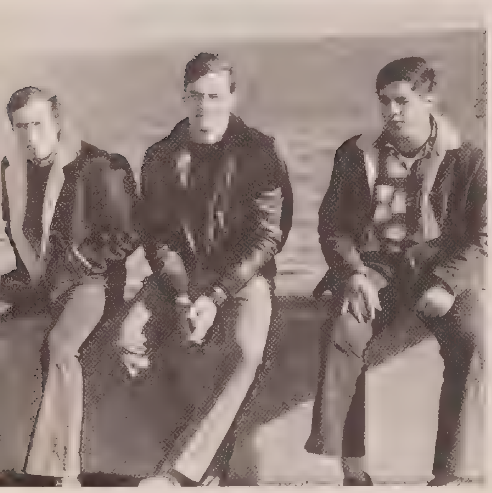
LAWRENCE JAMES PIERZCHALSKI

RICHARD NAVARRO

Rick was as much a unique experience to the Navy as the Navy was to him. Never one to mind his words, Clint made his feelings known in a most exacting way. No one has ever accused Rick of being a politician, God knows he never did win the coveted "plastic person award." Let it be said that Rick was as much a leader by example as any other. He showed us an interesting method of staying warm on those chilly Saturday nights, providing his body for dead weight carry experiments against a running clock, and most important of all, proved the fact that the sun gets up over the yardarm much faster if one climbs the mast. Dayton did indeed provide a most needed addition to the inner sanctum of Bancroft Hall.

LAWRENCE JAMES PIERZCHALSKI

Hailing from Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin (more commonly known as the Falls), Larry is an avid fan of the Pack and the Bucks. Starting out to max out in academics during his youngster year, he became famous for two consecutive 4.0s, while always willing to give help to those who required it. Also a fine athlete, Larry enjoys company lightweight football, but does not appreciate having to cut weight to make the team. Always quite popular with the opposite sex. Larry's romances are a constant source of discussion in the company. Larry will probably best be remembered for his black N plebe year and his 48-hour affair with Margie. Upon graduation, Larry hopes to go into Nuclear Submarines avd should have a successful career there.

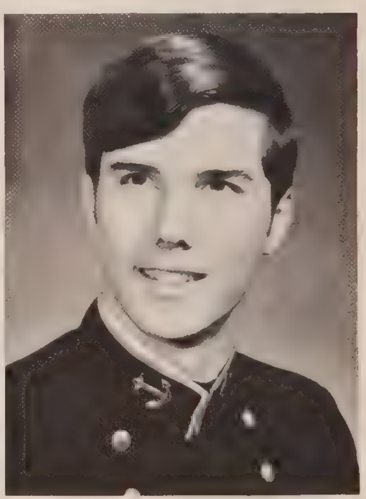


JOHN TURNER WELLS, IV

Onion . . . between 10 and 10:30, the Machine can always be found in the halls with a nickel inside him, distributing his daily ration. His love of the Moody Blues will eventually help overcome his certain fears, including Idyl. With an ever present smile on his face, and a record number of AC boards in his pocket, Justin will be flying high with his wings of gold.

DAVID LEE SABA

Drifting in from Savannah, Georgia, Dave, or Touché as he is affectionately known by his classmates, came to USNA with hopes of joining Navy's illustrious jock-club as a fencer. However, the call of the sea was too much for him, as he joined the YP Squadron, eventually to get his own command. Dave was not one to shun the finer things in life, especially girls. That is until a certain lovely from Crabtown caught his eye. When not with his drag, Dave can be seen eigher pouring over his books, in hopes of a graduate scholarship in aerospace engineering, or joining in the frolics of the freak company. After grad school, Dave looks forward to Pensacola, and his gold wings.



DAVID LEE SABA

JOHN FINN SORLIE

John Finn, from Brooklyn and a military high school, walked in espousing the virtues of Scandinavia. It was a sad day for him when he found out that upon graduation he would not get a billet in the Norwegian Navy. He won't quit though; his latest attachment to the old country is a Volvo. He is now dutifully "married" to a lovely 5'2", blue eyed, blonde who lives here in Annapolis. John is a happy, go-easy math major with more than his share of spare time, which he mostly spends with his "wife", and what is left he devotes to managing the cross country team and the track team. Since giving up the Norwegian Navy, he is still thinking about his proper place in our Navy. He should do well when he gets there.

JOHN FINN SORLIE

BARRY BYRON MORTON

Hailing from the soccer stronghold of Philly, Mort came to Navy offering his services to Coach Warner. After a slow start academically, he dropped off and has mainined a cum above 2.0. Besides soccer, Barry's other primary interests include the pursuit of happiness, usually female form. Barry aspires to be an Olympic weight lifter, specifically in the 12 oz. curl, putting in endless hours of practice at the Frat. A quiet sort of guy while in the confines of Bancroft, he showed himself to be a rowdy come party time. Overall, Mort is a serious, congenial fellow who will make many new friends in his career as a Navy Steamer.

BARRY BYRON MORTON

PIERRE JOSEPH RICHER

Pierre Richer, affectionately known to his classmates as Lips, came to us from northern New York. Of French descent, Pierre utilized his savior-faire to unlock the hearts of many a young lady. Upon entering the Academy, he was told he must maintain a 2.0, and he did just that: he maintained a 2.0 cum. Sometimes he found time for the books between glee club trips, wardroom sessions, and soccer. He frequently flew high on the weekends, but he swears he was just practicing for his career in Navy Air.

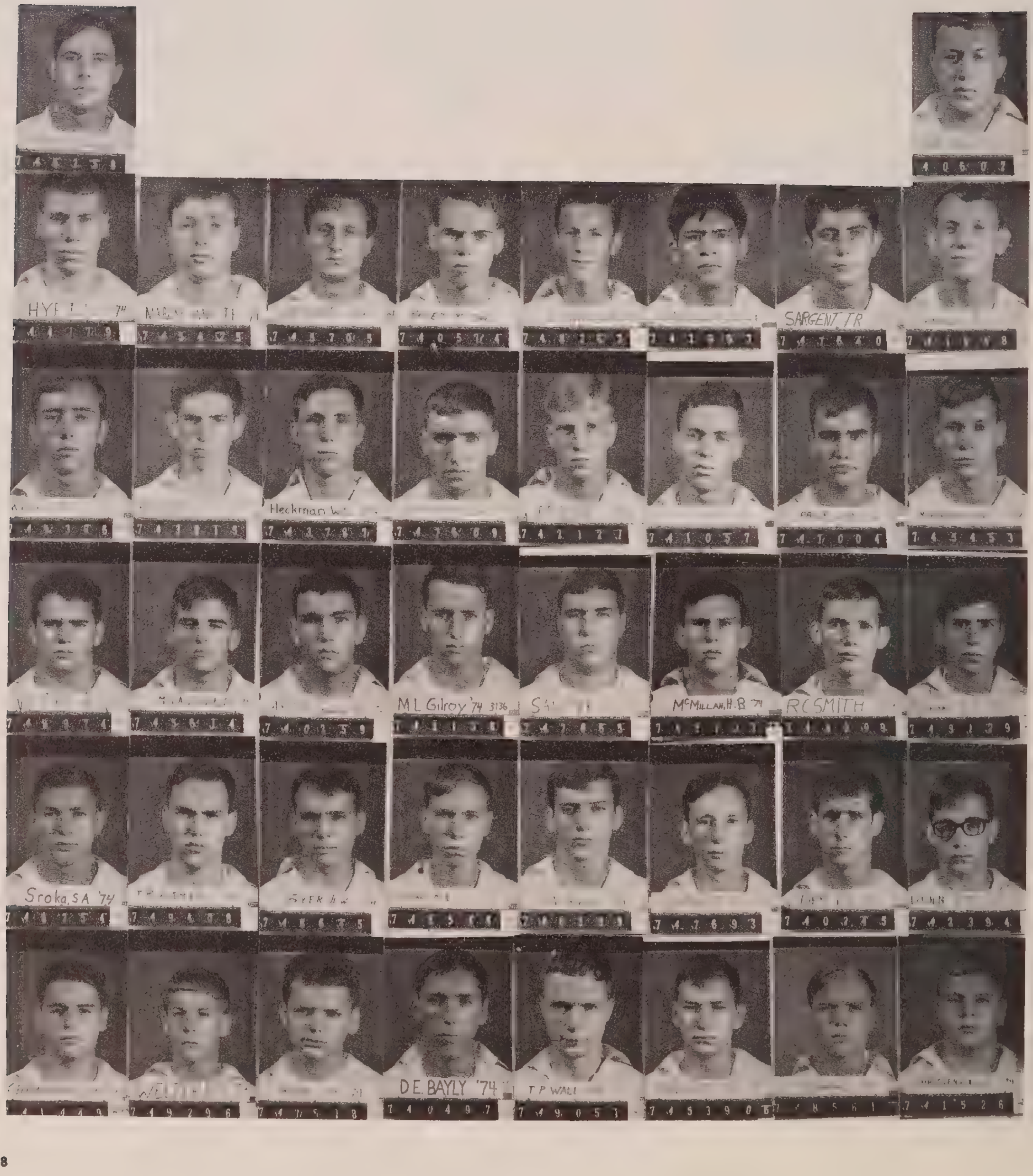
PIERRE JOSEPH RICHER

TIMOTHY JAMES SUPKO

Last in a long line of "Sups," Tim came from Brooklyn Park already knowing the tricks of the trade. Following the Supko tradition, he has put much time and effort into Navy lacrosse. Never one to study too hard, Tim spent most of his time getting psyched for weekends at the Frat. With his happy-go-lucky outlook on life, he is sure to be well received in his career in Navy Air. The original Tudy-Babe, a heart breaker and a party maker, he will be missed by the Frat come graduation.

TIMOTHY JAMES SUPKO

Seventeenth Company


SARGENT, T.R.
Heckman W.
M L Gilroy '74 3136
McMillan, H.B '74
RC SMITH
Sroka, SA '74
D.E. BAYLY '74
T P WALL

LIEUTENANT THOMAS DANIEL PESTORIUS, USN

LIEUTENANT THOMAS DANIEL PESTORIUS, USN

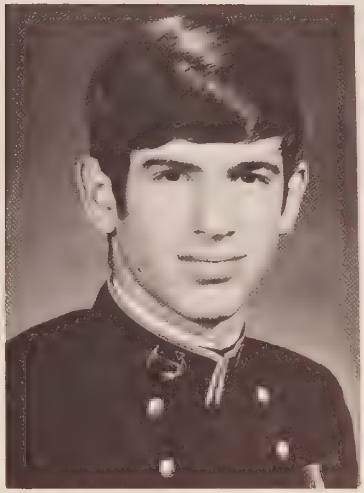
Coming to the Naval Academy from Rochester, New York, Tom never had any problems getting along with anyone. An always consistent student Tom made sure he was on the Supt's list whenever it counted. As Chairman of our Ring Dance he handled all the problems with the ease of a practiced Master of Ceremonies. An excellent athlete, he was always able to excel in any sport he put his mind to. Always ready to help a friend in need, Tom was the type of guy people liked and enjoyed being with. In his chosen career of aviation he will be a definite asset to the Naval Service and a welcome addition to any unit he becomes attached to.

STEPHEN DOUGLAS GILMORE

Steve, after catching the sea feber from Navy track recruiters and his brother Greg, packed up and headed for Annapolis from Canton, Ohio. Surviving the chaos and riots of plebe summer, Steve turned his attention to the rigors of the classroom and could be found many a night at the library. But Steve's real love was running, and he quickly established himself as a mainstay in cross country, indoor and outdoor track. The happy results of that love were Captain of the cross country team, All-East honors, several records, and a letter sweater chocked full of stars. Steve's eyes were set on Pensacola, but he decided to head west and try one last fling at sea life first. His easygoing good humor and competitive drive will certainly see him to become a great Naval officer.

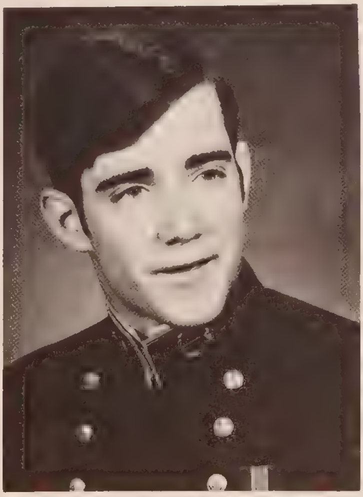
ROBERT PATRICK DUNN

Rob came to the Academy with a squash racket in one hand and slide rule in the other to begin a four year career in the courts and in the engineering halls of Navy. One of the elite naval architecture majors, Rob could be found spending courtless hours booking and once in a while sneaking into the second class wardroom for a few relaxing moments of the tube. Dog achieved great success on the squash courts winning three N stars. Extreme determinations and the will to work hard will make Rob a fine naval officer, ready for the challenges facing him in the future.



CHARLES RAYMOND HENDRICKSON

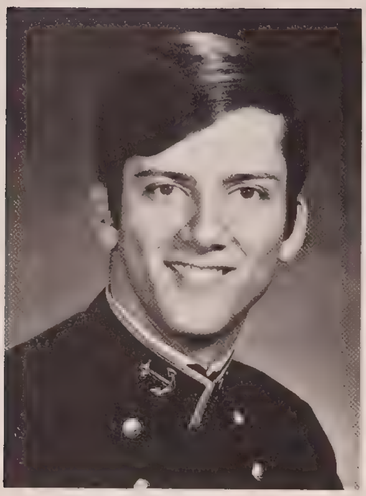
STEPHEN DOUGLAS GILMOE



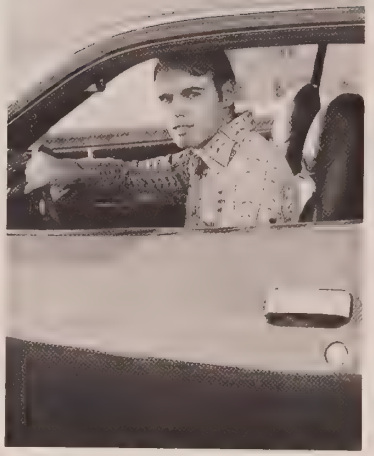
ROBERT PATRICK DUNN

CHARLES RAYMOND HENDRICKSON

Leaving his backwoods town of Naselle, Washington behind, Chuck entered the Academy to try his hand at running the Navy. However, much to his amazement the Navy wanted him to do things their way. Early in plebe year, Chuck acquired his reputation for "Eskimo food", which he generously shared with his classmates. Never one to study when there were better things to do, Chuck was the proud owner of second class wardroom. He managed to keep his QPR up to 2.5 by practicing the theory that "an ounce of gouge is worth a pound of knowledge". After graduation, Chuck will pursue an exciting new career in Surface Line on a "greyhound of the port".

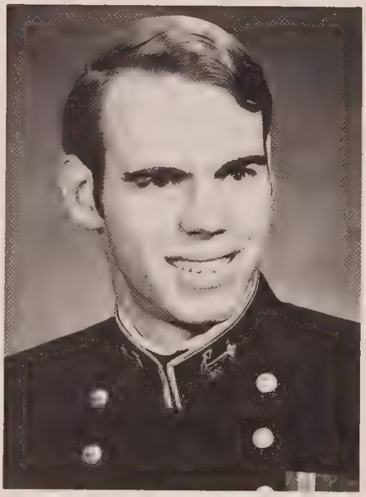


STEPHEN WAYNE BARNES

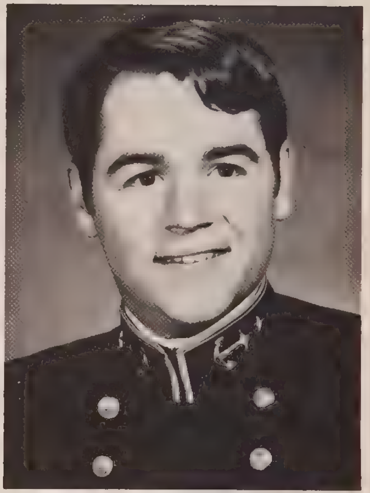


STEPHEN WAYNE BARNES

Steve came to the Academy from the white beaches of West Palm Beach, Florida. A true individualist, Steve never let the humdrum of Academy routine interfere with his fast-paced, carefree life style. A natural athlete, he lettered in crew before finding rugby and rugby parties more to his liking. Academics were just one more bump in the road. When Steve did find time to study for a difficult chemistry major is still a mystery, but he has always been able to pull it out in the end. Saving his Black N for first class year, Steve was a regular for early morning workouts. For service selection . . . Navy Air, of course! His enthusiasm and good nature, among his other assets, will serve him well after graduation.



ROBERT BELET



LYNN MICHAEL CHAMPAGNE

ROBERT BELET

Bob came to the Naval Academy from Rapid City, South Dakota. He graduated from Stevens High School in 1970. His major interests are astronomy, karate, judo, and his Plymouth road runner. His graduation plans include flight school for NFO and marriage.

LYNN MICHAEL CHAMPAGNE

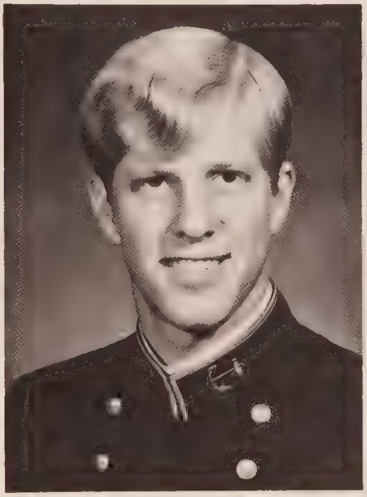
Spanky appeared out of a Louisianan swamp in June of 1970 to spend four impatient years pitching curves for Navy baseball while juggling another set of curves in his trusty little blue book (that is, until he made the big play for a certain jeune femme from Norfolk on 2nd class cruise). Popular with just about everyone, from the company officer on down, and especially noteworthy because of his last minute returns from leave by helicopter on Dewey Field, Champs forged a successful academic career in analytical management from those immortal bywords: "an ounce of gouge is worth a pound of knowledge." Truly a leader of men and a follower of pleasure Lynn is a friend to just about everyone who knows him, and no doubt will cause the Marine Corps to sit up and take notice upon his arrival.

JAMES FRANK DEPPE

Carthage, Texas graced the Naval Academy with one of its finest freaks June, 1970. Deps decided to "get it out", lay aside the beads 'til Christmas, and put "wait-one" on his liberalization reforms of the Academy. Youngster year, Jim found that winning stars wasn't so hard athletically, not academically. Jim's finest moments were spent at the natatorium grinding out miles in practicing and breaking records in meets. Jim was also very adept at dodging haircut inspections, that long green table, and women. The oyster monster, wonderful reveilles, and cruisin' the Blue Ridge with his natural mama were his favorite pastimes. His eyes never lost sight of the beauty of simple things around him and high spirits never escaped him. Jim's friendship will be felt by all, and will deem him well whatever he does and wherever he goes.

JOHN DOUGLAS CHRISTENSEN

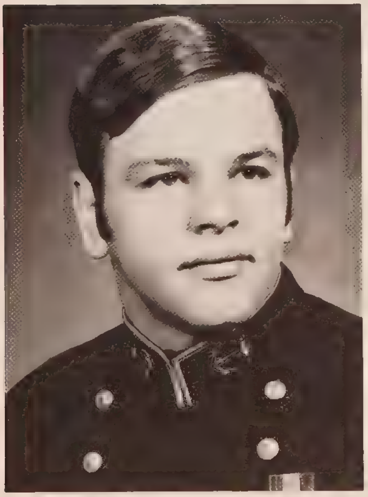
Coming from McLean, Virginia, John has followed the footsteps of his two older brothers in coming to USNA. Third in a row of three Academy men (one USNA and the other USAFA), John earned his N in varsity wrestling in third class year. Most of his spare time is spent in the "loft" or with his 17th company buddies partying (only out of season). When not studying or wrestling, John and some of his friends found pleasure in beating up on Buddy. Success will surely follow John in the naval service.



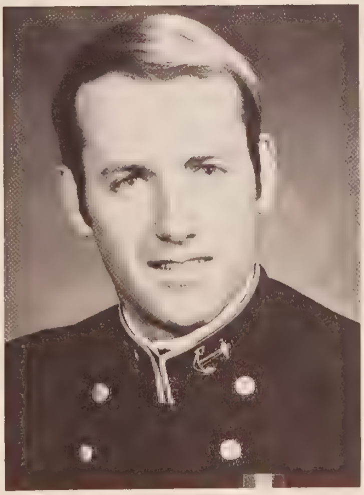
JAMES FRANK DEPPE

MICHAEL LAWRENCE GILROY

Mike came to the Academy from the beaches of Long Island, where he graduated from Islip High School. A nine letter man there, he went on to get his N* in varsity golf and became the star QP of the company heavies. During his plebe year, he joined the scuba and ski clubs and has remained active in both throughout his stay at Navy. Never one to study when he could be sleeping or playing ball, Gil could be counted upon to help his classmates whenever a "bouncer" was needed, or by just giving a helping hand. Mike is looking forward to a career in Navy Air and the good times as a junior officer.



JOHN DOUGLAS CHRISTENSEN

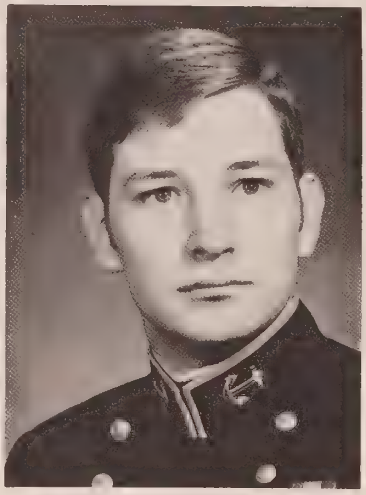


MICHAEL LAWRENCE GILROY

JOHN EDWARD MARCKESANO

John, hailing from Paoli, Pennsylvania, and known affectionately to his classmates as BG, found plebe summer demanding but the academic year more to his liking. His inquisitive nature made the math major a natural choice. John could never get enough intellectual discussions at the Trade School, and was known to try many a prof's patience with his relentless questions. Although John set his sights on academic stars, he got off course in navigation. First class year found John busy with Margie on weekends, and flying during the week. A likely candidate for the immediate marriage program, John hopes to follow his father's footsteps in Navy Air, and is looking forward to the driver's seat of a sleek Tomcat.

ROBERT WHITE MARSHBURN



JAMES ANTHONY MALLORY

ROBERT WHITE MARSHBURN

Bob, a true athlete, came to the Academy from a Blue and Gold family in New Bern, North Carolina. He quickly became a success in the classroom and on the B-ball court, received the MVP award his junior year and elected captain his senior year. Contrary to his well known spending habits, Bob has purchased a Porsche which will take him to Pensacola and a look at the real world. Bob's natural wit and humor was always present to help us through some rough times. A good friend, Bob will be a sure success in whatever lies ahead.

JOHN EDWARD MARCKESANO

JAMES ANTHONY MALLORY

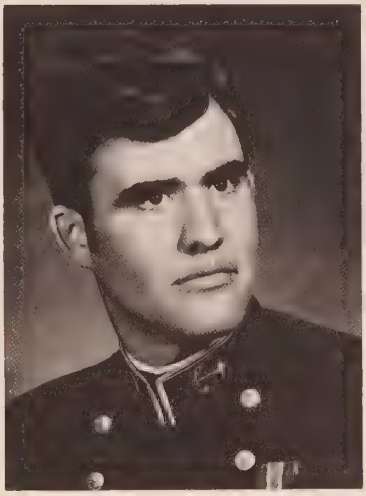
Having peeled off his blue jeans and boots, locked up his shotgun and '57 Chevy, and kissed Kay goodbye, Tony left his "neck of the woods" and treked off north to find happiness at Navy. At first a quiet, reserved sort, distinguished only by his over-flowing mailbox, Wadley, Alabama's finest, gradually established himself as one of the most unique characters in the company. Every night was a party with Mals playing his Johnny Cash albums, sharpening his huntin' knife, and having an occasional chaw or cigar. While others tried to take advantage of the limited social life at USNA, Tony remained faithful to that one and only, whose picture graced his desk blotter throughout his stay here. A "reg" man who had a plebe year, "Mr. Mallory, air" was always extremely popular with the plebes. Always friendly and outgoing when alone, Tony was not one to be bothered while working on an aero-lab. Surely destined for a career in aviation, Tony is a hard working individual who takes pride in his appearance and performance. This man will go far in the military.

HARRY BENJAMIN MCMILLAN

JOHN MICHAEL PRICE

Coming from a Navy family, John "Buddy Brice" Price made himself right at home at USNA. A management major and regular on the Sat's List, he found academics a snap and could always be counted upon to help his classmates with wires. He spent his four years at Navy in a variety of pursuits, ranging from batt weightlifting to turtle raising. Although often rated as having only a 2.0 body, John excelled as a member of the plebe squash and tennis teams, and starred on the company basketball team for the next three years. Always a good party man from the Sheraton Hotel to Lisbon's Texas Bar, John will always be remembered for his quick wit, his appetite for ice cream, and his ability to be in the rack every free period. His enthusiasm, inspiring leadership, and sense of humor will find a huge welcome in the fleet when he becomes a fly boy.

JERRY ALAN RUDD



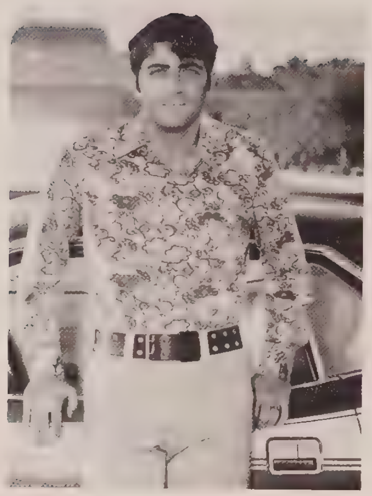
JOHN MICHAEL PRICE

JERRY ALAN RUDD

A former Rotsee who saw the light, Jerry came to the Severn's shore from Alexandria, Minnesota. A recon and a passion for rock 'n roll set him apart from his more liberal classmates plebe year. He cut himself some slack youngster year, however, and joined the fun, but still managed a Dean's List average in systems engineering. Always ready for a bull session, his room was available for talking Navy and listening to "Wind and Song". Jerry had his run-ins with the townies, but managed to lose his pin only once. Now a confirmed bachelor, he firmly believes that N-A-V-Y spells ocean and his present goals are a PG out of Guam and driving his Corvette. A steamer for life, his dedication and desire will make him a success where he serves in the Navy.

HARRY BENJAMIN MCMILLAN

Ben came to the Naval Academy from the heart of Dixie: Mobile, Alabama. In high school, he actively participated in both sports and school affairs. Second class year was Ben's finest at the University of Navy. He was in charge of decorations for all the home football games, and he was always one of those characters in the BAC's pep rallies. Ben's many interests lie in Sue, Cathy, Sandy, Evie and Debbie, just to mention a few. Ben's major asset is his loyalty and devotion. When help is needed, Mac can always be depended on. For three years and four months, Ben was a future jet jockey, but early in November "Rhymin' Hyman" Rickover caught him and refused to let go. With Ben's attitude and devotion to excel, he is bound to be a huge success in Nuc Power.



MARK ANTHONY SAWYER

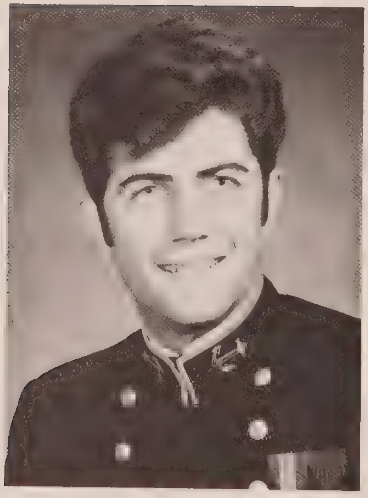
Hailing from the sunny city of Pittsburgh, Mark came to the Naval Academy after a year at NAPS. His biggest worry plebe year was making sure he stayed on football training tables. Otherwise, most of Mark's time was spent on academics and writing that little girl from Penn State. He can always be counted upon for a good time, as several girls in the Annapolis area will readily testify. Beneath an easygoing exterior there lies a bustling determination which few people have come to realize. Having found the best ratio of rack-time to study-time, Mark manages to get by academically with plenty of gravy. Second class summer convinced him that Air is the only to go. Whichever service branch is fortunate enough to get Mark will find themselves with a dependable and extremely competent officer.

TERRY RANDOLPH SARGENT

Sarge is a graduate of Piedmont Hills High School in San Jose, California. He was notified of his nomination to USNA the day before he graduated from high school (11 days before reporting in). His main pasttimes are tennis, music, and a Plymouth Barracuda. Sarge has selected a reserve destroyer in Long Beach.

MARK ANTHONY SAWYER

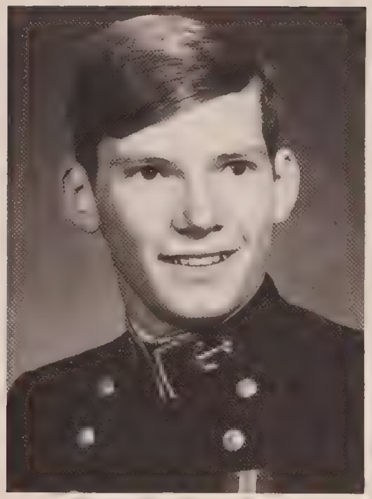
RALPH LEE SCHINDLER



TERRY RANDOLPH SARGENT

RALPH LEE SCHINDLER

Deployed on a rack out of Annapolis, Maryland. Ralph began his "lifer" status with a yawn, He remained loyal to his Virginia Beach heritage, despite the location of his Navy background. After working with the big boys on plebe crew, he settled down to stardom in company soccer. Although Ralph preferred the peace of slumber, he succumbed to the rigors of a foreign affairs major to secure his service selection choice, a A DE out of Norfolk. Hailing friends from all corners of the hall, Ralph will always be remembered as the salty chief with his cup of black gold and the "rette" dangling from his mouth.



ROBERT CURTS SMITH, III

MARK DALE SULLIVAN

For Sully, a Navy junior from Virginia Beach, Virginia, dropping in at USNA in June '70 seemed to be a natural thing to do at the time. In fact, nearly all that happened in his life since then was smooth and natural. The Nearly accounts for such things as rumbled in D.C., math courses, and the fact that his heart never started beating before noon. He never turned down a chance to play hoops, incite acts of chaos, or just cruise around the countryside. His gentle, easygoing nature and quick smile made him many friends and few, if any, enemies. Whether flying, cruising, or living free, his pleasant company will be enjoyed by all who are fortunate enough to know him.

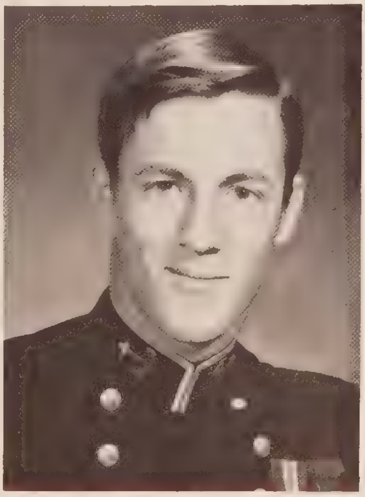
ROBERT CURTS SMITH, III

Hailing from Grand Rapids, Michigan, Bob fulfilled a childhood dream by coming to our "Hallowed" Halls. Lucky for us, too. Bob could well have hung an "EI HERE" sign on his door. Bob always took his studies seriously and his bioscience major, along with the antiph's, demanded every moment he could spare, and some he probably couldn't. His excellent grades and a promising future in naval medicine are his hard earned rewards. Bob's remarkable sense of humor and his iron stomach (peanut butter and jelly on crackers on strawberry ice cream) kept us all in constant amazement and anticipation. Bob's past includes graduation from Forest Hills High School in his hometown Grand Rapids, Michigan. His future will include the success and gracious service that his enthusiasm and devotion will undoubtedly bring.

HUGH RANDOLPH STAHL

Hank came to Mother B from beautiful Sunnyvale, California, with his track shoes still burning. Six-one and a muscular one-twenty six, he made a big hit when he passed out in formation. Passing A-1 sauce as an airplane and studying his eyelids in class, Bones sailed through plebe year on calm seas. After setting a plebe cross country record, Hank decided to retire his Adidas. As a youngster, Hank found a new love, yes, a young lass from MBC. She swept him off his feet with song and dance, which now has the possibility of a long, long romance. Proving the masculine identity has not died, Bones worked hard each day to turn a once sand kicked body into a form which he is now known by—Mr. Tough. Surface Line seemed mighty fine and without a doubt, the future looks bright for Hank as a naval officer.

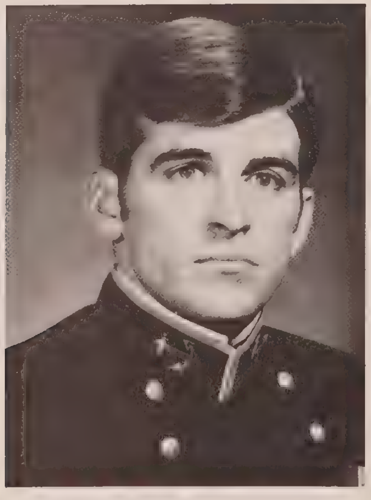
MARK DALE SULLIVAN



HUGH RANDOLPH STAHL

HARRY WILLIAM SYER, JR.

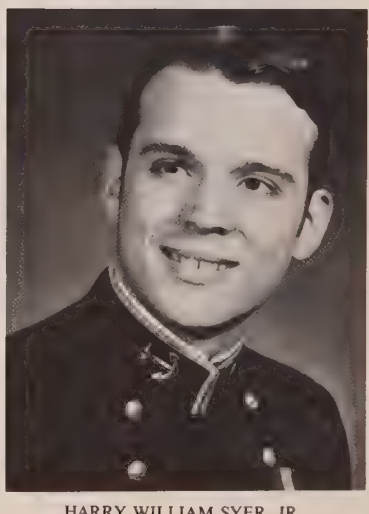
From the city of Brotherly Love, Skip came to the Uncollege to set the place on it's ear with his guitar playing. Along with his guitar, Skip's other interests are Mary, his golf clubs, Mary, his swimming trunks, Mary and then there's always Mary!! His two N's on the varsity rock squad have placed him at the head of Navy's swimming sub-squad. After two years here at USNA, Skip learned that N*A*V*Y spells ocean, and after his vast swimming experience, this courageous soul has decided on the life of the Surface Warfare officer. Seriously, Skip's desire to excel and his knowledge of what's going on around him will make a fine officer out of him. If anyone can get around the system, it will be Skip. The U.S. Navy will never be the same once this native Pennsylvanian sets foot aboard his first ship, the *USS COONTZ (DLG-9).*



DANIEL CHARLES MCCAUGHIN

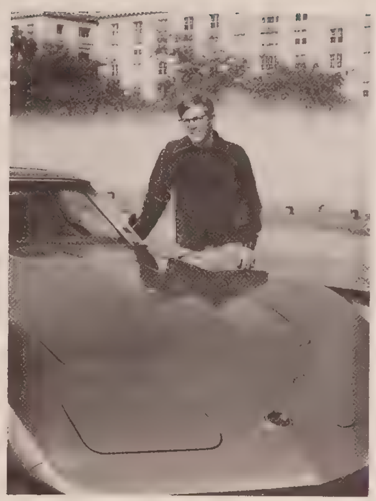
DANIEL CHARLES MCCAUGHIN

Dan, more commonly known by his classmates as Cogs, left the tranquil surroundings of Arroyo High School in San Lorenzo, California ready to challenge the not so tranquil halls of Mother B. From the very beginning, Dan established himself as a leader of Saturday night liberty. So able was his leadership, that in his rookie year he was awarded the coveted Black N, given for performance above (and mostly beyond) the call of regulations! Known by the academic department as 2.0 McCaughin, Dan had just the right formula to combine studying with relaxation to make the Academy enjoyable, while pursuing an engineering major. As a member of the varsity baseball team, Dan was a fierce competitor with quick hands and smooth moves, which not only helped him on the baseball field, but also stood him in good stead with a certain OAO back home. There is no doubt that the Navy is gaining a fine officer.



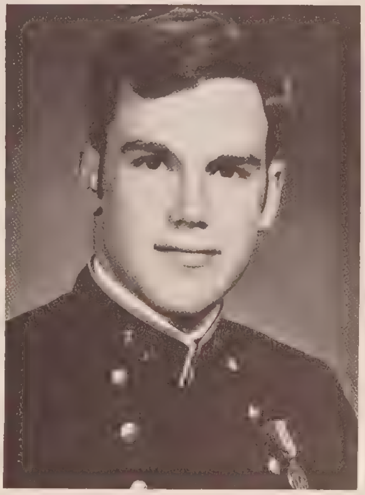
HARRY WILLIAM SYER, JR.

RICHARD MORRIS VIZZIER



ROBERT MICHAEL WELTER

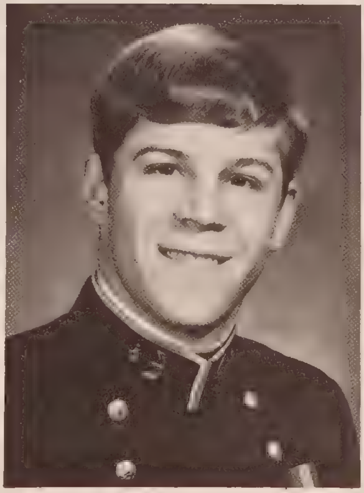
Mike hails from the metropolis of Ashland, Kentucky, where he as very active in sports. With his goals and ambitions set high, he arrived ready to make his mark at Navy, and before Christmas leave plebe year, he had already lost his steady girl and received his Black N. For two years, the 5'5" Midget lived by the doctrine of "Love 'em and leave 'em". He seemed to have a girl in every port. During Christmas leave his junior year, Mike fell for another of those Kentucky girls. He was pinned to Janie one month later, and it seems only a matter of time until the two become one. Mike's pride in his country and his desire to do well will make him a fine Marine Corps officer.



THEODORE RICHARD WIEBER, JR.

RICHARD MORRIS VIZZIER

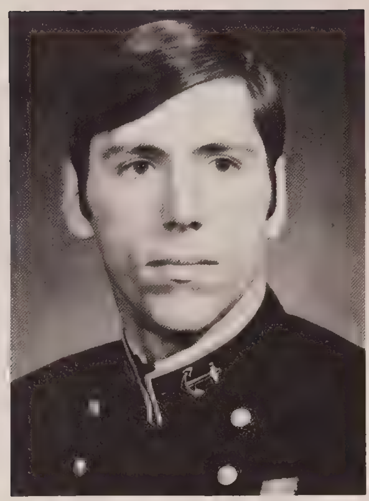
Viz, better known as the Rat by his many friends, came to Mother B directly from Huntsville, Alabama. True to 'Bama tradition he was a faithful follower. of Bear Bryant, the Crimson Tide, and southern belles. Ever the life of the party at the football retreat "Shady Grove", Viz contributed prowess on the 150-lb. football team. Faced with rough seas, especially from the navigation department, his good study habits kept him afloat. His bubbling enthusiasm and warm personality will make him a fine asset to the Supply Corps.



ROBERT MICHAEL WELTER

THEODORE RICHARD WIEBER, JR.

Weebs stopped off at Navy after a well traveled background, and immediately distinguished himself with a solo rendition of the Marine Corps Hymn. Suspected by man to be a foreign national, Ted has gradually been tagged with such complimentary nicknames as BTT, Burro, Wiebro and Bro. A member of the selective group of economics majors, he spent many nights studying into the wee hours, after talking until midnight. After five years in Argentina, his Spanish grades did not exactly hurt his grade average. A dropout from the varsity program, Bro led the company soccer team through some great mediocre seasons, scoring goals for the first time in his life. In the Navy winning tradition, he faithfully picked the Miami Dolphins over Rudd's Vikes, Hendrick's Pack and Brice's Skins in countless wardroom arguments. Heading for Pensacola via a sea tour out of San Diego, Ted is looking forward to good times as an ensign.



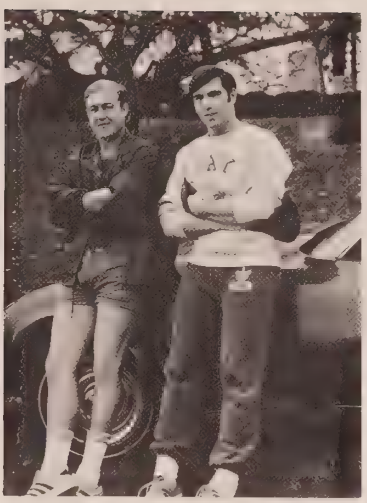
DAVID EUGENE BAYLY

DAVID EUGENE BAYLY

Dave came to the Academy from a lacrosse field in New Hyde Park, Long Island, and as a member of the varsity lacrosse team, has been playing ever since. His duties of company academic advisor often presented problems, but never stood in the way of a ball game, a "classmate" in need of a haircut, or enjoying a good friendship. Having learned not to play too far ahead, Dave looks forward to some freedom upon graduation.

DAVID ALLEN SANFORD

DAVID WAYNE BENNETT



DAVID WAYNE BENNETT

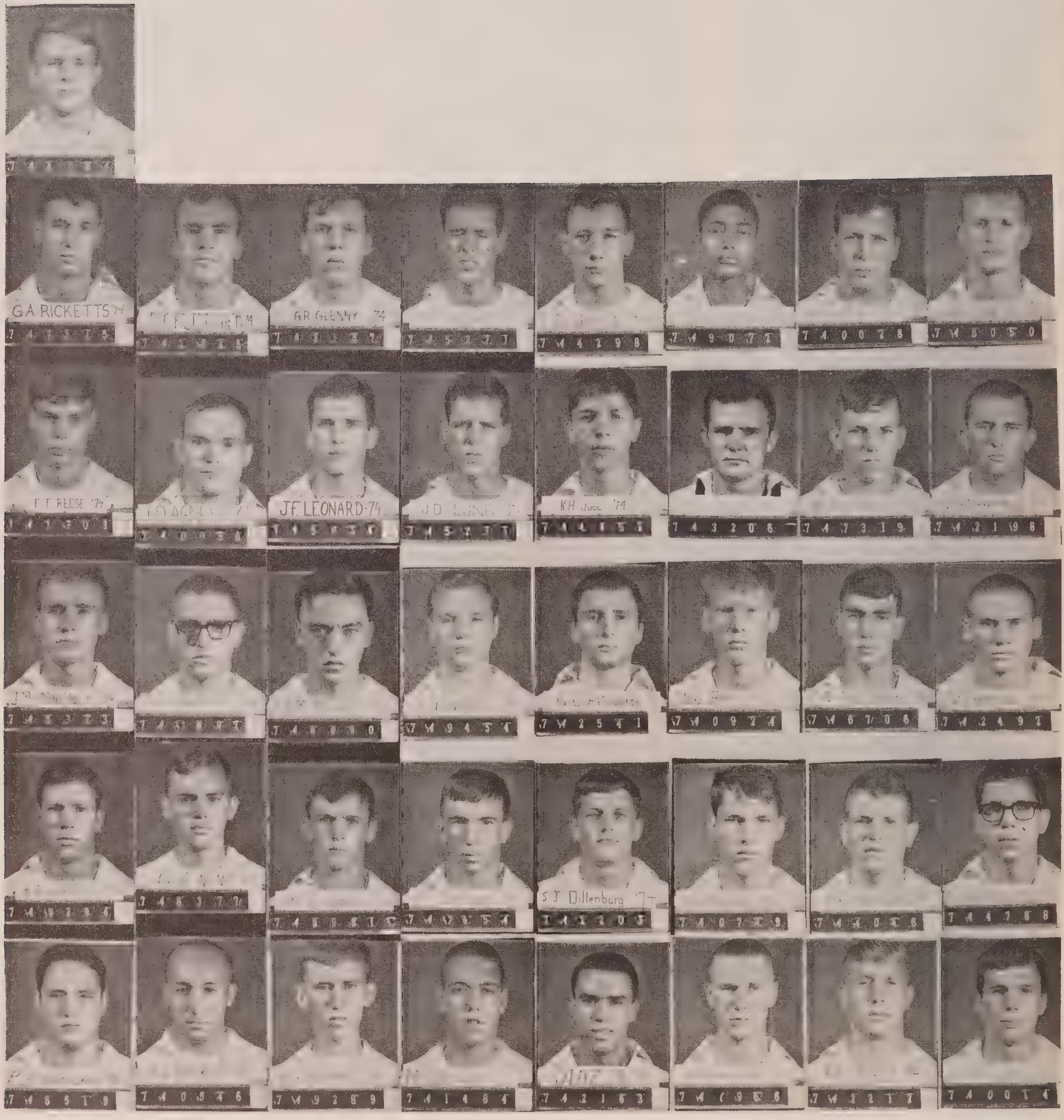
Vineland, New Jersey sent the Naval Academy a premier athlete and scholar and Dave lived up to his billing from his first day as a midshipman. Handling the punting job well for the plebe eleven and after playing with the Big Blue, Dave began to put his full interest in academics and his favorite pastime—fox watching. A few summer training cruises on the floating steam machines gave him his sea legs, which he wants to keep on solid earth. A quick wit, amiable personality and deep sense of duty and loyalty makes Dave the whole man; ready to step out of the confines of the "home" he has known for four years and into the challenges waiting ahead in the future.

HIS COURSE IS DESIGNED
FOR THE USE OF MIDN
OTHERS USING THIS
OBSTACLE COURSE DO

DAVID ALLEN SANFORD

Resident "puter jock", a veteran of untold sea battles sailing the Severn, and one time fierce Brigade boxer, Dave likes to point to his high school swimming days when he first achieved city wide fame as a champion breast-stroker. Hailing from that land-locked hotbed of naval talent known as Akron, Ohio, young David packed along a keen set of interests ranging from leather-tooling to string-ball-rolling (not to mention the two bright lights he left shining back at home) during his stay within Bancroft. A strong personality with a fierce desire to win, best observed on a particular Saturday afternoon on a late fall day in Philadelphia, Dave hopes to finally set the Navy into smooth running order as the fleet's next top notch operations analyst.

Eighteenth Company


G A RICKETTS '74
AR GLENNY '74
F F REESE '74
JF LEONARD-74
KH JOOL '74
S J Dillenburg '74

LIEUTENANT NORBERT ROBERT RYAN, JR.

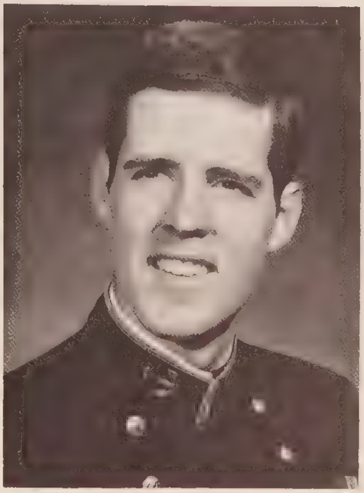
LIEUTENANT NORBERT ROBERT RYAN, JR.

Born an athlete, Norb entered the Academy with the intentions of raising the athletic rather than the academic standards. With these intentions Norb succeeded in becoming the company's first "N" winner in basketball, his favorite sport. Despite professing a profound liking for the blue trampoline, Norb decided midway through his junior year to sacrifice his valuable pad time to overloads, in order to achieve a major in the field of International Relations. Not usually around on weekends, Norb can most often be found on the basketball court or in one of the neighboring cities looking for girls, his favorite pastime. With his aggressiveness and winning personality, Norb is sure to succeed in anything he does.

JOHN SCOTT DAVIS

RUSSELL GARNETT ACREE, JR.

Akes came to us from the "urban sprawl" area of Luray, Virginia, where Redneck is King. He had already seen quite a bit more of the world than most of us, and had spent a year at prep school studying, among other things, "the art of getting an angle on everything". Rusty put this course of study to exceptional use in all 4 years that he spent at the Academy. Known as the best theatre manager in the Brigade, he and his roommate once decided that exam week and a beautiful evening demanded an "open air" showing on the walls of the 8th wing. The excitement generated by the theatre-goers drew wide acclaim, even from the Main Office. Rusty is perhaps the only man in history who once had 5 different dates lined up for the Army game and ended up getting a blind date from a friend. He is also reputed to have said, "Let's face it, we're just plain dirtballs", and "How can girls be so gullible and dumb, she took that one down hook, line, and sinker". Beyond his thick accent and numerous stories, Rusty has the professional competence and personal desire to excel as a career naval officer. When he someday receives command, there will be no prouder a man in any profession.



JON DAVID LUND

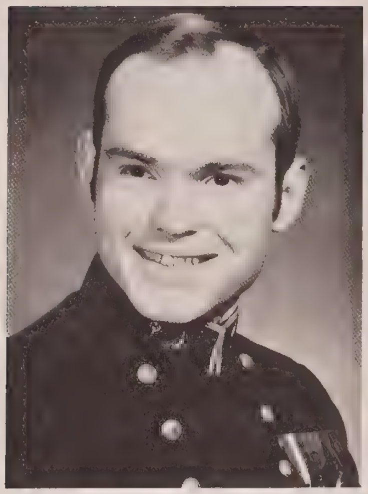
JOHN SCOTT DAVIS

Scott, hailing from suburban Buffalo, (but with D.C. a close second), joined the Club early in the second quarter of Navy game. One of only two members of the Class of '74 to Beat Army as a youngster, Scott left football on injured waivers to concentrate on majoring in girls, weekends and the tube, and at the same time, minor in management. While playing out his contract, he was known by many people under many guises. His closest friends, the local Toyota salesman and the man who always had the gouge or knew where to find it knew him as Joe. But the walls of USNA could contain neither his renown nor his person. No, it reached Mitch at the Middleton Tavern, the O-Club bartenders, and of course, Emersons. If anything is to be said about his future, it has to be that wherever his many talents take him, he'll have to come out on top.

RUSSELL GARNETT ACREE, JR.

JON DAVID LUND

J.D. arrived for his four year tour at USNA from that forgotten state of South Dakota where he had spent two years at a college in his hometown of Rapid City. Although Jon kind of wondered if he would ever get out of school, it looks like he might make it this time. In the area of sports, you could usually find him trying his luck in the boxing ring or along the intramural cross country courses. Jon's idea of an extra good time is seeing his family during leave and spending a few days up in the mountains skiing with his two younger brothers. Although Jon has given serious thought to the "grunt style of living", I believe graduation will find him working towards Navy Air.



JAMES DUNCAN AGNEW

JAMES DUNCAN AGNEW

Spiro came down from Boston with high expectations and great plans, but soon caught on to the system and realized that you can't break even with Navy. Deciding to find an escape, he joined the rum and bugle corps, but could not reconcile this mistake before finding the trips were almost worth the effort. Aside from blowing his brains out, he was known to take trips to D.C. once in a while to write speeches for a favorite uncle. But really, all seriousness aside, he is not related to the V.P., at least, he will not admit it. Always one for helping his buddies with academics when he could, Jim nevertheless found the books one of the bigger obstacles to getting good grades. One last thing though, Jim does pay tribute to cupid for his generosity. Thanks, Frank!

DAVID ALMY BROWER

Dave made a guest appearance on the Sup's List first thing plebe year. From then on, although rarely turning out the study lamp before two, he joined the masses on the academic "black list". Dave headed for the ski slopes in the winter, to relax, but in summer found his legs moved best with a rolling deck. Youngest in the company, Dave hailed from the wilds of Tiverton, Rhode Island. Antiphonal choir and varsity lacrosse kept him busy all four years. One of the few math jocks, he found it easier to bull his way with words. He looks forward to Surface Nucs, if physics doesn't drown him. Dave remained a "company independent", and all four years made weird references to unknown comedy and musical groups.

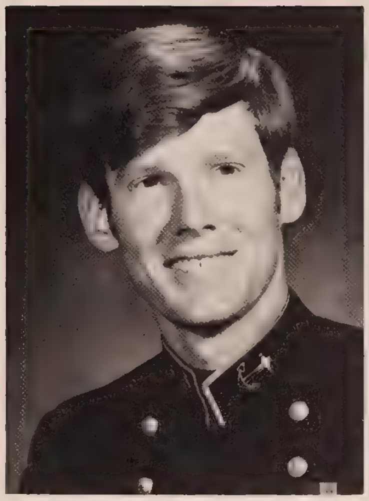
DAVID ALMY BROWER

SAVE BAY
Pitch In!

FRANK EARLE COHEE, III

FRANK EARLE COHEE, III

Although an Army brat, Frank is definitely an enthusiastic Navy type. This is evidenced by his unsurpassed love for P-rades, boats, and the wide open ocean. Usually lucky with profs, he majored in aerospace engineering and succeeded in not learning anything, or at least tried not to. Being a local, his MK 1 Mod 0 Little Black Book made him famous with a certain high school in Laurel and infamous with at least three company-mates. His cohorts frankly refer to him as Earle or Weird Frank, as he rose to the occasion, and will always remember his passion for chocolate-covered plebes. Earle is currently aiming for a set of wings (land based of course) and is fighting a losing battle against the wedding bell blues with a dark haired girl from Wheaton.



WILLIAM DAVIS BRISTOW

GARY ABBOTT RICKETTS

Coming straight from high school Gary or more affectionately referred to as Gart Starr, is the boast of Davenport, Iowa. Having a very quick and nimble (but somewhat aloof) mind, he worked diligently toward his degree in electrical engineering. On Saturday nights he could readily be seen recharging the electrodes on the side of his neck. All travesty aside, Gary has proven to be hard working person with that "go to it" attitude. His mental prowess is only seconded by his ability to make friends. Boasting stars and the deans list to his name he could hardly have been a victim of the pad monster. He will always be known for his quick wit and the aromatic atmosphere of his room. Gary's mind, always having a great liking for the clouds, will fly with Navy after graduation.

WILEY JOSEPH VOORHIES

WILLIAM DAVIS BRISTOW

Bill, a Navy junior, having lived in many parts of the country, presently claims loyalty to Missouri. Coming to USNA immediately out of high school, Bill could be seen nightly at the Brigade library searching the books. However, it seemed the Phantom was quickly blamed for every mysterious occurrence in the company area. Bill will always be known for his quote, "If I had a house in Annapolis and a home in hell, I'd sell my house and go home". Surviving the shaving cream wars of youngster year, Bill holds the USNA record for an illegal TV (3 years). Bill is a N-star letterman in tennis, but loved more the pickup football and basketball games. Presently the Company Bachelor finds every branch of the Navy exciting, and is unsure of his service selection.

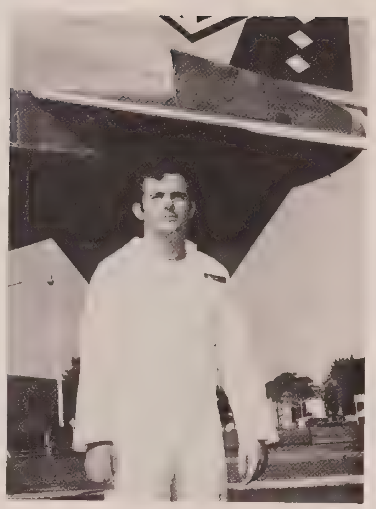
GARY ABBOTT RICKETTS

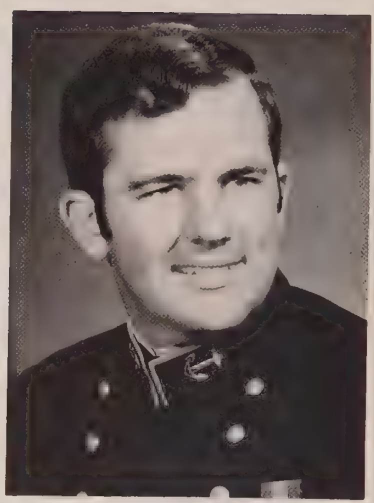
WILEY JOSEPH VOORHIES

Wiley started out as a boy who grew up in Beaumont, Texas (God's country). It came readily apparent very early in his life that he would be destined to the Naval Academy as he was very adept with his toy boats in the tub. Wiley was one of the easier going guys in club 18, despite his academic prowess and desire for discipline. A well liked guy, and a lover of good clean fun, Wiley is destined to be great at whatever he does. Come graduation day, Wiley will trade in his toy boats for Navy jets and will try to remain single as long as possible. But a certain girl back home has her gun sights on him and plans to shoot him down.

GREGORY ALLEN DIFFERDING

Greg came to our little hotel in the sky from the booming metropolis of Maricopa, California, where a month earlier he had graduated with sixteen others from that powerhouse of the West, Maricopa High. Known variously as Diff, Ogre, and Troll, Greg could usually be found collecting tolls under the Bay Bridge if he wasn't hard at work with his major in ana mana. Diff was always one who could be counted on to stand watches over Army or 4 days of CDO in a row. That is, he could until his blonde-haired beauty moved out from California to comfort him on those long weekends. Second class summer turned off our budding grunt to the boys in green so it will be Navy Air for Greg. The loss to the Corps will be for Air a big score.

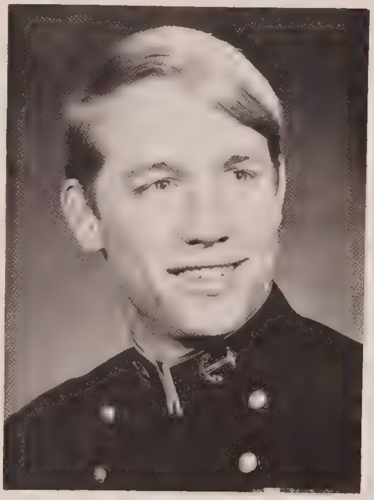




GREGORY ALLEN DIFFERDING

KEVIN LEGRAND DILLEY

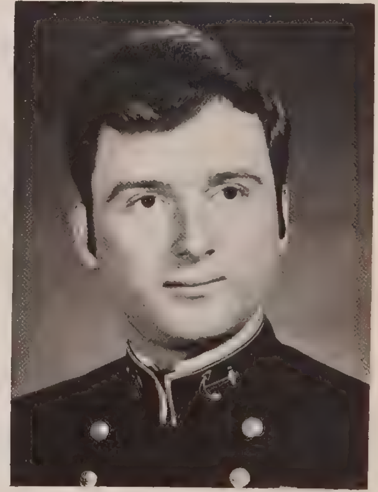
Kevin came to the Academy from NAPS, bringing with him a potential to excel and a desire to succeed at Annapolis. After a rather rough first year at the hands of the 13th company upperclass, Kevin settled down in his major, oceanograhy, and proceeded on his way toward June of 74. Along the road, he had many memorable, and at times regrettable experiences; such as an introduction to the working methods of the FBI after an alleged bank hold up in Norfolk during youngster cruise, the satisfaction gained from competitions in plebe football and track, and three letter winning years on varsity indoor and outdoor track. Kevin's quick wit and ability to laugh in the face of adversity will no doubt serve him well as he goes on to a bright future in Navy Air, his career preference. Good Luck, Kevin!



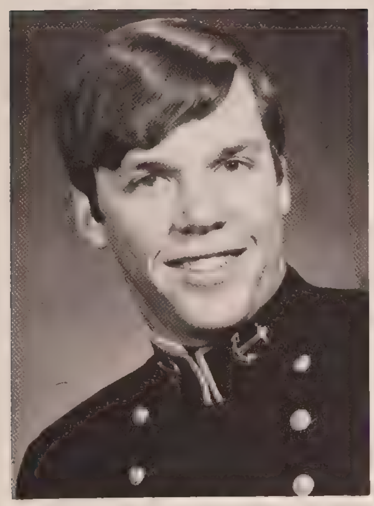
KEVIN LEGRAND DILLEY

GREGORY CHARLES ELLSWORTH

Elly, as he is affectionately known by all his classmates, flew from the oceanless midwest stretches of Kenosha, Wisconsin to cold Crabtown and captivated us all with his wit, warmth, and sincerity. When he wasn't doing his rendition of 2001 or coing around with a friend plebe year, Greg was out winning brigade honors in battalion gymnastics or else could be found on the stage acting for the masqueraders. Never a stalwart on his technical subjects, he recovered from an aversion to berries plebe year, an acute case of Hinchyitis during youngster year, and suffered from Enginitis which later "flared up" on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday each week. Greg will take his warm personality and good sense to the fleet, where he will be an excellent addition.



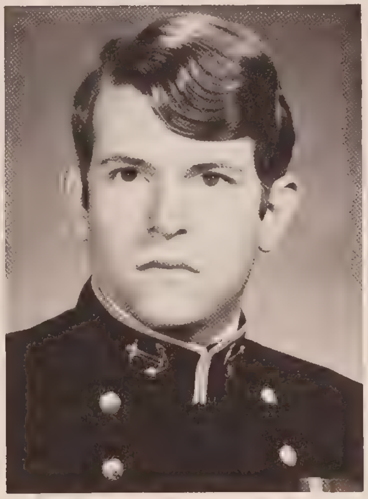
GREGORY CHARLES ELLSWORTH



ALLEN RICHARD GLENNY

ALLEN RICHARD GLENNY

Refusing football scholarships to several civilian universities, Al decided that Navy was the place to throw. Coming straight out of high school, Al's Bostonian accent could usually be heard in the hallway during study hour bellowing, "Where's the gouge?" Typical of his jock attitude towards academics, Al was "fat" with a 2.4 when the final grades rolled around. However, this fiercesome Navy quarterback often showed his true colors while out on a date with Sandy. Due to his determination and personal pride, everyone that knows number 14 realizes he'll be a success when he finally reaches the friendly skies of Pensacola.



PAUL KENNETH HOUSTON

PAUL KENNETH HOUSTON

As our own "Pravda" reading Russian double reverse agent, Paul dropped into USNA where he could demonstrate his inate abilities at Brigade bosing, where he never seemed to win; bagging it, where he always won; and biting the bullet with the rest of us, where we all lost. After numerous encounters as a plebe with his dearly beloved second class, and of course Fishman, Paul managed to maintain respectable grades, develop a knack for impersonations, and continue with his prime interest, women. Hailing from the Woop region of New York State, Paul has spent his non-liberty time with the radio club, as a NAFAC delegate (a good deal for him), and as president of the Russian club (another good deal it once got him a "spoon" from the CNO after having met his wife with a well placed "zdractvuitye" at a football game). Paul's primary accomplishments at Navy include being the one who always had the answer to the question, "Whose got the gouge?", as well as holding a 50-50 partnership in the Acree-Houston Film Enterprises, for which he is well known in the Brigade. After graduation, Paul will be found in Athens, Greece reciting daily, "Surface Line is mighty fine."

KENNETH HORTON JUUL

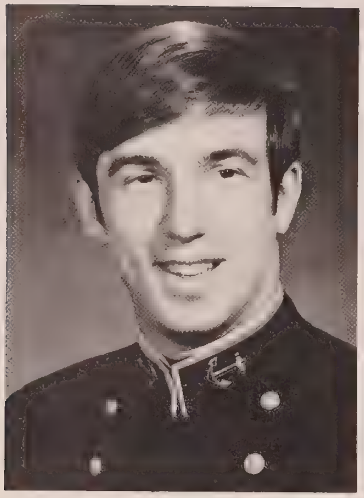
KENNETH HORTON JUUL

Although Horton, as he was known to all in the company, only made it home to Seattle, Washington twice a year, he quickly found Annapolis sanctuary, first in the arms of his plebe year company officer's daughter, and presently in the clutches of one frosty haired Crofton lass. His first impression upon his classmates was his ability to chug beer and in subsequent years to tuck his "reg" hair under his cap. A future A-6 jockey, Ken will add much zest to the "0" Club and wardroom, and lead a never ending battle for longer hair and a special commemoration for Jimi Hendrix.

MICHAEL DAVID BECKER

Moe came to Navy an unheralded youth with the goal of graduation. Early in his rookie year he put his studies in the proper prospective, proving a worthy opponent of the academic department. Moe had disagreements with the executive department also, but declined a second term as a permanent member of the intramural marching squad, and managed to surrender only to the pad monster (god of 2.0 willing). Moe entered this area of desolation and soon became a lover of fast cars, fast women, sky diving and the sound of chips hitting the desk. Although not at the top now, Moe is rich in the ways many wish they were and will be successful in any endeavor.

MICHAEL DAVID BECKER



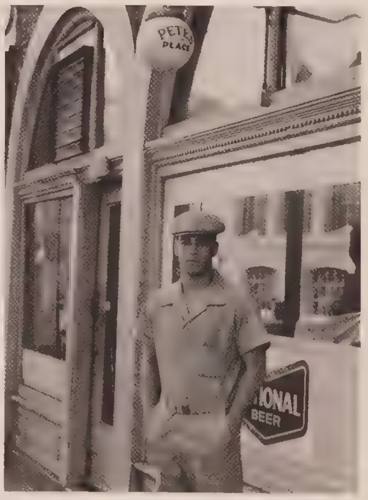
PAUL THEODORE SERFASS, JR.

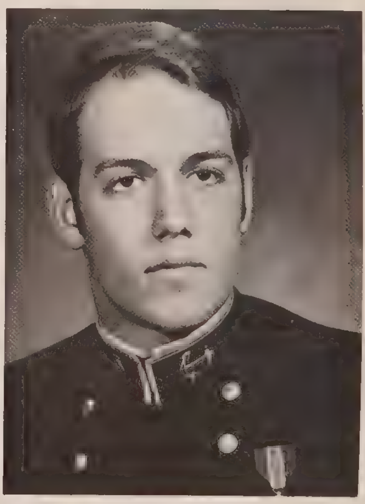
PAUL THEODORE SERFASS, JR.

Serf dropped by Navy University in the summer of '70 and decided to spend a four year vacation on the Severn with an additional five year plan to cruise around the world and fly. A large majority of his vacation was spent dreaming of bigger and better things in his rack or out on the rugby field. Someone was always trying to spoil his vacation, though, like the academic department telling him to open his books; like company officers that told him to trim his hair. An accomplished barber, Serf could be found Thursday nights styling hair to meet "the new hair regs". Serf was never one to pass up a party, especially a rugby party for which he became quite famous. He could never quite understand why he was referred to as a dirtball. Maybe someday Serf's hidden talents will be exposed to the public, like when he graduates as close to 2.0 as possible, and becomes a naval officer.

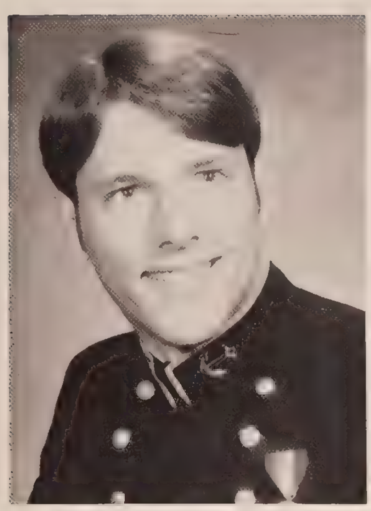
MARK CHECCHIO

Mark, never living anywhere but the confines of Scotch Plains, New Jersey, his first 18 years, originally wanted to go to West Point before accepting his fate at the Academy. Given the nickname of Mauro by many of his friends, Mark had few problems plebe year mainly because the upper class could never find him. Mistakenly called a sweat because of his study habit of hitting the books from 7:30 to 10:30 each night and the rack directly after. Mark would rather be over in the gym than in the classroom any time. Switching to chemistry from analytical management 2nd semester plebe year was probably the biggest mistake of his life. Playing 1 year on the plebe baseball team, Mark now graces the intramural program in football, tennis and squash. Slow and serious on first appearance in Mother B, he was slowly but surely introduced to the "good way of life" by others of 18. Not one for the sea, as he found out youngster cruise, Mark has his eyes set hopefully on flying. Whatever he chooses, though, we're sure he'll wish he had done something else.





MARK CHECCHIO



MICHAEL JOSEPH BOSSE

MICHAEL JOSEPH BOSSE

Mike's first mistake was not going to the John Hopkin's Medical School and his second was always being "a nice guy" to all the girls. Coming from as close as Baltimore, Mike still had to pay $2.50 and take the bus home. As a bioscience major, he raked on company grease, but couldn't get his biology together to score with the femme fatale. He kept his surgeon's gloves in a picture frame above his rack, and boasted of stitching an open gash on youngster cruise. With dreams of chasing nurses like Dr. Kildaire, "Dr." Bosse will probably end up with the blood donators in the L.A. area. We wish Mike great luck and hope his love diet changes from grunt to gravy.

BRUCE ALLAN WHOMSLEY

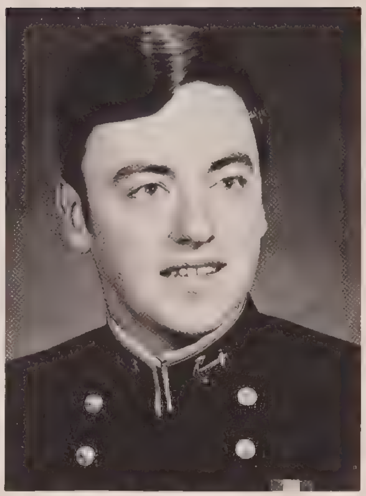
Bruce Whomsley came to Navy from Cherry Hill High School East in New Jersey. Possibly the friendliest member of the 18th company. Whoms is an outstanding athlete but meets with some trouble in the academic side of life. This physical fitness nut and possessor of a fine sense of humor, would always help out a buddy in trouble. Bruce has a great future in front of him in the service of the Marine Corps.

BRUCE ALLAN WHOMSLEY

JOSE ARNALDO DIAZ

JOSE ARNALDO DIAZ

Jose wandered into the Academy from Andress High School in the peaceful and quiet border town of El Paso, Texas. Therefore, it is not coincidence that he was often referred to as Mex or Beaner. He suavely and debonairly let everyone known that instead of being Mexican he was Puerto Rican. The situation was dramatically changed after the revelation: instead of Mex and Beaner it was Spic and, get this one, Beet Squeezer? He can thank M.M., a member of his actramid group and a great friend, for that one! He is in the toughest major at Navy, genamana! Living in the wardroom, his desk was the last place to find him before two a.m. Few could ever figure out his grades or when he slept. Always interested in sports, but finding "working out" very distasteful, he played 150-lb. football for two years. He always managed to be involved with skiing, scuba diving, sky diving, or being broke. The two loves of his life were the Porche that he dreamdt of and the '62 Chevy from 2/c year; his friends named her "La Bamba!"



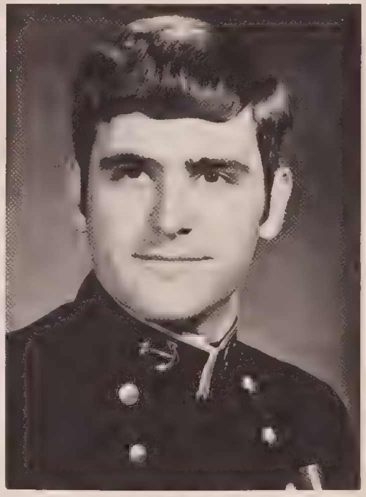
JAMES MARTIN MOHR

JAMES MARTIN MOHR

Jim came to the Naval Academy as a top track prospect from Staten Island. New York. Faced with the choice between academics and athletics after several seasons. he opted for better grades. intramural sports and noon meals. He has the unique ability of doing things the "Navy Way" and still coming out smelling like a rose. as exemplified by his high QPR. Never one to grab at the first thing to come along. he has always insisted on quality rather than quantity with his women. Jim. with a sharp business head. applied his management prowess to straightening out the "Mess Hall as a youngster. Encouraged by some success here. his techniques later allowed him to drag for a four day Army weekend with a total expenditure of $11.32. Taking his irrespressible spirit and cost affectiveness to the fleet. Jim will have Surface Line running at half the price in no time at all.

CHARLES RAYMOND SHARRATT

Known as C.R. to some. the Rot to others. and by his nickname Chip to a few. this specimen originated in the heart of God's Country. Richfield. Minnesota–his residence during those cherished leave periods. Life at the Academy has been for this man a struggle or perhaps a "flounder" in parts. as he has in essence swallowed the contents of the Natatorium pool more than once in his constant effort to keep his head above water. This mental giant amongst the masses found Nuke Power the obvious choice. Chip's manaminous personality has won him many friends and one foxy lady



CHARLES RAYMOND SHARRATT

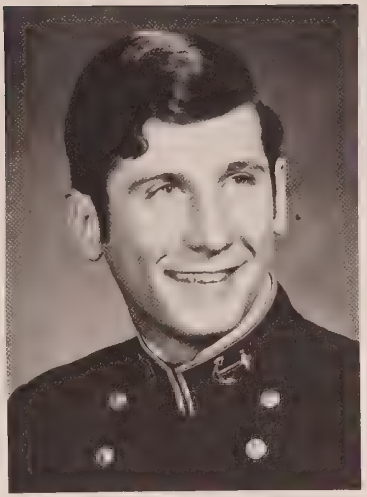
JAY GREGSON SMITH

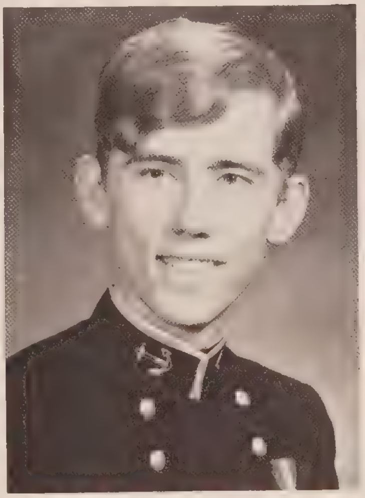
JAY GREGSON SMITH

Che was always threatening to grow an afro and go "someplace human" to school. But finally after deciding to stick it out in Uncle Sam's Boat School for Boys. he dreamdt of 3.0's and Nuc Power. but did constant battle staying sat. Always remembered for plebe year in the Sheraton and expounding "you win some but lose most". he quarter-backed the lightweight team. (liked he said. "we lost most"). and played doubles on the batt tennis team. Morals and ethics was his thing. much to the dismay of Captain Ryan. but he's still the All-American McGovern man he was when he arrived. and we wish him great success.

LARRY CARLOS TURNER

Ambrosia or Turns, as Larry was better known by his classmates, came to USNA from amidst the rolling plains and cornfields of Elmwood, Illinois. Although basically quiet and shy, he was never known to pass up a party. Since Larry liked to fly high most of the time, aerospace engineering was a natural choice for his major. Between playing practical jokes and playing "In the Mood" on his sax, he managed to put in enough study time to hold the line at about a 3.0 After graduation, Turns plans to devote all his time to his two loves . . . a cute number from Wheaton and the friendly skies of Pensacola. Happy flying, Ambrosia!


GARRY CARLOS TURNER

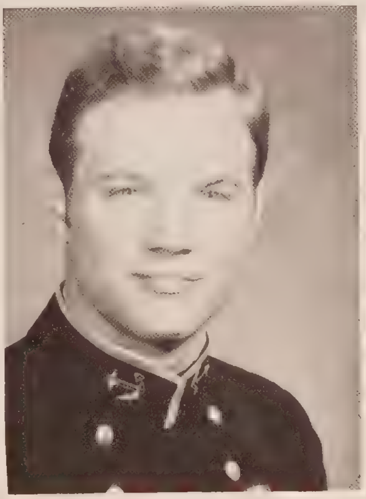

WILLIAM GREGG WELSTEAD

WILLIAM GREGG WELSTEAD

Gregg, better known as Stead, came to our little family here at Club 18 from the big sky state of Montana. Stead was never one to study much, since he was a history (bull) major. He is famed for his 24 hour term papers, which came easily for him because he was one of the best "bull " around. Gregg was a staunch supporter of any kind of football: be it lighweights or a Saturday afternoon game, he could always be counted on to play. That is, until a certain auburn haired linebacker tackled him and put a ring through his nose. Gregg is quite professional, and is always questing for more knowledge concerning the naval service. His service preference is Navy Air, but whether Air or Surface Line, Gregg will do mighty fine.

JOHN WILLIAM WILES

No sound is more familiar to the men of 18th than the words "Where's John?" This question has become significant because John is the only man who can simultaneously give EI in wires, math, physics, and engineering, and still manage to do, his own work in some high level physics course, the very name of which would probably be confusing to most of us. John, who came to us from his native Framingham, Massachusetts and Framingham North High School, entered the doors of USNA with violin and slide rule in hands, and was immediately caught between the jaws of Fishman and Vossman, who more than saw to it that John was kept busy for his first year. However, Johns contentment was made when he met Sabrina, a girl who spells true happiness to him. The Nuclear Navy can expect a fair man, a skilled technician, and a motivated officer after graduation.


JOHN WILLIAM WILES

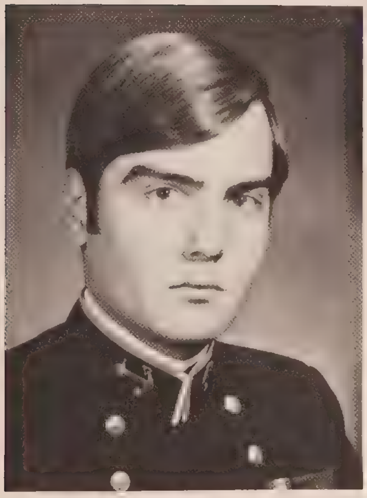
Nineteenth Company

RUOTI A J
T.F NAUIN '74
BREFFEILH
M J Lopez 74
SMITH NE 74
T J RASTOK '74
J E CONNORS '74
K.P WOOLLEY '74
Wixted B.J '72
McClure J E '74

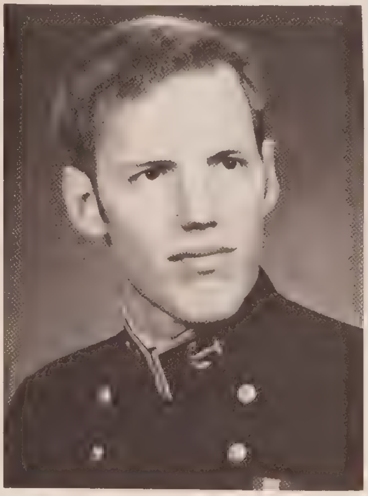
LIEUTENANT THOMAS BURNS NESBIT

LIEUTENANT THOMAS BURNS NESBIT

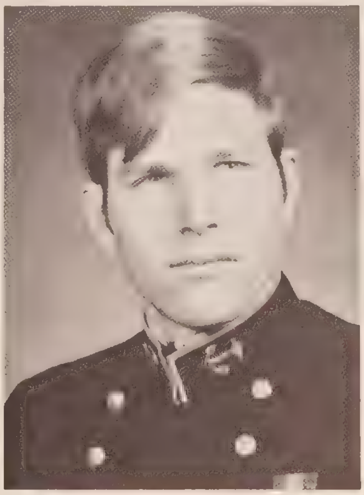
"The Neser" came to the Academy after a year of Navy ROTC at the University of Louisville. A Pennsylvanian from Harrisburg. Tom brought with him the desire and ability to excel in all of his endeavors. Most of all. Tom will be remembered for his work with the "Spiffys." the Brigade's favorite popular dance band. Always an authority on the latest steps. his dancing and singing talent gave us many happy memories. Tom's singing talent also found its way into the Antiphonal Choir. A fine athlete. he was on the Plebe teams in both tennis and squash. His tough competitive spirit and his outstanding speed made him one of the top players on his company football team. Tom's friendly personality coupled with his quick wit and sense of humor won our friendship as well as the pretty girls we always found with him on weekends. His adventurous spirit and desire for excitement will inevitably find its way into a career in either subs or Naval Aviation.



THOMAS HOLTON GLESSER



TIMOTHY JOHN RASTOK



NATHAN EDWARD SMITH

THOMAS HOLTON GLESSER

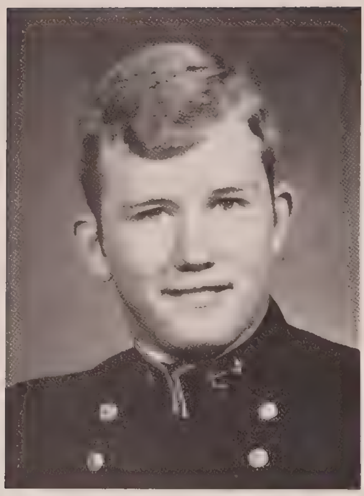
Thomas Honda Glesser came to Camp U.S.N.A. from Birmingham. Mich. He majored solely in graduation and minored in PE (also called analytical management). After June '74 he hopes to make it to Pensacola and either be a veteranarian. beach bum. or a jet pilot. He was always one cut above in everything he did -anyone can cut hair barbershop style. but with the new regs. Tom's talents became legendary. Only 14 of his customers ever got caught at watch squad. The Sleazy Rider had a great time with the girls in high school. and after graduation hopes to resume dating. He'll date anything with two legs and a cookbook.

TIMOTHY JOHN RASTOK

Tim graduated from Hoban High School in Akron. Ohio. and attended the University of Akron for a year before coming to Annapolis. Majoring in management. his favorite courses have always been studying the elasticity of the springs in his rack and observing the cathode ray TV in the wardroom. A member of the management honor fraternity. Tim spends his free time participating on the intramural field of combat. enjoying football. wrestling and baseball. along with interest in scuba and ski clubs. A hard and industrious worker. Tim is still able to enjoy life. Graduation should find him a welcome addition to the naval fleet.

NATHAN EDWARD SMITH

Ned came from Coronado. California and is heading west after doing his four years time on the East coast – not to mention Annapolis. During the intramural routine. he enjoyed swimming and playing handball. After hours. Ned was partial to riding his bicycle: but. if need be. would walk. run. or thumb in order to get away from the Severn's Magic Kingdom. Though. as with most. studying took up Ned's time. His major preoccupation was following the 11th Commandment . . . "Thou shalt not hassle."



JOE FRANKLIN BAKER

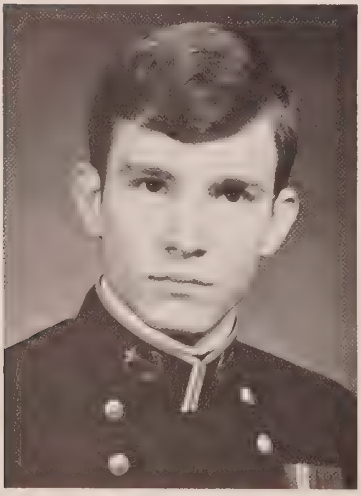
JOE FRANKLIN BAKER

Joe came to Annapolis from Wharton, Texas, and pledged to himself not only to graduate, but to have a good time while doing it. During his four years at NAVY, he was an officer, in the scuba club and sport parachute club, and also became qualified as a Navy diver, scuba instructor, free-fall parachutist, and disc jockey. In addition to this, he was also a member of the drum & bugle corps, ski club, WRNV, and concert band. It is not too hard to see why this southern boy had such a hard time with grades, although he always "pulled them out" in the end. Very friendly and likeable, Joe should be a welcome addition to the Naval Air program.

JOHN LYLE BRANCHFLOWER

JOHN LYLE BRANCHFLOWER

Branch, hailing from the green hills of Auburn, Washington, can always be counted on for a laugh. If all else fails, he need only point to his grade average. While never in the model Midshipman mold, Branch did achieve proficiency in various aspects of Academy life. Many a party was livened by his storytelling and gatoring. The boys will always remember Branch for his philosophy of, "It is better to have loved and lost and lost and lost . . . than never to have loved at all." Branch hopes Navy Air can help him fulfill his lifelong ambition of piloting the Goodyear blimp. At any rate, the fleet will be gaining a good friend and a fine officer when Branch graduates in June.



RICHARD EARL BROOKS

RICHARD EARL BROOKS

Dick, hailing from the backwoods of Portland, Oregon, came to the East only to find Annapolis. Needless to say, it wasn't exactly what he expected, but Buzzy rose to the challenge admirally and excelled in this strange environment. Showing great wrestling prowess in high school, Dick continued his career here on the batt level, being known as the "Banzai Bomber of the 1st Batt Grapplers." Well schooled in the art of fisticuffs, Dick has three K.O.'s to his credit: A j.g. in Norfolk, a second class in T-court, and his June Week drag. A member of the "Annapolit Nine," he spent a cheerful four months with the main (0) zombies. A man with this determination can't be held down and will be a great asset to Navy Air.

JOSEPH HARLAND CESAR

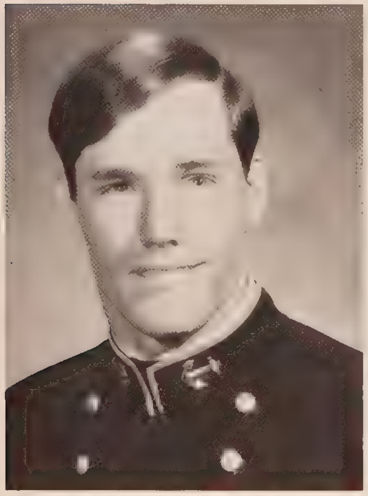
JOSEPH HARLAND CESAR

Joe, hailing from the mountains of Happy Jack, Arizona, came to the Academy with hopes of finding adventure on the high seas. But the only adventures he found were trying to get through Chinese, the rest of his academics, and the mad-cap flights back and forth across the country while trying to see ????? He can always blame his lack of high grades on his hard work as business manager and editor of the *Trident Calendar* his 2/c and 1/c years, not to mention intramurals, ski club, and the rack club. Joe's friendly attitude will be a welcome addition to the "back seat drivers" school in Pensacola after graduation, and later as he flies through a naval career.

JAMES EDWARD CONNORS, JR.

Originally from Bossier, La., the Moshe now claims the Panama Canal Zone as his home. Earning his nickname during plebe year due to his shrewd business habits, Jim tried to make living profitable in the Hall. He has played drums in the D&B, enjoying the extra travel and getting out of company haircut inspections. Trying to hang on to his lengthy hair has cost him more than a couple Form-2's and the admiration of some of the officers he came in contact with. Sinking his way through USNA swimming, Moshe has always been a veteran member of the rock squad. Easy to get along with, Jim always tried to have as much fun as he could get away with and still keep up his grades. An avid animal lover, Moshe ran a kitten kennel on 1-2. As a naval architect, he is fighting the engineering curriculum in hopes of acceptance to Nuclear Power school.

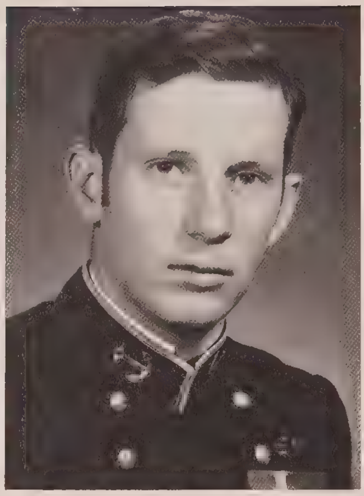
JAMES EDWARD CONNORS, JR



MICHAEL JOHN DOW

MICHAEL JOHN DOW

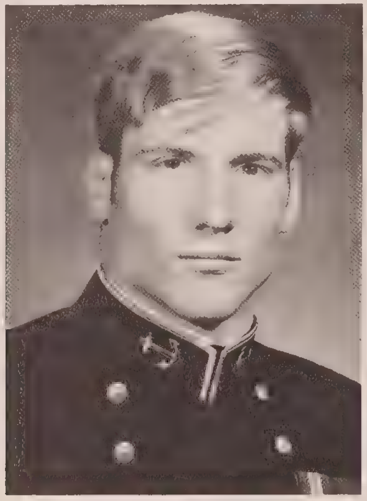
From Virginia Beach, Virginia, Mike brought with him to the Naval Academy his football, lacrosse stick and his most treasured possession, his "Peanuts" collection. He quickly acquired the name of Dudley Do-Right in honor of his near-perfect mind. Being the modest type that he is, Mike readily admits the girls just can't leave him alone (just ask him). During the 1972 season he was the sole operator of the company rent-a-date, playing out all options for his buddies. Four long years saw Mike sacrificing for Navy out on the football and lacrosse fields, where he excelled. His academic record matched that of his social life and sports activity. With little effort he captured a QPR well above the 3.0 mark while spending a great deal of time tutoring friends. Being a firm supporter of the 'enjoy life', and 'rack for today' policy, Mike's favorite saying was "JV's never have a nice day." Graduation should find Mike somewhere in Navy Air.



DAVID BRUCE FILZ

DAVID BRUCE FILZ

One of Florida's favorite sons, Dave hails from little ol' Smyrna Beach. While not one to allow schooling to interfere with education, Dave has crammed the four year course into six. His pre-grad work at Florida Tech set him up well for his recall to Canoe U. Dave, while not varsity caliber, felt quite at home on the intramural fields of battle, particularly in company soccer and light weight football. His love for fast cars, parachutes and scuba gear could not be denied. June 1974 hopes to find Dave stealing away the heart of his O.A.O. and the beginnings of a career in Navy Blue & Gold.



ROBERT LEE HARTMAN

ROBERT LEE HARTMAN

Bob (sometimes called Bubba) Hartman came straight out of the grasslands of Oklahoma from a town called Stillwater. Having been recruited for wrestling and taken from the mighty Oklahoma teams, he was able to continue his athletic pursuits at USNA. However, that almost came to an end when, in the midst of plebe year, he decided to throw in the towel, only to be taken down by his parents who had other ideas for his future. He kept his head up and feet moving from then on and managed to hold onto an ocean engineering major. Wrestling and studies kept Bob busy but they couldn't keep him from missing any rack time. It was 2/c summer that decided this guy on a nuclear power career, but the academic department may have been pushing him too hard for that idea. Gold wings look as good as dolphins to Bob, anyway. Whichever way he goes, the Navy will have a good competitor and a fine guy.

DEE HART HOWARD

Dee came to USNA from the Naval Academy Prep School with a desire to travel and have a good time in places other than Texas. Having found that being a plebe was not his favorite past time, Dee was more than eager to recover on youngster cruise. Traveling in Copenhagen and Paris was more than rewarding and it managed to resume his enthusiasm in the Navy and his desire to travel. Having tried most sports in high school and NAPS, Dee turned to sailing and found a place on the varsity shields team for his first two years. Turning to studying and intramurals didn't help his grades much, but did leave him time for a rewarding social life. Always ready for a good joke and always having a friendly outlook in the hall, Dee made many life long friends and was known by almost all his classmates. Dee's desire to succeed and friendly smile will certainly take him far in any wardroom he might find himself after graduation.

DEE HART HOWARD

THOMAS FREDERICK NAGELIN, JR.

THOMAS FREDERICK NAGELIN, JR.

Better known to the Loose Deuce Gang as Trigger, Tom came to join us from Garden Grove, California. His original plans were for Navy Air, but many late night sessions with the books(?) quickly changed his eyes to N.F.O. Famous for his private pilot adventure stories, Tom also was an active sport parachutist, and undefeated battalion boxer. He also did some summer disc jockying on WRNV. Being a member of the ski club did not prove to be much of an advantage while Tom was in leg casts for two of the four winter seasons at USNA. His favorite pass time (besides girls) is simply getting the most enjoyment out of life, while not letting the small things (academic board, E.D.) interfere. He dares to try anything once, and although he was not number one on service selection night, he will certainly lead a happy and ulcer free life.

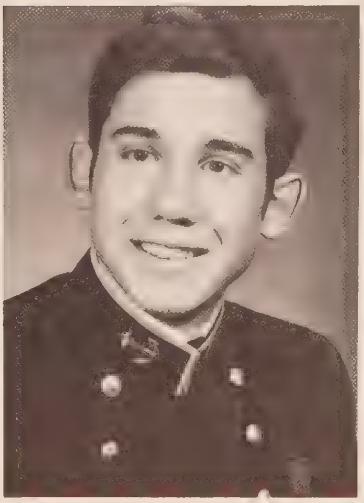
MICHAEL JOSEPH LORES

Hailing from Silverhill, a small town in South Alabama, as one of twelve children, Mickey opted to attend Navy and do several of the things he likes most: namely, studying and playing sports. Not being an academic slash, Mickey was known to pull a number of all nighters to keep that CUM above a 2.0. Also, after finding out he was too light to row light weight crew, he turned to cross country youngster year and loved it. His other activities included the Newman club, Spanish club and OCF. During second class summer, Mickey found his true desire for after graduation: the United States Marine Corps. Mickey hopes to apply his major in poli sci to his career in his beloved service and eventually go to P.G. school to pursue his interest in political science.

MICHAEL JOSEPH LORES

MARIO FERNANDO RIVADENEIRA

The Shadow came to us from the faraway land of Lima, Peru. Chico wasn't quite as foreign to the ways of the Naval Academy as we all suspected, having spent a year and a half at the Peruvian Naval Academy. He was already well adapted to the strict discipline thrust upon us, and could bag out of things that the majority of us could only dream of. As time progressed, you could always find Chico on the soccer field or in the rack—usually the rack. Being a mechanical engineering major, Mario's nights were always spent "bookin' it!" His easy-going manners won him many friends here, who expect big things from him in the Peruvian Navy. As graduation nears, there is only one thing left to say: "Look out Lima, Chico is back!"

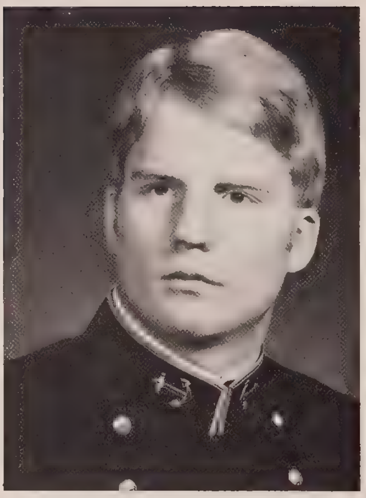


MARIO FERNANDO RIVADENEIRA

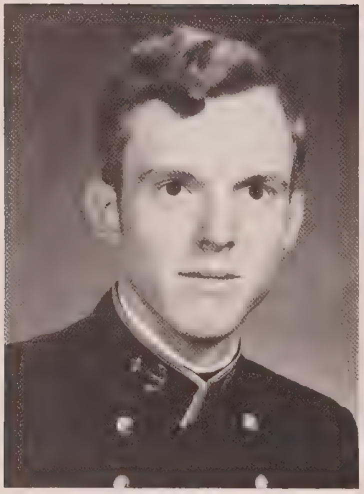
THOMAS GERARD LOZIER

"What we have here is a failure to communicate"

TGL



THOMAS GERALD LOZIER



DOUGLAS ROLAND SHERMAN, JR.

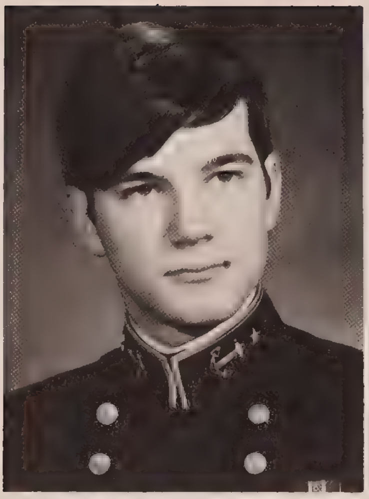
DOUGLAS ROLAND SHERMAN, JR.

Doug Sherman hails from Ann Arbor, Michigan, with its swimming team and Christmas tree farm. Probably best known for his red hair and fishibility he swam for Navy one year, then turned around and gave E.I. in the same. The standard joke was that when asked if he was going corps he replied "Chaplain Corps, Sir." He was never gungy or super-Navy, but he enjoyed USNA.

KELLY FORREST SCHULTZ

Kelly Schultz left the Rocky Mountains and Kooskia, Idaho, to battle the rugged, big-city life of Annapolis. Kooskia had a population of 801 before he left, but since it has dropped to 800. Because he never had trig or calculus in high school, he decided to major in math. As a result of this decision, he found himself majoring in "difficulty" instead. His most resounding athletic accomplishment was his participation in the coaches' protien supplement experimfnt. Kelly is one of the more congenial, agreeable people on earth, and could usually be found reviewing trig or calculus, or helping to cheer up a friends. He claims that he has found real peace and a genuine purpose by committing his life to Jesus Christ. Hence, his primary activities have been to help other men find that same satisfaction through the truth that is found in God's Word . . "Holding forth the Word of Life; that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain." (Phil 2:16)

KELLY FORREST SCHULTZ



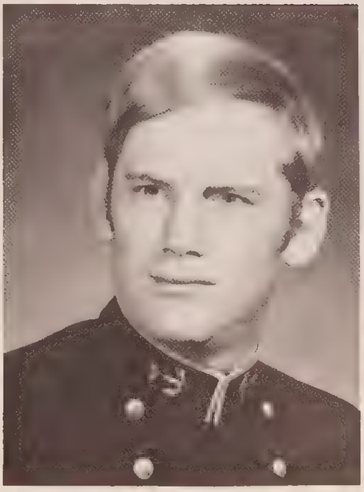
WAYNE ALLEN THORNTON

WAYNE ALLEN THORNTON

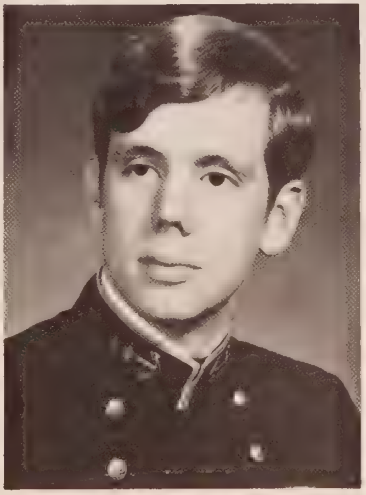
Wayne Thornton's activities during his four years at the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology were varied. They included varsity crew, scuba diving, Trident Scholar research, helping his classmates with academics, commuting between school and his home in Annadale, Virginia, writing humor articles for the *Log* magazine, falling in love, and growing his hair. He served in a number of positions, including honor rep, Brigade honor chairman, CMOD, MCBO, ICOR, and anchor man in the freestyle event on the varsity chugging squad. Wayne's nickname, Wayne-o, is alleged to have derived from its similarity to the word, "wino." He hopes to have the opportunity to study politics and economics at Oxford University as a Rhodes Scholar. Later in his career, you will probably be able to find him under the waves in a nuclear submarine . . . or else under the rug with . . .

THOMAS JOSEPH MANNING WEAVER

Tom arrived in Annapolis plebe year, from Fort Worth, Texas, with his guitar and high goals. Before the summer was over, he had formed a duo with one of the two "Fold Group" members that were to go on to give him just fame in concerts, the glee club, and on tours. From the folk trio and glee club, Tom's interest grew to involve rugby and eventually Nuclear Power. With aerospace engineering offering few difficulties, the activities of the glee club and rugby grew to encompass most of his time until he was auditioned by Admiral Rickover for the Nuclear Program and the glee club fall tour. With a Nuclear Power acceptance after an original rendition of "One Tin Soldier", interest once again shifted to an acquaintance from tour, to glee club, and rugby. After four years in Annapolis, Tom plans to succeed in Nuclear Power and in Massachusetts.



THOMAS JOSEPH MANNING WEAVER

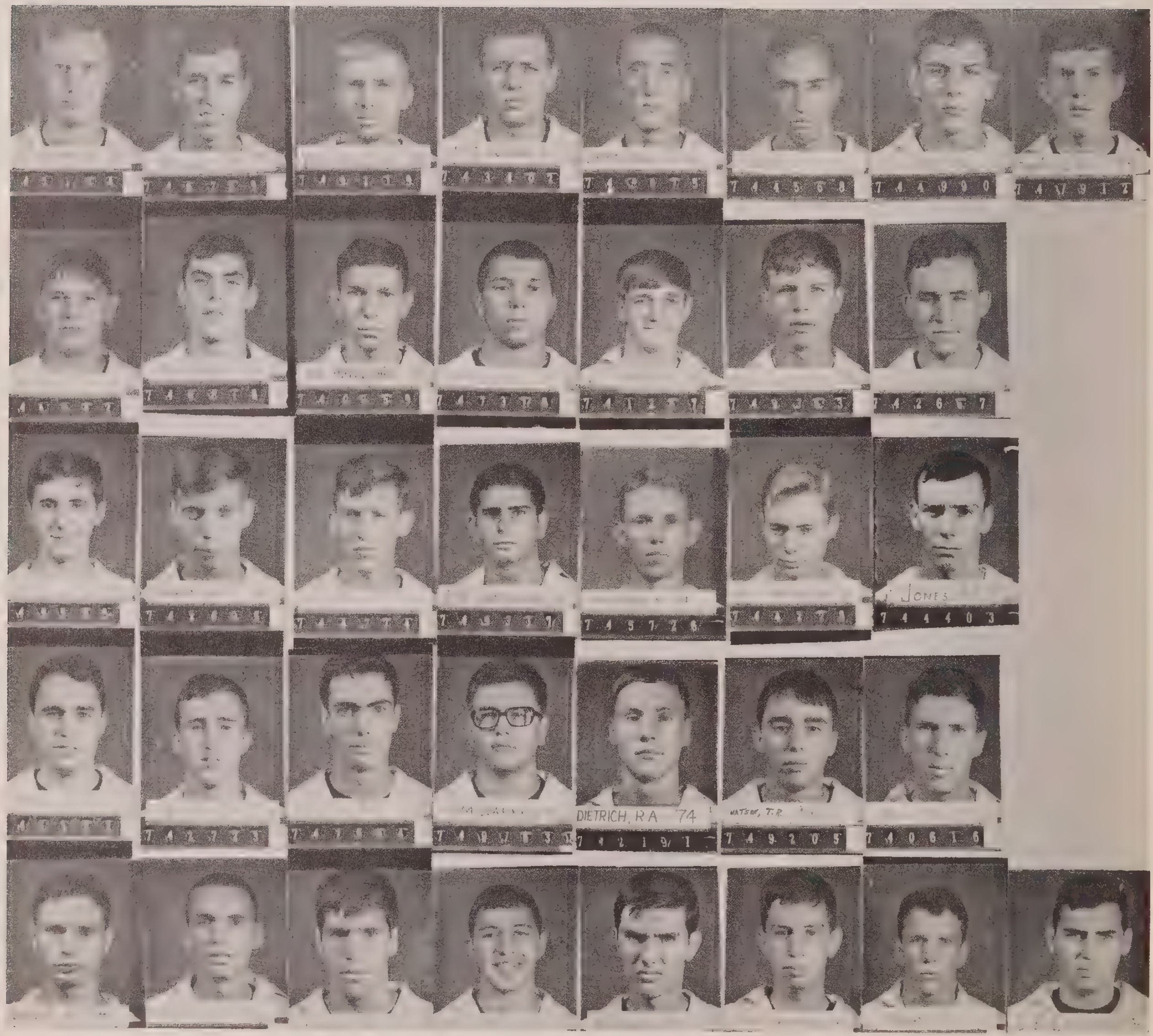


KRISTON PHILIP WOOLLEY

KRISTON PHILIP WOOLLEY

Kriston made a big decision and traded the sunny skies of North Palm Beach, Florida, for the polluted sea walls of the Hilton on the Severn. Known as Wools probably because no one ever spelled his last name right, he jumped at the challenge of academics mixed with sports, P.E. and ECA's. Academics weren't too bad with a major in math, as evidenced by his fine Dean's list/Sup's list batting average, but his big love was really those infernal machines based in Ward Hall that suddenly invaded USNA. Known also for his helpful E.I., Kris believed in "30 hours", but it was usually more like ten of his own and twenty of someone elses. Wools was also one of the few but firm believers that the D&B was *not* a bunch of fags (his girl can attest to that!) Many rainy, muddy, tiring afternoons were spent with the corps "Putting out for Navy." Active too in company business, intramurals and concert band, Kris looks forward to graduate work after June Week '74.

Twentieth Company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JONES
745776
744403
DIETRICH, R.A '74
742191
WATSON, T.R
749205
740616

CAPTAIN ANTHONY JOHN GARCIA

CAPTAIN ANTHONY JOHN GARCIA

Tony came to the Naval Academy via the NROTC at the University of Michigan where he completed his freshman year. He holds fond memories of the University and his home town of Detroit. Tony is an easy going and friendly guy who has made a good many friends at USNA. During his years here, academics have never gotten the best of him, and during his leisure time, he really knows how to relax. Tony is always an outstanding figure at any social gathering and when he is dragging, you can bet that his date is a "queen". Tony is looking forward to flying in either the Navy or Marine Corps. Whichever one he chooses, we know that he will be the best in the sky.

PHILIP JARY DAVIS

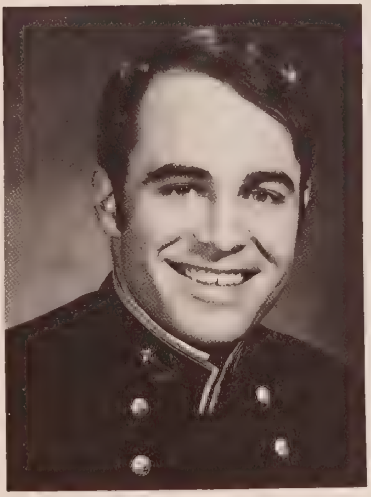
JOHN JOSEPH GRIFFIN, JR.

Adul J. Bundini, the Holy One, the Living Legend: Griff was a man of many names at Navy. The oldest of a fresh bunch of plebes in June of 1970, Griff quickly became one of the leaders of the company. Griff spent 2 years in the fleet on a sub tender and at nuke school before coming to the Boat School, and his experience helped us all. Youngster year he pulled through with the TEO and other mystical organizations. Second class year saw him living with the Big Z, studying more and enjoying it less. We lived through his romantic trials and tribulations and were glad when he finally became content. Griff was a fanatic about the West coast, and could always be counted on for some absurd comment about PAC-8 basketball. Griff is looking forward to Nuke Sub duty after graduation.

BURLINGTON ALEXANDER FRETWELL, JR.

PHILIP JARY DAVIS

Phil, commonly known as PJ, came to the Naval Academy with a happy, carefree non-sweat attitude and he'll leave in the same manner. Hailing from Laconia, New Hampshire, Phil boasts a big family: 8 sisters and 2 brothers. In high school Phil played many sports, but it wasn't until youngster year that he found his sport's love, boxing. Though a physics major, academics posed no real problem for Phil, though often seen studying in the early hours of the morning, Phil is best known for his outspokenness, and in some cases shear "bull headedness". Phil will long be remembered for his pranks plebe summer. His outgoing personality is a welcome addition to any event or gathering, and it's fitting to say that Phil's naval career (Navy Air) will be exciting and successful because of his uniqueness.



JOHN JOSEPH GRIFFIN, JR.

BURLINGTON ALEXANDER FRETWELL, JR.

A southern gentleman from Newberry, South Carolina, B.A. (Sandy) Fretwell, Jr. ventured into the exciting world of USNA during June of 1970. An early encounter with John Barry plebe summer was to gain Fretz a degree of notoriety—which he did not soon outlive. Sandy became an expert on Marine Corps tradition, thanks to that giant of a wimp, J.J., who also made it possible for him to become a special drill advisor to the hardcore ED squad. Acclaimed somewhat of a genius for his revolutionary ship types (AOG?), Sandy had special reason to delight that day of Herndon. With the rigors of plebe year behind, Fretz settled down to win the academic wars while making quite a name for himself on company intramural squads and managing a record number of hours in the rack. All this still left Fretz with plenty of time to pursue the wars of romance—from which he often seemed shell-shocked. Sandy, set to make it big with those Navy wings of gold, is sure to be as fine a shipmate as he was a classmate.

FRANK STANLEY BARRETT, JR.

Snuff came to the Boat School from the backwoods of Holly Springs, Georgia. He brought along a Southern drawl and pictures of Myra to liven up the company. One of the gimpy-kneed crowd, Stan was a star in company fieldball. He was also a minor genius in the world of ohms, resistors and farads. A Marine Corps reject (he did the rejecting), Stan is looking forward to NFO duty with the first string boys of Navy Air.

FRANK STANLEY BARRETT, JR.

JOHN SCOTT DIETRICH

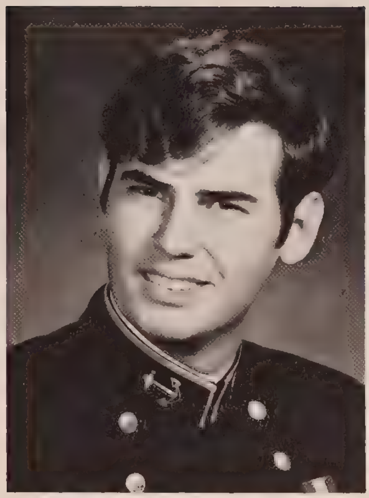
JOHN SCOTT DIETRICH

John came to Navy from the queen city of the South, Charlotte, N.C. He survived plebe year by remaining invisible, even though he was the 2nd plebe named Dietrich in the old balloon. John quickly dived into a tough course of EE and constantly amazed us with explanations of V=IR. Second class year saw John become engaged and his interests quickly polarized in the Boss' direction. John was ultimately dependable in a pinch and was always included in any company party plans. He's looking forward to a fine career as one of Hyman's boys.

ROLF ADAM DIETRICH

Rolf, hailing from Japan, Turkey, Florida and just about everywhere else imaginable, arrived at this fateful institution after a long trip across the Pacific. He knew Sumo questions cold, but the NFL and Baseball Allstar Game baffled him. It wasn't long before Ralph was showing off his stuff in the academic world. During study hour Rolf's room was one big EI session. If there was a question to be answered, the answer was always the same; "Ask Rolf." The ability to 4.0 USNA was not beyond him, but the call of the rack was him nemesis. Even with his chronic sleeping sickness, Rolf had his share of 4.0's and a number of times on the Dean's list. The new merit list almost got him, but somehow he managed to scrape together those B's in P.E. when they really counted. Rickover's big complaint about Rolf was the EI sessions, but come August, Rolf will be driving his Spitfire up to Bainbridge to see what he can do with the Navy's Nuclear Power Program.

ROLF ADAM DIETRICH



DAVID EDWARD EWING

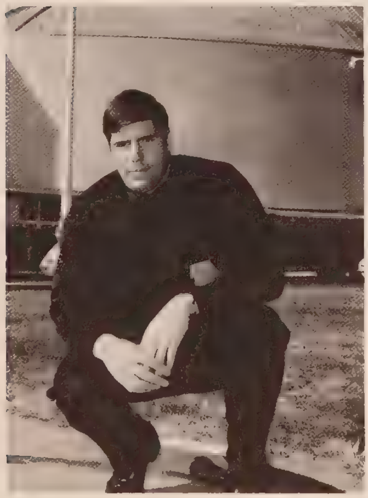
DAVID EDWARD EWING

The Big "Z" floated down to USNA in a giant keg from Middlesex, New Jersey. He quickly ran afoul of Dave "Rapper", and could have be seen coming around almost any time, any day. Nothing ever got Z down, though, except when Captain Coshen walked in for a formal room inspection and Dave was there in his skivvies. Youngster year Dave was scarcely seen but he could be heard throwing comments to one and all. Second year came the ultimate Z in silver and maroon, and Dave came into his true element. First class year, completing a tough talon engineering major, Z and the boys took time off for a few quick cold ones! Dave is looking forward to seeing the waves from aloft with a career in Navy Air.

ALLAN ROPER JONES

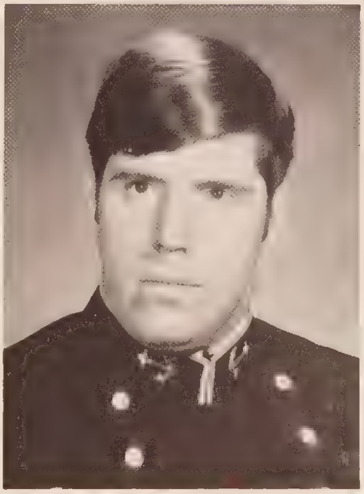
ALLAN ROPER JONES

Big Al came to USNA from Chesapeake, Va. after serving a stint in the "real,' Navy, an NRTDD. One of two survivors of the only plebe room in the 6th wing shaft, Al became fleet of foot and quick of wit in avoiding J.J. During youngster year, Al rediscovered "la dolce vita", which he left behind when he came to Navy. A firm supporter of Kentucky bourbon in general and Wild Turkey in particular, Al could always be counted to be the life of any party. He took the big hit during 2/c year and spent the year as the Gimper with zipper knees. That didn't stop him, however, and the sound of his B was heard nearly every weekend. Al spent his academic time at Navy pursuing an operations analysis major which will stand in good stead when he starts chasing Russki subs as a member of the Navy's finest, the Surface Line.



HERBERT RONALD HRIBAR

Herb Hribar hails from deep within the coal mines of Bessemer, Pennsylvania. Although big and seemingly (?) dense, Herb did manage to get some equations into his slow mind. Slash Herb made them all, Sup's list Merit list, and Dean's list, despite his foreboding predictions before, during, and even after finals. He had us all worried . . . the first time. After a few semesters there seemed to evolve a type of credibility gap. However, after four years it paid off well. Herb leaves the Academy for the Civil Engineer Corps in June.

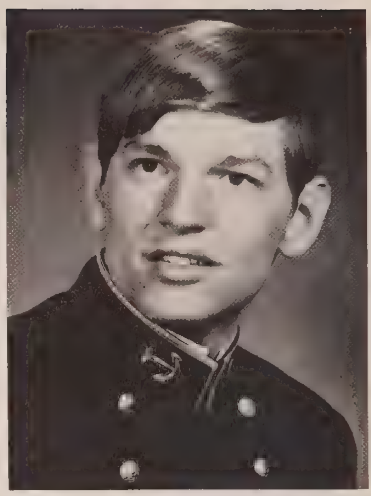


HERBERT RONALD HRIBAR

FLORIAN JOSEPH GUNKLE, JR.

FLORIAN JOSEPH GUNKLE, JR.

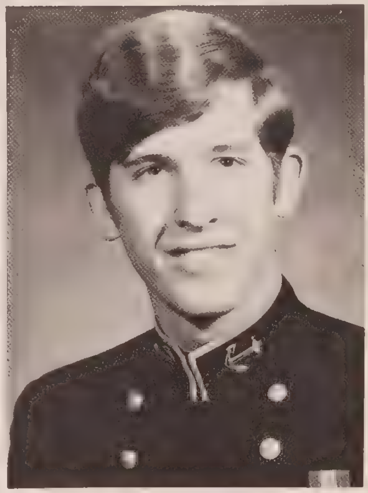
Florian became a household word when John, Dave, and Jakes asked Gunk his name during plebe summer. A true old salt, Gunk already had two years of the Navy over his belt when he arrived at USNA. Plebe year was hectic, since he lived on 6-1 with all the afore mentioned firsties, but Gunks survived in fair shape. Youngster year provided a match with the powers that be, in the shape of the academic board. Flo made it into general engineering as a result and has amazed one and all with his ability to sleep 12 years a day and still have gravy above 2.0. Second class summer was considerably brightened by his parties and Char's presence. Gunk is looking forward to a long happy life with Charlotte and the Navy.



ROBERT DEAN LARSON

ANDREW CLARENCE KRUG

Bud came to the Naval Academy from that pearl of the Chesapeake, Slum City, better known as Baltimore. After surviving as cat and mouse (he was the mouse) plebe year with Uncle Di, Bud showed his true colors as a rabid fan of anyone and everyone from Maryland. Often he made a one man stand, but he always stuck by the Orioles, Colts, Bullets, *et cetera, ad nauseum*. One of that rare breed of poets in engineer's clothing, Andy saw the light youngster year and switched to GE and soon began slashing out. He is thinking of becoming a "patrol puke" for service selection. No matter what field he enters, with his good nature he should be a great success.



ANDREW CLARENCE KRUG

ROBERT ANDERSON PENNELL

Bob has made quite an impression on both his classmates and company mates over the last four years. Bob is uncanny in his love for sports, even though he is a music jock at heart. Active in Glee Club and the barber shop quartet, Bob is always ready to hit you with one of his big numbers. Hailing from Mesa, Arizona, has been a hardship on him the past four years, since he's so far from home. However, Bob has shown he can adjust and a new world is unfolding for him in the future. Bob's industry and zeal is quickly matched by his smile and it will be nice to work with this man in the future of our country.

CHARLES GRAHAM WAYNE

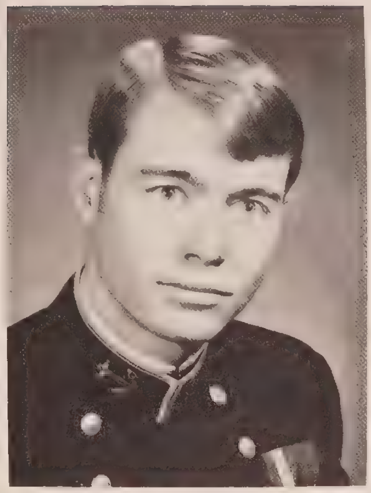
CHARLES GRAHAM WAYNE

Drifting in from the banks of the great Mississippi River, the ex-commanding officer of the *HMS BEAVER* (a proud Burlington, Iowa grain-elevator tugboat) eyed the scene around him. The gaunt, scared look of all the other new arrivals and the cold unfriendly stare of security police failed to dismay him as undaunted, Charles G. Wayne, soon to be renowned throughout the fourteenth/twentieth company as "El Grabbeau", hitched up his overalls, kicked the Annapolis dust from his shoes, and stalked into the gate. Never losing any momentum, Grabbs could always be counted on to come up with something unexpected, whether it be a bit of little known or understood river slang, the solution to an impossible thermo problem, or a spur of the moment date for the weekend. Taking everything in stride, academics, judo, fieldball, and what have you, old Grabbs could always be counted on for help in any and all situations. A dedicated friend and diligent worker, he will be an outstanding addition to our fleet of Nuclear Submarine jockeys.

THOMAS RICHARD WATSON

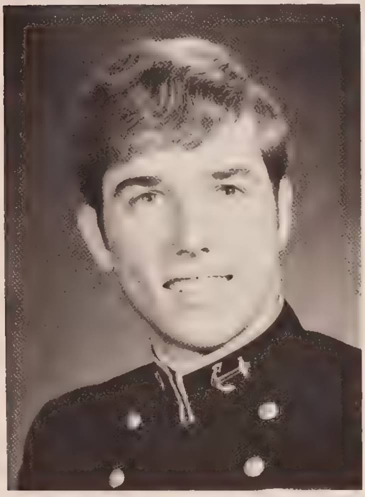
ROBERT DEAN LARSON

Big Lars trucked into the Boat School from the booming metropolis of Poland, Ohio. He quickly established himself as company field ball super jock. Lars managed to survive plebe year and youngster cruise with only one casualty—one fourth of his body. The end of youngster year saw him become one of the Vette crowd and with car keys in hand he skated into second class year looking down on a 2.5. He like to call it "max gravy". Never a man of many (written) words, Lars was a whiz with numbers in his math major. Bob is looking forward to a great future as a part-time, back-seat, part-time vette pilot, and full-time admirer of stellar blondes.


DAVID LEE JACOBSON

DAVID LEE JACOBSON

Jake joined the Brigade directly from high school in Westminister, Colorado. However, his cool, slick appearance gave us the impression he had just cruised in from the corner drugstore in his Chevy. Soon enough, Jake's athletic talents awed his classmates. His efforts and adroitness in every gymnastic event earned him several N*s. His cowboy stories awed the coach's son, and his smooth diplomatic air impressed young lovelies everywhere from New London to New South Wales. This latter fact was attested to by Jake's overwhelming flow of letters. His loose-leaf address book bulged out of its cover with the names and addresses of God-knows-whom. This was just one means, though, that Jake expressed himself in a way that the stereotype 'jock' could do no justice to. David L. Jacobson is one of those "few good men" of strong body and conviction that the Marine Corps has been looking for.


ROBERT ANDERSON PENNELL

RICHARD LEE MILLER

Rick came to the Academy from Kansas City, Missouri. Youngster year found Rick competing for a position in the goal on the varsity soccer team. After a close call with departing the "dear ole place", he stayed and played behind a 1/c in the goal. His 1/c year found him starting, striving for that long-elusive No. Second class year also found his "wife" (as classmates so affectionately call one's fiancee) joining him to go to school close by in Baltimore. It made it pretty tough to keep his grades up, but nevertheless he tried to keep steady that 2.9. With much reading to do 1/c year in his bull major, he still found time to take it somewhat easy and breeze through the year in the traditional 1/c manner. Graduation was closely followed by his marriage and a journey down to Pensacola, Florida, to begin his much-desired flight training.

RICHARD LEE MILLER

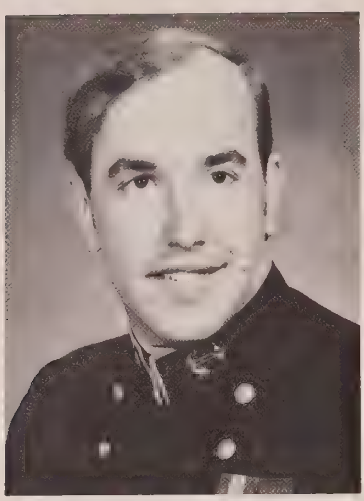
THOMAS RICHARD WATSON

Rick arrived at the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology with one goal in mind: to become Super-Grunt. A ROTC reject from Georgia Tech, he quickly chose anna-manna and much study for academics. Rick is amazing in that four years didn't change his Hartsville, S.C. accent one bit. He was a standout in batt track and football and any other sport he chose to honor with his presence. Rick firmly believed in the 30-hr-per-week rule and he religiously kept studying one course—elementary rack. He was always in the running for "rack king of 14". His patience was boundless as witnessed by his being the only one to survive three years in a room with "the" moon staring at him. Rick is destined for a great future as one of the few good men.

JAMES MARION WARREN

JAMES MARION WARREN

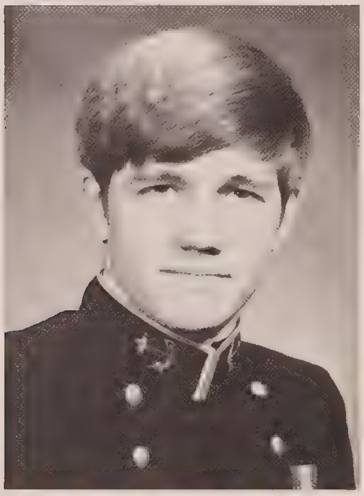
James Marion Warren, fled to the slow, peaceful life on Na-wee from the hectic confines of West Columbia, S.C. in June of 1970. The Fox's wit and wisdom often inspired other members of the "hardcore" and helped get "the boys" through those fun-summer days with Jakes, Vans, and Barry. Fox took Jake's personal conditioning program to heart and with the aid of that mad Kraut, Heinz Lenz, was a constant defender of the much sought after triplecrown. Sure to be awarded a silver-sub from Chris' for 4 years of loyal patronage, the Fox passes on his memorial-wardroom chair to some deserving soul. Jim was a first-string debater our freshman year until a favorite Grunt decided Jim should reap the full enjoyment from his international affairs major. An easy going individual with a natural tendency toward the good life, Jim is sure to put his many talents to play in pursuing a career as a member of that great Surface Line fraternity.



TARRY MICHAEL LALONDE

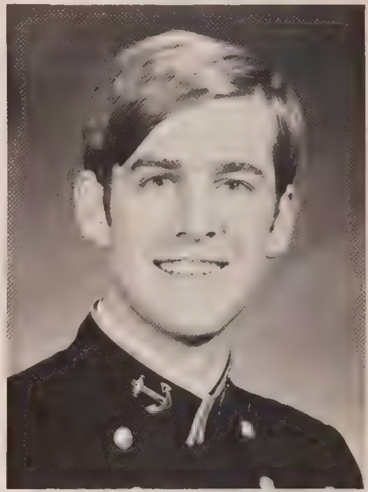
TARRY MICHAEL LALONDE

Straight from the wilds of upstate New York came Tarry Lalonde, all around jock, rack king and slash. Oneida is the city Tarry calls home, and true to family tradition he has excelled in athletics (among other things) since he set foot on the Crabtown College Campus. It's been hard for USNA to keep him down during these past four years, as witnessed by Tarry's enthusiasm and hard working nature. For his first two years, Squat devoted his talents to Navy baseball, then turned towards company sports, where his efforts proved to be a tremendous asset. Tarry's willingness to help his classmates has made him a well-respected man and member in good-standing of the "Penthouse Gang". With so much going for him, we all expect Tarry to have a bright future.



MARK STANLEY CAREN

JOHN WALTER MITCHELL, JR.



MARK JAMES SWEENEY

MARK STANLEY CAREN

We called Mark "Mike," for two weeks at the beginning of plebe year until we learned to speak Massachusetts dialect. Ski proved to be a scrapper in soccer and hockey. His belligerence was a prime drawing card for the hockey team. Who wouldn't go see a little guy pick fights with guys twice his size? Carenovitch taught us many things, including the fact that personal hygiene lectures weren't to be ignored. Mark is a tough customer and God help any Commie pilot who gets in front of his airplane.

JOHN WALTER MITCHELL, JR.

John impresses everyone with his grin on first sight. He set company fashion standards youngster year with his Mr. Greenjeans outfit. He also became company stereo stud with his 7th wing sound system. John was a member of the kamakaze fieldball team and; with his blindness and skinny frame, we always marveled at how he didn't get killed. A true believer in the great American outdoors and Datsun 240Z's, John surprised everyone but himself by surrendering to the Marine Corps on service selection night.

MARK JAMES SWEENEY

Mark came to USNA in the summer of '69 with the Class of '73. After a while he decided a few months of sabbatical leave were in order and departed to rejoin the Brigade at the beginning of our plebe year. Sweens infected us all with a love of California, the outdoors, and Conan the Barbarian. He was a leader in intramurals and a superb athlete. Mark is looking forward to a future in the Navy Air and as a landowner in Colorado, riding up and down the mountains in his Blazer.

ANTHONY JOSEPH RIZZO, JR.

FRANCIS EDWARD ROWLEY

WILLIAM EDWARD WHITACRE

ANTHONY JOSEPH RIZZO, JR.

The Rhino came to Navy from the coal-mining town of Windber, Pennsylvania. He impressed everyone early in plebe year with his personality and sincerity. In return we voted him honor rep. Tony brought along an Italian influence with loads of pepperoni for the boys on weekends. Rizz was a star athlete for company football and was also no slacker with the books. His fame was well established as a walking almanac. Rhino survived his meeting with Admiral Rickover and is looking forward to a bright future in the Nuke business.

FRANCIS EDWARD ROWLEY

Ed came to the Naval Academy from Manchester, Conn., where high school basketball was bigger than Gene Pitney. He always had the knack of getting a grade when he needed it, and was always one for good "clean" fun. His personality and ambition will make him a success in the Navy.

ALAN BERNARD LERCHBACKER

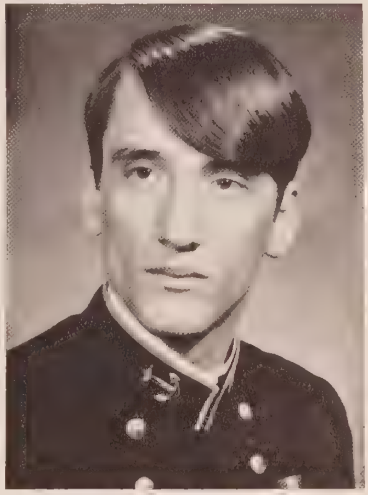
Lerch came jogging in to the Naval Academy from Elyria, Ohio with his track shorts and Adidas on. He constantly amazed us with his exploits plebe summer—like bagging out on the USNA tour and being over the wall 50% of the time. Al spent most of his off hours with the cross country, indoor and outdoor track teams. He made the big switch at the start of his youngster year, going from the bull dept to Mechanical Engineering. Al was always around with a good word for everybody, especially when it was time for a weekend. With track shoes in hand, Al will be an outstanding Navy Flier after graduation.

WILLIAM EDWARD WHITACRE

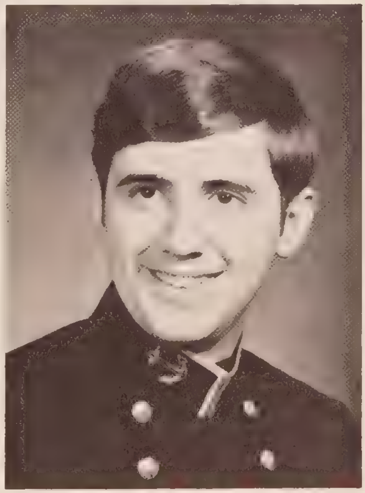
The Wizard rolled into Na-wee along his father's path from Newberry, South Carolina. He quickly established himself as one of the Brigade's super-athletes and joined the Fox as co-captain of the varsity sub-squad under the mad Kraut. He completed a tough math major with slack to spare, while becoming one of the hard-core 20th company wardroom rats his first class year. A mortal terror when in command of a YP during second class summer, Whitz decided that Surface Line was mighty fine, choosing destroyers for his tour, with hopes of post-graduate study later; of course, Nancy is his immediate future also. Bill should be a success in whatever area he enters.

DAVID JOSEPH WILSON

Willie slid into the Boat School with advance grease from NAPS. Always the operator, Mogan Willie soon went into business with Penner and Penner, Ltd. The enterprising young capitalist soon managed to expand into Wilson and Sams, Unlimited. If there was a dollar to be made or gouge to be found, Willie was always around. Dave was always in good humor, except when a member of the fourth estate roused his ire. He could always be depended upon for a laugh, especially in regard to heaven on earth, Pittsburgh Pa. Willie is looking forward to a career in the real Navy of Surface Line. His motto: "A sailor's home is at sea, and that's where I want to be."



ALAN BERNARD LERCHBACKER



DAVID JOSEPH WILSON

Twenty-First Company

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BROWN R S 740994
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McCauley K C 745621
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Christian A J 741533
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747468
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Swanson T K 748624
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C F Willis
CALDWELL
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SLATER
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NIKLASON G L
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743375
742506
Miller S V
745999
GREENE D.L. 743304
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AYERS R L 740152
Johnson R J 744312
RW DAVENPORT 741995
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CULL JF 741918
741918
747364
JAMES, B.S.
MORA, M.J. 746160
SAVAGE R.W 747651
WHITEHURST C C 743773
743773
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Burke, T J
741106
WILLIAMS, A.B.
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WAGNER R E 749023
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BORCHARDT, J A
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Magaletti, R G
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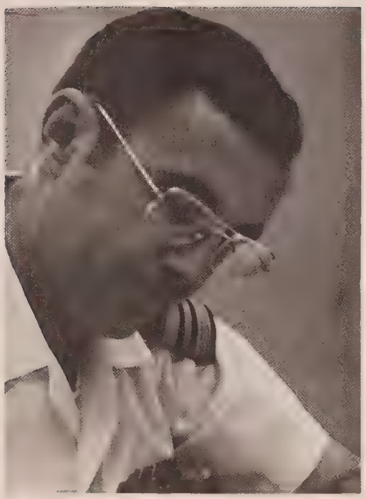
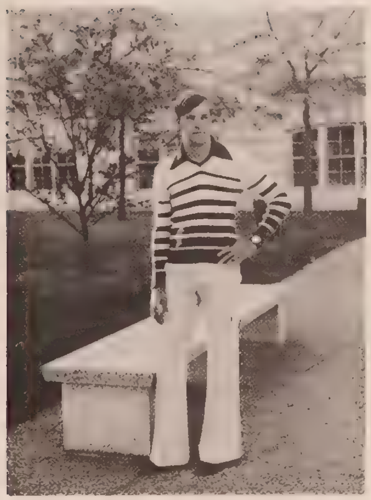
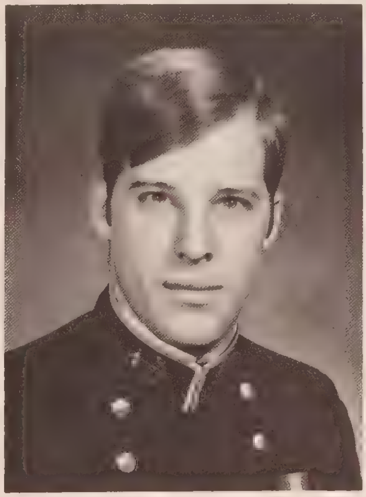


LIEUTENANT COMMANDER HARRY AUGUSTUS SEYMOUR, JR.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER HARRY AUGUSTUS SEYMOUR, JR.

Chip is the kind of guy who starts to get the job done while others are worrying about the odds against them. The dogged perseverance and determination he displayed in his running battle with academics carried him to some very strange study rooms in the early morning hours before reveille. These same characteristics made him a keen competitor in any athletic contest with particular attention devoted to winning at tennis and passing at swimming. Though not a constant dragger Chip could claim more female correspondents than either of his roommates and could be found on weekends at his home away from home on Porter Road which became a welcome haven for frightened Plebes and bewildered drags. Chip was always interested in fostering improvement and setting an example that would serve as an inspiration to those around him. He leaves for the fleet, a Navy liner at heart with the same attitudes he has exhibited and developed for four years at the Academy and should go far as a tremendous asset to his chosen profession.

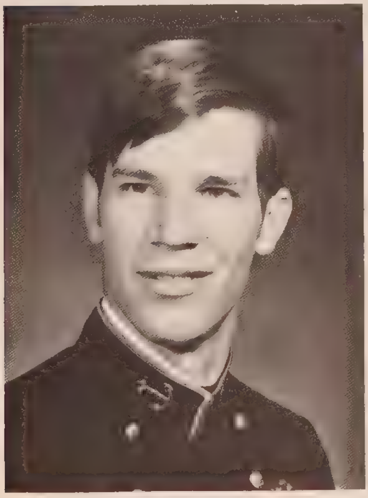




RONNIE LEE AYERS

RONNIE LEE AYERS

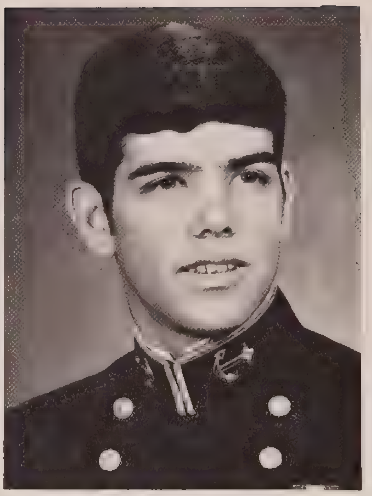
Leaving the Buckeye State of Ohio, Ron came to USNA with many fears and expectations. After drifting through plebe year, Ron found himself in pseudo-engineering. Never one to be bogged down with studying, the Kid could always find time for his buddies, the tube, darts or the rack. Grades were not his only problem, but the Kid was constantly under the attacks of the fairer sex. An active participant in such sports as rugby, soccer and fieldball, Ron always proved himself a tough competitor—sometimes too rough. Choosing Navy Air after graduation, Ron should make a fine NFO and equally fine officer.



ROBERT STEWART BROWN

ROBERT STEWART BROWN

Brownie came to us from Orange, Conn., following a long line of military types. His original intention was to sail and study navigation for two years and then get our to sail around the world. Somehow, on that fateful day in the Fall of 1972, he forgot to turn in his chit. So now he'll be playing with both sailboats and the larger grey types for a few years to come. Usually quiet and unassuming, it seemed that only an occasional pretty face could ever boggle his level head. Not one to be worried by the academics of Marine Engineering, Brownie was a strong believer in the 30 hour month. Seriously though, with his easy going nature and the type of friends he's had here, Bob should have no trouble in going "all the way", wherever he goes.



ANTHONY JAMES CHRISTIAN

ANTHONY JAMES CHRISTIAN

Chris came from California to see what the Navy was all about. Plebe year wasn't too bad for him. Youngster and second class year were tougher academically, but Chris seemed to draw strength from the "Man" and his hope in life seemed to be in something beyond himself. His fortitude and discipline should serve him in good stead in whatever he does or wherever he goes, "thumping" all the way.

BRUCE WILLIAM GRIFFIN

Throughout his four years at the University of Navy, Bruce managed to always maintain his composure and determination through the many wild gyrations in the life of a mid. From whence he obtained this ability we know not, but we do know that Bruce came from Levitown, Pa. in that fateful June of '70 ready to report to the gymnastics team. He made well there by being elected team captain and by continually proving his excellence on the mat and various other contraptions one will find in MacDonough Hall. But he will be best remembered by his classmates as an unselfish friend who was always ready to lend a hand. Speaking of hands, Bruce, early in his second class year, ensured one young pretty hand would be his by marking it with a diamond ring. Second class summer seems to have had other effects on him as well; he began to eye Nuclear Power with a determined gaze, intent upon spending his time underway, underwater. Whatever service selection brings, the Navy is assured of having a first rate officer on the team.

BRUCE WILLIAM GRIFFIN

DAVID LAVERN GREENE

Dave came to Annapolis knowing only that he knew little about the Navy. Still, he was determined to make it stick and as time passed he came to know what it was all about. Daily, Dave alotted time to his books and his boat, and nightly he'd stuff himself with odds and ends to meet the next days challenges. Dave is quiet, sober and not altogether conspicuous. He rode out the seas at Annapolis and held his own with steadfast resolution. A good friend and a fine fellow, he'll be sure to do his very best.

DAVID LAVERN GREENE

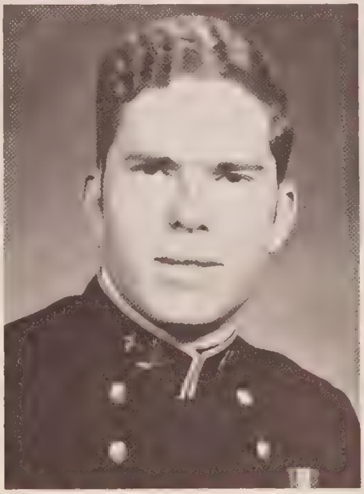
RICHARD WILLIAM DAVENPORT

Hailing from Salt City (Syracuse), New York, Rick needed a second shot at the acceptance board. After spending a “gruelling,’ year at NAPS, he settled down to the ease of plebe year. Being a track and lacrosse “star” in high school and at NAPS, Rick found his true place here at Navy as the “Beg Beater” for the drum & bugle corps. Fall holds many memorable trips for Rick—Syracuse, Georgia and Houston, but best of all the warm, friendly sunshine of Miami, Florida. Grades bounced around for him just as much as his other interests—scuba, parachuting, flying, lacrosse, football, fieldball, sailing, Navy Line, Nuc Power and Marine Green; but in the end all seemed to work out well. Always looking for a good deal like pep band with it's long, unchargeable weekends for Army, and the future for Rick is all ahead him and full of fun. Rick's big ambition in life is to fulfill the prediction of “Mrs. W” to be the first Admiral of the Marine Corps. Good luck! Marine Green and NFO Wings sure are beautiful.

RICHARD WILLIAM DAVENPORT

JAMES FRANK GRAHAM

During his four years at the Naval Academy, Farkle, as he is known by his friends, has displayed an ability to excell in the classroom and on the athletic field. Hailing from Norfolk, Virginia, Jim majored in marine engineering and hopes to go to nuclear power school. From there he plans to go to his favorite ships, submarines. While students were not the most important, basketball, food, the rack, and a certain someone in town occupied most of his time. Jim's four years were full of fun and laughs, the most memorable of which occurred at Army and Notre Dame. Good friends made for a good time which will never be forgotten.



JAMES FRANK GRAHAM

DAVID LEE HARDESTY

DAVID LEE HARDESTY

Dave came to the Academy the hard way, taking the shorter route, cramming four years of fun loving school into five fun packed years. Nevertheless, he still made it, with help from the “Man” upstairs and joy for bagging it which surpassed no one else's efforts in the entire company. He's confident God will help him out no matter what he does. Whether he flies in blue or does his thing and “drives for five,” the Mad Harakadak is more than eager to show the world how bad he really is after his successful performance at Navy.

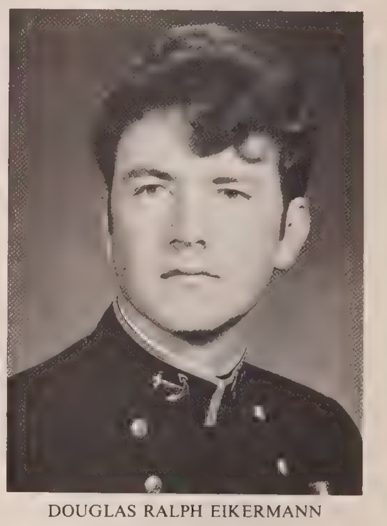
STEPHAN PAUL GEORGE, II

Steve graduated from St. John's High School in Toledo, Ohio in 1970 and, following his destiny, came to the Naval Academy. Steve was a member of the ski club, the Brigade honor committee, several rock and roll bands, and several different sports; on occasion he would also study a little. Steve was well renowned for his swimming ability and "skills" in the pool, perhaps this is why he's been occasionally addressed as "aqua-rock". He could usually be found sitting in his room with his folk guitar, singing his songs to the moon—kind of like a coyote. Most people, however, remember him as the loudest guitar player they ever heard in Smoke Hall. An electrical engineering major, he hopes someday to join the Nuclear Submarine Fleet.

STEPHAN PAUL GEORGE, II

DOUGLAS RALPH EIKERMANN

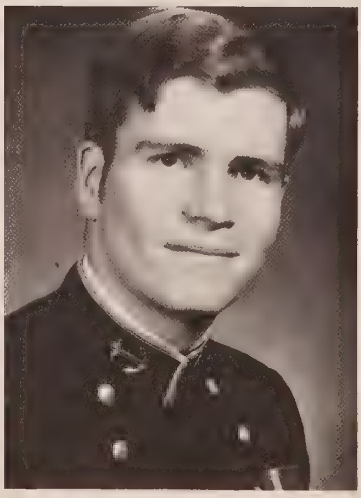
Doug left the ranchlands of Kansas to come to the Naval Academy in the summer of 1970, and after an eventful plebe year, ironically enough, he fell in love with the sea on youngster cruise. This turned out to be only the beginning of his travels while here at the Academy. Even while diligently pursuing academics, he always managed to find time to keep up his favorite hobbies: running, scuba diving, playing the guitar, singing, and girls. Well liked for his honesty and amiable smile, Doug made many lasting friendships at Navy. If the challenge of escaping to Siberia and his love of the rangelands of Kansas do not overcome him, the officers of Navy will be proud to serve next to Doug.



DOUGLAS RALPH EIKERMANN

DONALD STEVEN INGRAHAM

Don was imported we surmise from Tehran, Iran. Being sort of a Bedouin, we are uncertain of his origins, for Don's parents changed residences three times in as many years. However, Don established himself in Crabtown with a determination to make it stick. Lost to the feminine touch, Don succumbed early in his career, not deviating once in four years. He knew only one love and of that we are certain. An intellectual at heart, a man for the good life, Don was unmoved by Navy's calous hand. Determined to be the guiding light in a sear of equations and differentials, Don pursued a course calculated to enlighten Rickover's Navy. A true friend and a fine classmate, Don will uphold the expectations of all who know him.



DONALD STEVEN INGRAHAM

STANLEY VAUGHN MILLER

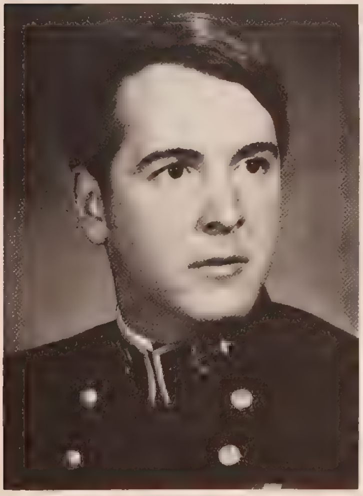
The people back in Huron, Ohio may think Stan came East to live at USNA, but if they were to check, they would find his home to be Hubbard Hall. "You gotta be gnarly to be a crew jock." After he finishes his ergo piece or easy eight for the day, you might find him back in the Hall studying anamana or possibly drawing upon his great memory bank of jokes. Besides crew, the Milha participated in many other activities here at Navy: scuba club instructor, working in the 4th and 6th barber shops, and midnight June Week swims, along with many others. Most of his other times he spent in his silver Z with varied people. Sun, fun, and Surface Line call this guy to California where, in a couple of years, he hopes to become the Perry Mason of the fleet and get into naval law. If he keeps his nose clean and doesn't get caught selling anything, Stan should make it through the rough times. As he was known to say, "Who knows what lurks in the mind of the Shadow?"

STANLEY VAUGHN MILLER

MICHAEL JOSEPH MORA

MICHAEL JOSEPH MORA

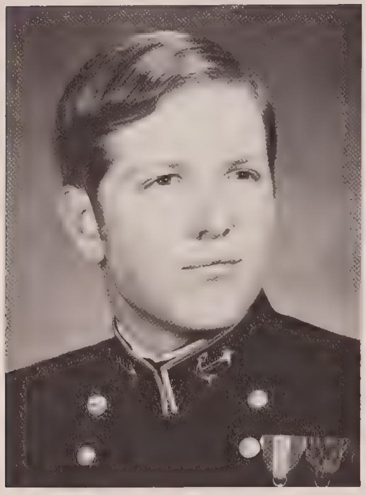
Mike left Glassboro, New Jersey with the thought of becoming a midshipman strong in his mind. However, USNA had other titles in store for him, Panther and Zorro being the more common ones. The first was bestowed to him for the purpose of carrying on tradition, the second resulted from years of fencing. In any event, these names describe his personality reasonably well. To break up the routine of an academy life, Mike was a member of the antiphonal choir, concert band, and pep band. He elected electrical engineering for his major and then began to understand what the word "study" meant. More than once he had second thoughts regarding his choice, but in the end he remained true to the EE department. Looking forward to being something more than a midshipman, Mike wonders what the future will hold for him.



MICHAEL WILDER MORAN

MICHAEL WILDER MORAN

Mike came to the shores of the Chesapeake from the shores of the Pacific–specifically Huntington Beach, California. Known to Beach Boys freaks as "surf city", this hometown saturated Mike with an obsession with anything that even resembled a wave. His major aerospace engineering was his proclaimed true interest in life, although the television and local fauna provided formidable competition for the books. A dubious membership in the pep band provided a few free weekends, and his motive for involvement in the spring masqueraders production 2/c year could be questioned. Mike will undoubtedly apply himself to flying the friendly skies of Navy after graduation . . . that is if water sports and Sprites in Pensacola can let him go a few hours a week. Somehow Mike thinks the surf is better at Miramer anyway.



JOHN ANDREW BORCHARDT

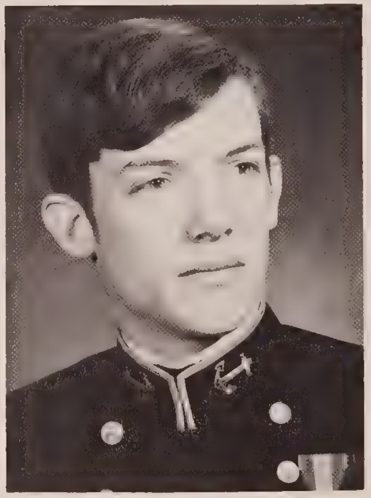
JOHN ANDREW BORCHARDT

Andy, or Borch as he was commonly called by many of his friends, came to Annapolis from San Pedro, California. Majoring in mathematics he was always a hard worker but never did let his studies come between himself and a good time. Borch always found time for his classmates, though the rack became his most frequent companion. Being a member of the "dirty five", he never did really get into Navy and appropriately enough took up residence in the "sty of 25". This undoubtedly had a great deal to do with the fact that he appeared on the Dean's list only once, even though his grades were always well above par. Borch will be long remembered for his love of wild times, a trait that became exceedingly apparent around Army-Navy time. As to his future plans, Borch feels that the Nuclear Powered Navy is the way to go, for a few years anyhow.

KIM CHRISTOPHER McCAULEY

JEFFREY FRANZ CULL

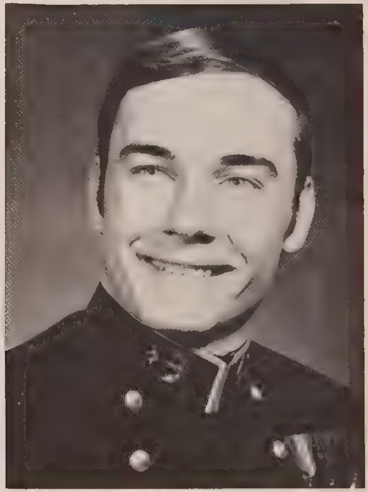
Jeff came to the Academy from Wheeling, West Virginia, a thriving metropolis indeed, and survived four tough years. He worked hard for two years until he had a little run-in with a certain "Moon", which earned him two months on the block and an abrupt change in values. Free time was usually spent in the rack, on the B-ball court, or at the local tavern. On weekends, Jeff could usually be seen heading for the "Hills" to see his better half. Our company Hillbilly plans a short four month vacation with a few of the boys before wedding bells and flight school catch up with him. His four years along the Severn have been "interesting" to say the least, and since the mind blocks out unpleasant experiences, he'll probably only remember the light fingered five and graduation.



JEFFREY FRANZ CULL

GUY RONALD PURSER

Guy came from Florida, the state famous as the new home of Mickey Mouse, to a very old home of Mickey's. Dar, as he was known to the other four members of the "light fingered five", spent many long hours of study in the company wardroom winning many dubious academic awards and records, which occasionally led to an anxious moment during finals. Being a diligent worker and true believer of having a good time, he never let the perils of USNA get him down. He was always ready to depart on liberty with the frequent exceptions of invitations from 4-1 to stay. With his easy-going personality and sense of humor, Guy should succeed in the Navy as he reports home to Pensacola to begin in NFO school.



BRENT SNYDER JAMES

KIM CHRISTOPHER MCCAULEY

This hometown boy lived and attended school in Annapolis and graduated Magna Cum Laude in metalshop from Arundel Senior High School. His major achievements at the Academy included being elected president of the "Channel Changers Club", marathon rack champ of the *USS LAFAYETTE*, and a member of the varsity lacrosse team. Mac plans to shoot for a land billet upon graduation so that he can use his spare time pursuing his favorite past-times: weight lifting (12 oz. curls) and hunting psuedos.

GUY RONALD PURSER

BRENT SNYDER JAMES

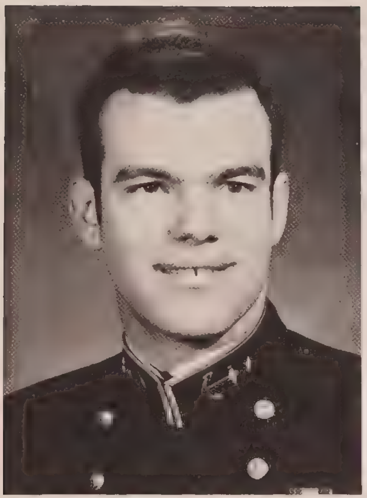
Although the son of an admiral, Brent's military instincts played a none too large part in his stay at Navy. His answer to life was, "But why?". He operated out of Arlington, Virginia and often times would head home, packing a bottle of Ripple Red, to reflect on that very question. Known to many as B.S. and to many more by the more earthy words B.S. sometimes represents. Brent went the atomic management route in his choice of a major and never regretted it. He came to idolize Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Burt Reynolds, and Howard Hughes. Brent's untempered love of money became legendary and, although his motives were purely altruistic, his roommates and others often called him Curmudgeon and Shylock. His football career was cut very short by a back injury, but it all turned out for the best as he became one of those day-sleeping creatures who hang upside down and never see the light of day. Brent's future, both Navy and possibly civilian, revolves around flying.

NA 8
NA 10
NA 10
NA 12

JAMES MORRIS RIPLEY, JR.

Hendersonville, North Carolina, lost a redneck and the Academy got one when Jim came here from a trying year at Bullis Prep. Most of Jim's time was spent in search of a place to study to enable him to become his life's ambition, a marine engineer. But alas, he never could find the place and he would substitute a quick card game or a few hours in front of the tube. Many activities kept Jim busy during his four year tenure. Among these were the foreign languages club, scuba club, Morrisy Hall custodian, and Gargantua watcher, along with many others. One of the gungiest guys in 21st, Rips should do well in his appointed future and he, if anyone will undoubtedly be the first commander of a YPG (N). All kidding aside, North Carolina will be well represented in the fleet of the future.

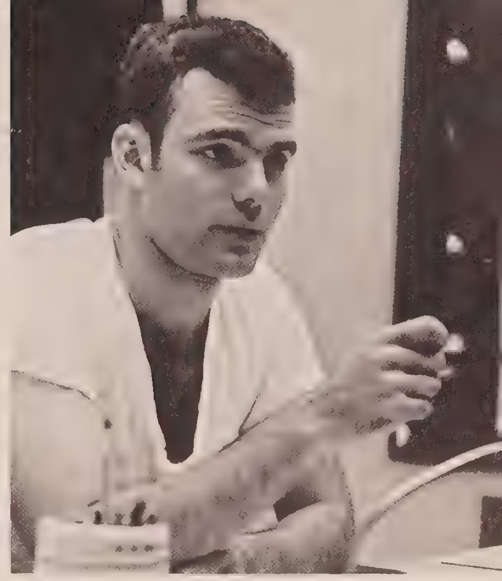
JAMES MORRIS RIPLEY, JR.

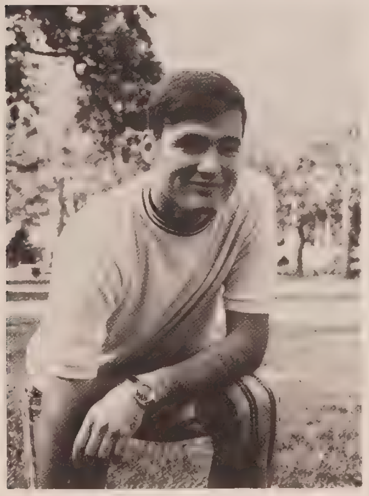


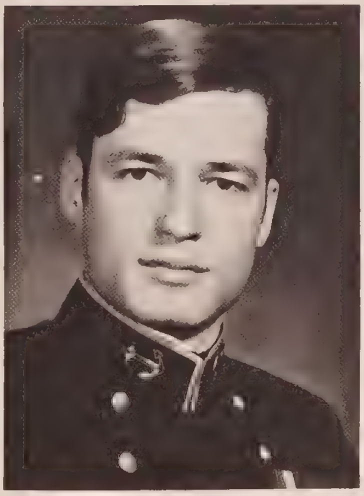
RODNEY WELLS SAVAGE

RODNEY WELLS SAVAGE

R.W. "Doc" Savage gave up his plans for the medical profession to come to Navy, only to join the first group of pre-med students at Canoe U. During the week he kept rigid office hours, from 0700 to 2400; but on the weekends, "The Dr. was out!" A lover of rack and tube, he didn't spend nearly enough time with either one. Instead, he spent many long hours with test tube and textbook. But somehow, with the help of intramurals, jovial classmates, and various responsibilities, Navy didn't turn out to be too much of a drag for Doc – there wasn't time to be bored! In fact, med school should be a rest for Doc – it had better be!



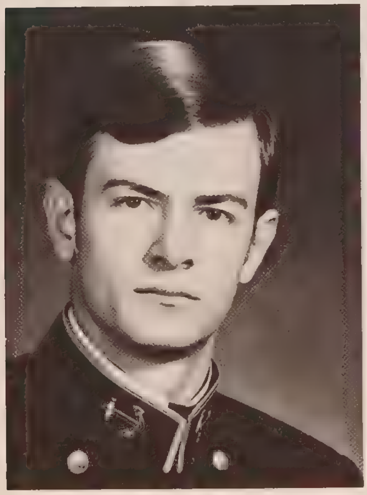




THOMAS KIRK SWANSON

THOMAS KIRK SWANSON

"Pretty Face" Swanson came to us from the home of the Nebraska Cornhuskers, Lincoln, Nebraska. He spent many a cold autumn afternoon in the sand hills of Nebraska hunting quail and antelope. Upon entry to the Academy, he elected to concentrate on academics and handball. Kirk has made some lasting friendships while at the Academy, Jesus being his best friend for the four long years at Navy. Kirk considers his friends to be more than payment. He aspires to become a jet jocky and has already soloed. Well liked by all his classmates, Kirk's dedication and professionalism should make him a welcome face in the crowd of Navy pilots.



RONALD EARL WAGNER

RONALD EARL WAGNER

Ron exchanged the dust of New Mexico for the spray of the sea when he entered the Academy in July of '70. He quickly became a friend to many with his amiable smile and do or die spirit during that long hot summer in Delta Company, and over the course of four years has turned these 'buds' into life long friends, which they attribute to his honesty and character. An all-around athlete and capable of more moves than an alley cat. Ron finally won the big prize when he asked Mimi to be his wife. Upon graduation, they will move to Pensacola and become a welcome addition to the aviation family.

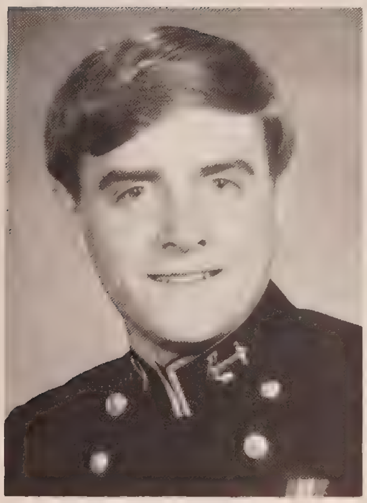
Twenty-Second Company

PEARSON M.P. '74
746748
BORKMAN JS '74
Brown S A '74
SCHMIDT RA '74
GROH G E '74
MOE C M '74
ANTONELLI J '74
HERTHER DR '74
743829
REID PA '74
747210
PEMBROOKE PM '74
746762
Humphreys CE 74
LAING, TS '74
744658
BROOKS, JN 74
740938
DAWSON, D.M '74
GALLO, J.J '74
742982
746697
HYETT LF
744179
SAWYER
747638
POWLEY, CN '74
PHELPS, T.G. '74
Church, G.S.
741554
SCHERRER JC '74
R.M. CRANNEY. 741841 23
MAYS '74
745558
GOINS, L.K. '74
SCHREIBER JE '74
747756
THORN, J.T. '74
FERNANDEZ LJ '74
TATE J.D '74
WESTCOTT, C '74
Smith RF '74
748106
ROBERTS W.L '74
McWilliams, A.R '74
BATH, RF '74
WATSON T H '74

LIEUTENANT W. R. CRENSHAW

LIEUTENANT W. R. CRENSHAW

Rob came to USNA via the fleet. He was already a senior Navy man, having served three years in submarines and two years at NAPS. His career at Navy can best be described by the contrasts incurred by his actions in four years. Excelling plebe and youngster years, he was battalion commander for his classes. But somehow during 2/c year, he lost favor with the "cosmos" with which King Neptune rules the fate of Midshipmen. The rest of his story is truly reminiscent of the tragedy of the Ancient Mariner. The heavy cream of the crop amassed an impossible quantity of demerits because of a "blue" short-timer's poster, a kitchen set, and a demonstrated and successively repeated lack of Sunday morning piety. Thirteen is not one of Rob's lucky numbers, for many are called but few are chosen to wear the black N double-star. A quiet first class year as a one striper led him to graduation and then to a low, slow seat in the fleet. Helos were his challenge. After two cruises on the Coral Sea and another stint at Navy, Rob is shoving off to a Lamps squadron in San Diego.



CHRISTOPHER MICHAEL MOE

MARC PIERRE PEARSON

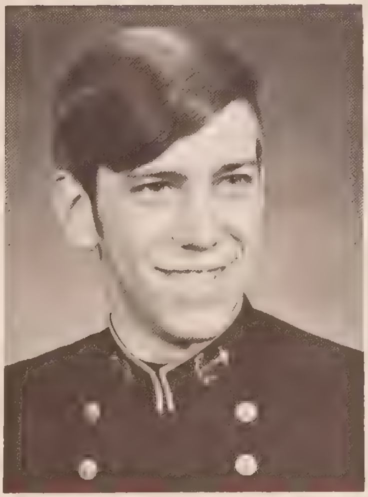
With support from Barb and hard work, Marc was able to clear the hurdles at USNA. He remembers many hours of trying to bestow the gouge upon others.

To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in, and
To lend a hand.

LLOYD MERRILL SAWYER, JR.

CHRISTOPHER MICHAEL MOE

If our friendship depends on things like space and time, then when we finally overcome space and time, we've destroyed our own brotherhood! But overcome space, and all we have left is Here. Overcome time, and all we hale left is Now. And in the middle of Here and Now, don't you think that we might see each other once or twice?



MARC PIERRE PEARSON

LLOYD MERRILL SAWYER, JR.

Buddy came to us from Yorktown, Virginia via Marine Military Academy. Plebe and youngster year found him dividing his time between sprinting for the track team and out-distancing the academic department as one of the "magnificent 7" original naval architects. Free time was spent with Terry (his OAO) shuttling guys to the airport, or fixing the washing machine in the Southgate mansion just outside Gate O. The notorious Navy knife found its way into Buddy's life, or knee to be more exact, so restricted line can look forward to another fine addition as an engineering duty officer.

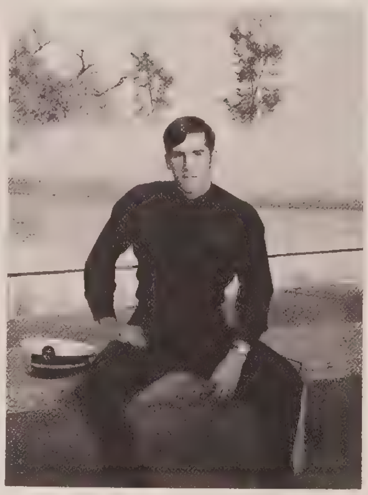
JOHN ANTONELLI

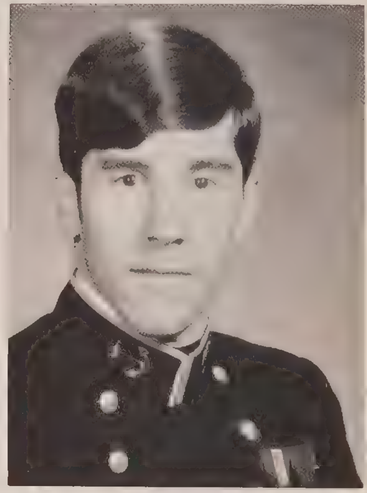
JOHN ANTONELLI

Fourth Company resident don, John hails from Dover, Ohio by way of Northwestern Prep. Since day one, Rillo, never a standout on the drill field, has preferred spending his Wednesday afternoons "taking the pipe". His prowess with a rifle has improved considerably, however, while a blossoming 150-lb football career was nipped in the bud, thanks to a little float trip on the Magothy, complete with sunshine and a few brews, during 2/c summer. John has consistently stayed on top of the books with might cause him to follow the Nuclear Power path.

GARY MICHAEL CERNEY

Antman is a Navy junior who came to the Academy from Springfield, Virginia, where he spent his high school days. Blessed with many virtues, not the least of which was a great academic prowess, Ant could always be found with the gouge before a major test. As a matter of fact, his room soon adopted the title of 'gouge control central' after word began to get out about this storehouse of knowledge. The greatest of his skills were seen in his athletic abilities. He was not less than a four letterman in three company intramural sports producing not one Brigade champ. Perhaps best known for his sense of humor, it was a rare time when at least someone wasn't laughing at him. Heading for Navy Air and the bliss of marriage with Suzanne after graduation, the Antman should find a long and happy career.





GARY MICHAEL CERNEY

JAMES JOHN GALLO

JAMES JOHN GALLO

And we know that the Son of God has come and has given us understanding, to know Him who is true; and we are in Him who is true; in His Son, Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life.

Teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God!
Let thy good Spirit lead me on a level path!

I Jn 5.20
Ps 143.10

JAMES NORMAN BROOKS

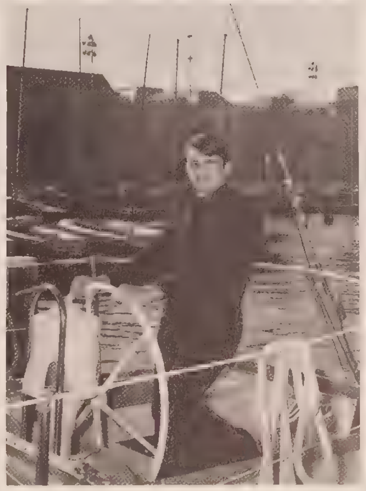
" . . . there is no substitute for victory." After a year of real college at the University of Delaware, the sea finally called Jim and brought him to his new home here at Navy. Although an oceanography major, his love for the rolling sea only lasted until youngster cruise aboard the pirate ship, *USS RALEIGH*. Now he's one of the "few good men" going Navy Air, looking for an F-14 someday soon. Jim liked wrestling, scuba, and skydiving (when not grounded) almost as much as chow-hunting and "making waves". Whether studying, competing, or dragging, he always followed the Airborne motto: "All the way and then some."

JAMES NORMAN BROOKS

GEORGE NEIL EUSTACE

GEORGE NEIL EUSTACE

I shall go as once I came
  Uncertain but anxious for what lies ahead.
But by coming this far I have come to find
  My paths by the Lord are lead.



JOHN DANIEL GATEWOOD

"God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble. Submit yourselves, therefore to God. Resist the devil and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you."

James. 4:6-8

I pray for the insight and strength to apply this to my life.

JOHN DANIEL GATEWOOD

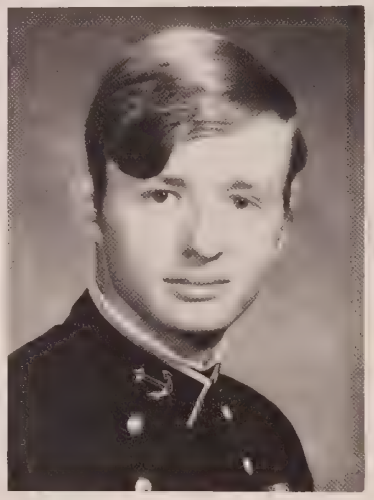
LARRY KEITH GOINS

From the beginning, back in June of 1970, to the ending in June of 1974, we have climbed many mountains. A few friends and some memories have dropped along the wayside, but most of us have made it. Now that it's over, and we have another part of our lives to live, we sometimes ask ourselves if it really happened. All the Army games, summer cruises, and the times spent with your girl in Annapolis have ceased to exist. Now we go into the fleet and find out if we really made it, or maybe missed something along the way.

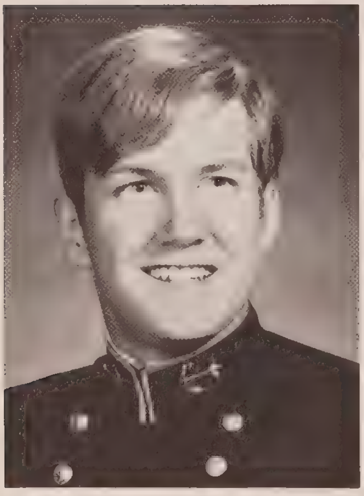
LARRY KEITH GOINS

GARY EDWARD GROH

A native of the Chicago area, Gary came to the Academy primarily 'cause he wanted to do something "different". Known here for his musical abilities, he has been an active member and leader of the NA-10 and the musical club show for the past four years. Spends most of his free time in music, motorcycling, or playing fast pitch softball, being a pitcher in various leagues back home.



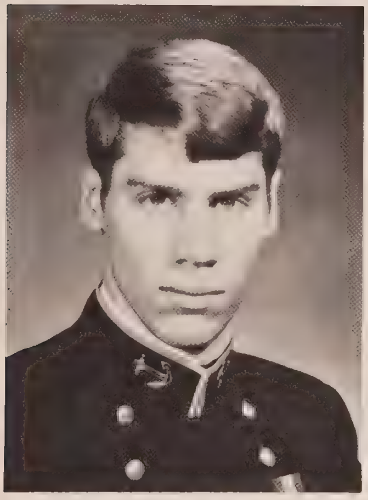
GARY EDWARD GROH



DAVID RAY HERTHER

DAVID RAY HERTHER

After a relaxing midwest high school education, Chopper suddenly found himself in the midst of plebe year. College life appealed to Dave and he enjoyed pursuing an education in physics. An attraction for salt spray took him to the Chesapeake for many sets under sail. Chopper was always one for tradition and seldom let a youngster afternoon pass without investing some time in the pipe. Dave's love for God, nature and life should have a great impact on his future career under the sea.



LARRY FRANCIS HYETT

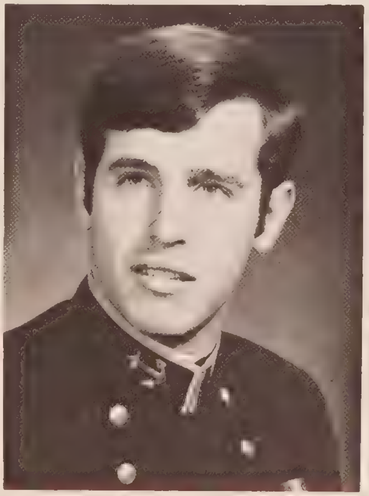
LARRY FRANCIS HYETT

He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God.
And He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the Earth by clear shining after rain.
II Samuel 23

There is no man who does not need guidance in his own life, especially when he leads the lives of others.

CHARLES EDWARD HUMPHREYS

It amazes me how quickly the time has passed. That day in June back in 1970 is as clear as if it had only happened yesterday. The experiences both good and bad, the frustration and the days of doubt that filled the last four years are nothing more than memories now. And as time marches on and we pause to look back on those four long years, we will forget the days of frustration and doubt and remember the things we enjoyed; the Saturday nights in D.C. with that special girl, sailing on the Chesapeake, the summers, and running around the Academy through the snow. The memories of the hard work and long hours will fade away, but the question of whether or not it was worth it will be answered.



CHARLES EDWARD HUMPHREYS

DARIUS CHESTER KARALIS

DARIUS CHESTER KARALIS
BUILD ME A SON

O Lord, who will be strong enough to know when he is weak and brave enough to face himself when he is afraid; one will be proud and unbending in honest defeat, and humble and gentle in victory.

BUILD me a son whose wishes will not take the place of deeds; a son who will know Thee—and that to know himself is the foundation stone of knowledge.

LEAD him, I pray, not in the path of ease and comfort, but under the stress and spur of difficulties and challenge. Here let him learn to stand up in the storm; here let him learn compassion for those who fail.

BUILD me a son whose heart will be clear, whose goal will be high, a son who will master himself before he seeks to master other men, one who will reach into the future, yet never forget the past.

AND after all these things are his, add, I pray, enough of a sense of humor, so that he may always be serious, yet never take himself too seriously. Give him humility, so that he may always remember the simplicity of true greatness, the open mind of true wisdom, and the meekness of true strength.

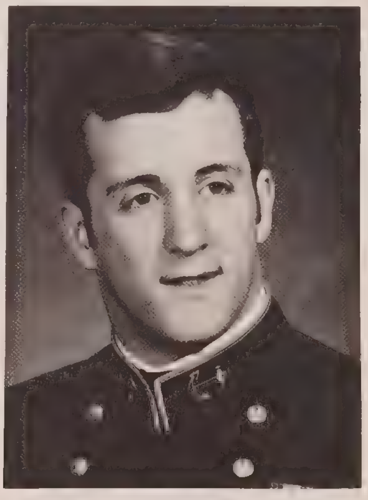
THEN, I, his father, will dare to whisper, "I have not lived in vain."

General D. MacArthur
in the Philipines.

WILLIAM DENNIS MOLLOY, JR.

"Do you have any idea how many lives we must have gone through before we even got the first idea that there is more to life than eating, or fighting, or power in the block? A thousand lives, Jon, ten thousand. And then another hundred lives until we began to learn that there is such a thing as perfection and another hundred again to get the idea that our purpose for living is to find perfection and show it forth. The same rule holds for us now, of course: we choose our next world through what we learn in this one. Learn nothing, and the next world is the same as this one, all the same limitations and lead weights to overcome."

—Richard Bach



WILLIAM DENNIS MOLLOY, JR.

CURTIS NELSON POWLEY

"Not to decide is to decide."
"Success through smallness; persistance is good fortune to the wanderer."

-Hermon Hesse,
Magister Ludi

"The unknown usually produces more fear than the known; so it is with any task. Swimming in a pool is often more satisfying than wondering about the temperature of the water."
"See, hear, touch, taste."

CURTIS NELSON POWLEY

STEVEN EDWARD MAYS

Steve came to the Naval Academy straight out of high school in the Alamo city with three great loves: Texas, talking, and cokes. Foont survived through plebe and youngster year with Big Lew and Pherps, and settled into 22nd company as the only man to stay above 2.7 by playing guitar in the Hall during study hour and gaining a place on varsity tube team. ECA time was divided between D & B and PRC. When he wasn't struggling with swimming, Steve graced the company fast pitch and lights with his presence (what little of it there was). Steve says he'll stay in for 30 years on one condition: he gets a Coke machine in the stateroom of his submarine.

STEVEN EDWARD MAYS

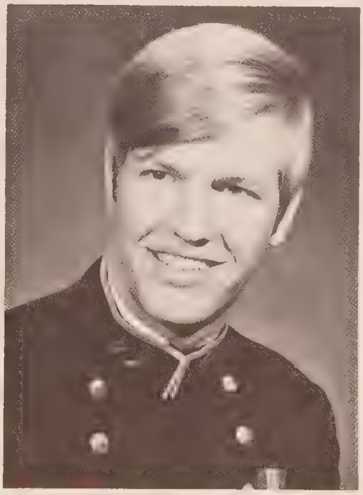
PETER MICHAEL PEMBROOKE

Pete, otherwise known as Brack, was a Napster who came to USNA as lost as everyone else. After a year of dodging demerits and comearounds, he managed to find time for the rack and the tube while hanging on to a decent academic average. Brack was able to stay 20/20 despite reading half the time in almost no light, and it looks like he'll be heading for Pensacola after graduation. If he can take it easy on the booze, smokes and the girls, he should make it without any trouble. Besides, he always fared well in anything he put his mind to—except golf.

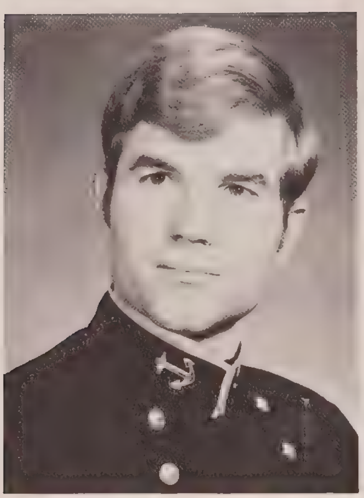
PETER MICHAEL PEMBROOKE

PAUL ARTHUR REID

Paul was one of the lucky Philadelphians to survive childhood. He unsuspectingly entered USNA as an unqualified alternate and potential all-time soccer great. After a year of plebe soccer, Paul proved his worth in the ever tough intramural competition. Sometimes being a little outspoken, Paul soon verified that, "Every new opinion, at its starting, is precisely in a minority of one." Having gone blind by second class year, it was obvious he was an ardent studier. In the end, Paul's achievements definitely strengthen the theory that "No life is so hard that you can't make it easier by the way you take it."



PAUL ARTHUR REID



JOHN CAMERON SCHERRER

JOHN CAMERON SCHERRER

John flew into the grey walls of Bancroft Hall direct from high school in Houston, Texas. "Tolerate and graduate" was the motto that he followed throughout his stint at USNA. When he wasn't studying, he could usually be found in the nearest MOC shack performing his duties as the company barber. Most of his free time was spent working out at Hubbard Hall as a member of the lightweight crew team. The weekends either found him flying or wishing that he was flying. Navy Air has found a true "hard-charger" in John, but faith, flexibility and a sense of humor will bring him success in whatever field he later pursues.

JAMES EDWARD SCHREIBER

"You mean there's a catch?"
"Sure there's a catch," Doc Daneeka replied.
"Catch 22."
"That's some catch, that Catch-22."
"The best there is."

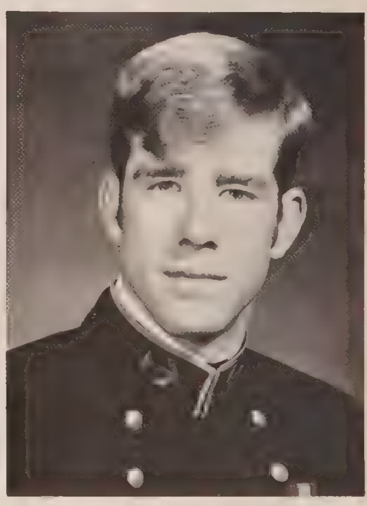
–Robert Heller

JAMES EDWARD SCHREIBER

ROSS ALAN SCHMIDT

And when they had summoned them, they commanded them not to speak or teach at all in the name of Jesus. But Peter and John answered and said to them, "Whether it is right in the sight of God to give heed to you rather than God, you be the judge; for we cannot stop speaking what we have seen and heard."

Acts 4:18-20



ROSS ALAN SCHMIDT

RODERICK FALTER SMITH

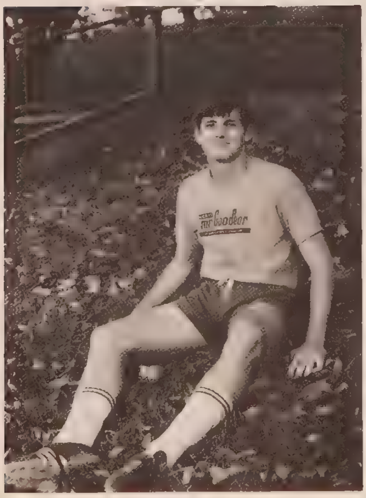
RODERICK FALTER SMITH

Rod came from Roseburg, Oregon looking for a career in the Navy. After a year at Columbian Prep, he managed to get that elusive appointment. Rod was well known for his anonyminity during his plebe year. This was brought out during late in the year when his company commander asked him if he was in his company! Youngster year went by quickly as well as second class year. Rod is looking forward to graduation when he can pursue his career as a steamer and his glorious bachelorhood.

JOHN DENNIS TATE

Denny hails from St. Louis and he lets everyone know about it. Very rarely is he called by his first name, and he is known throughout the company as Tot. Denny, the only remaining survivor of the original Rogue and Pogue Room, is a hard-charging management major. Our company basketball and lightweight football teams just wouldn't be the same without him. Denny likes to spend his academic "free time" listing to albums from his soul collection which is probably the biggest in the Brigade. He is a highly respected individual and is looking forward to life as a Naval Aviator. With a favorable jet stream, he could make it to the top. Right on!

JOHN DENNIS TATE



JOHN THOMAS THORN, JR.

"It's a beautiful morning.
I think I'll go outside for awhile
And just smile."

-the Young Rascals

JOHN THOMAS THORN, JR.

Twenty-Third Company

McDANIEL 745663 23
GARNETT, L.M. 743017
JOHN J McCAFFREY
BAKER '74 740322
BEAULIEU, J.D. 740539
R.A. FRETZ
PROTZMAN '74
L C HAIGHT 743451
BW WHITMAN 749380 23
JOHN F SAPP
SHARPE DA
CAREY, P.C.
M H MILLER 74597

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
RUFUS LACKLAND TAYLOR, III

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER RUFUS LACKLAND TAYLOR, III

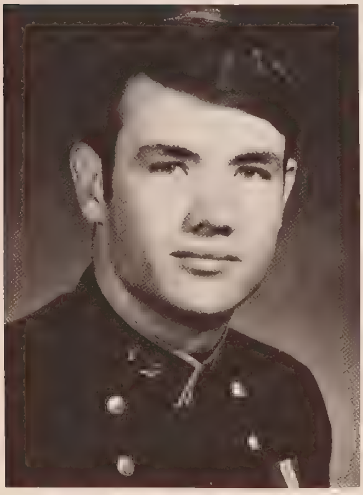
Having called many places home as a Navy junior, Cousin Rufe is perhaps best at home spinning records for the Academy's radio station, 'WRNV', or on the bounding main as a member of the ocean sailing squadron. Rufe and the academic load have never been the best of friends, but through constant hard work, perseverance, and late lights, he has been successful in his courses. Though primarily a yawl sailor, Rufe enjoys thirty-third company "Mets". With his ability to develop a winning attitude in sports and academics, Rufe should present to the navy a very capable officer who favors a submarine or line position.

WILLIAM MICHAEL WILDER

Mike, or Wildman, as his friends called him, came to USNA from Mark-ed Tree, Arkansas. No matter how hard the system tried, it could not change Mike into a Navy machine. Nothing could change his stubborn, independent ways. You could always count on Birdbrain and his roommate, Birdleg, for a hell raisin' time around Ma Bravo. Their guerrilla warfare techniques, i.e., water balloons, spit wads, etc., were second to none. If this engineering jock can't find a home in grad school playing with heavy wires, his determination and desire to excell should put him in good stead no matter what branch of the service he selects.

LLOYD MOSS GARNETT

JOEY DONALD BEAULIEU



WILLIAM MICHAEL WILDER

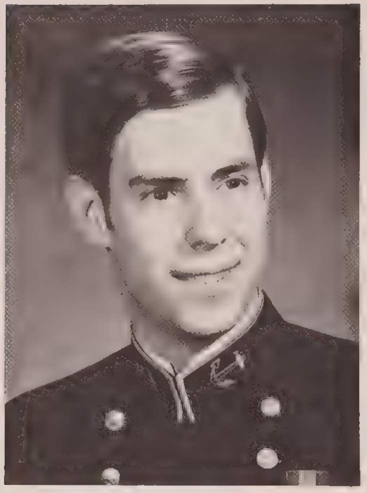
LLOYD MOSS GARNETT

Life is made of danger
And endangers only life:
Life and death are all that matter:
And men live best in times of strife.

. . then Doc, Lumpy and Lightnin' have had some "best" times. Being naturals at academics, the boys abandoned those efforts for the sport of close calls. To date, the AC Board has been 3 near misses and the Performance Officer is unaware of countless others . . . such as the trio's spectacular debut at the Secretary of State's soiree and their graceful departure. Lumpy was the strife-man ("Rack? Tube? Cards? Chew the fat?). Doc the worry man ("Well boys, looks like I cut it too close this time,"), and Lightnin' the lucky man ("Yeah, yeah, yeah! Everything's cool.") To those on the outside, the official stats indicate that there were many times when Lumpy and Lightnin' left Doc holding the bag. Indeed, this is the case, but in the midst of lost Form 2's, accountability cards and SIR chits, Lightnin' feels a large syndrome of events that never made it to the stats. Be careful, Lumpy. Good luck, Lightnin'. And Doc, forget the poetry!

JOEY DONALD BEAULIEU

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth
Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted
wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn thin really about the same
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back.
I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.
Robert Frost



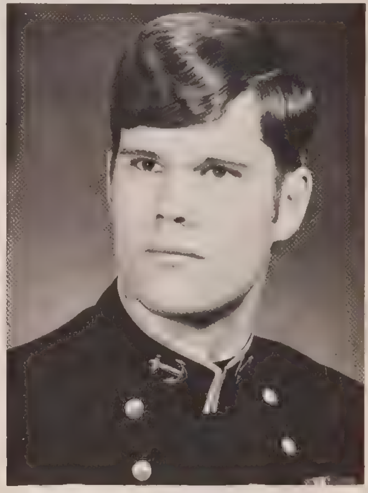
JOHN MACPHERSON HOOD

PAUL AARON BRANDON

Paul, being from just outside of Boston, has been the company's resident street fighter. Everyone in the company has experienced the effects of his hockey slap shots in the hallway. Hockey, booze, money making projects, and women really turn him on. Perhaps he is best known for his outstanding military bearing. Seriously, his drift factor approaches infinity. Who could forget his plebe year "check off list", which reminded him of everything he had to do to prepare for noon meal formation. Paul was the foremost computers expert in the Brigade. He could make a computer do almost anything. Computers played such a big role in Paul Boomer's life that he actually began to think and act like a computer. He once woke up on a cold sweat, screaming indiscernible phrases. When asked what the problem was, he replied "I dreamt I was a computer in an infinite loop". Wierd . . . but typically Paul. Unlike many of Paul's classmates and close friends, he is very happy with his life in the Navy. Let's hope he stays that way.

JOHN MACPHERSON HOOD

John came to Michelson Hall from the wind-blown ghost town of Snyder, Texas. His love for wires seemed to occupy almost all his time. Rumor has it that he wears out a slide rule a year. John's parents were worried about him, so they sent him a pair of rubber boots to protect him from the juice gang. John suffered from insomnia mainly due to nightmares of that fatal day with Admiral Rickover. Never much with wine, women, and song, John nevertheless scored highly in battalion bowling. Mr. Hood holds the record for the most hours of extra instruction (giving, not taking). Undoubtedly, Hoodie will go far (as far as the next bar).



WILLIAM CALVERT BAKER, JR.

CHAUVENET HALL

PAUL AARON BRANDON

WILLIAM CALVERT BAKER, JR.

Bill, an Army brat, originally wanted to go to Hudson High, but lucked out instead. He's very glad that he did, for now he can go in the Marine Corps. His interests cover quite a wide range of activities, as he actively participates in the Brigade boxing program and also collects coins and stamps. Whatever his actual service selection, the naval service will gain an outstanding officer and a true southern gentleman.

PATRICK LEO CAREY

PATRICK LEO CAREY

Pat came to USNA after a one tour of prep school in Minnesota. He promptly established himself in the academic mediocrity portion of the company. When really tough studies came along, Pat responded accordingly by joining WRNV, the choir, and glee club, (not to mention Chinese club), and still remained well above SAT. Pat combined a love for San Francisco with a hatred for the East coast to withstand much flak for living in earthquake country because it is, after all, Paradise(?). When not daydreaming of the Golden Gate, Pat could be found struggling through his Chinese for a foreign affairs major. Of course, since there is no embassy in Peking, Pat will have to settle for a career as a Marine NFO, a far cry from a YP skipper.

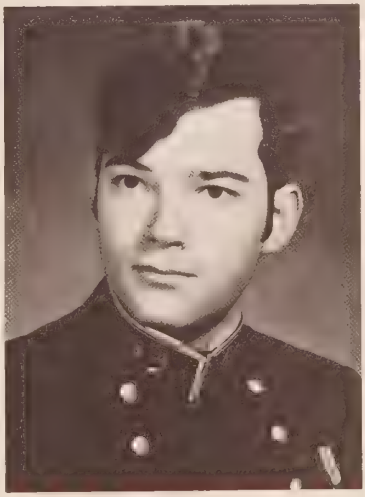
JOHN WILLIAM EADS

RICHARD MAXWELL CRANNEY

Following in the footsteps of his father and older brother, Nooker came to the Academy with the blessing of the state of Maryland, and since then has endeared himself in the hearts of many of his classmates. Following a move by his family, he now calls Denver, Colorado, home. Max will long be remembered for his wide range of interests, his insatiable appetite for good times and happy trails, and his membership in the infamous "Over the Wall Gang", which won him the coveted black N award youngster year. He will most likely be remembered, however, as the recipient of the most Navy "good deals" ever handed out. A late bloomer, Max finally won the hearts of too many saucy wenches along the East coast, but none of them will ever replace his true love, surfing. This great love won him the Vice Presidency of the now defunct but highly revered Fifth Company Surf Club. Max came to this glorious institution with the original intent of being an airedale, but since then his interests have been forced toward civilian line or medical corps, hopefully as a Navy doctor. No matter what field Max will find himself in, though, we all know that he will maintain his crazy sense of humor, his friendly personality, and his love of Coors beer.

JOHN WILLIAM EADS

From the moment Jay stumbled into Mother B he knew he was born Navy. Trading the lazy atmosphere of Princeton, Indiana for the often hectic one of USNA, he found the transition both rewarding and enjoyable. When not trying to play the guitar or continuing the endless battle with academics, Jay could be found in the fencing loft brandishing opponents with his magic epee. Turning heavy third class year, Jay found plenty of time to introduce the music of Cream, Led Zepplin and many others to his classmates. Jay will always be remembered for his easy going personality and warm disposition. Whatever branch of the Navy he chooses, Jay will prove to be both an outstanding and venerable naval officer.



RICHARD MAXWELL CRANNEY

LEONARD JOSEPH MAY

JOHN GREIG MURDOCH, JR.

MICHAEL HAROLD MILLER

Mike marched to the Naval Academy from the unknown hectic town of Minot, North Dakota. His major accomplishments included his ability to get term papers in late and still not be penalized. His frequent encounters with the local lovelies could only be curtailed by his fancy for "spirits", and he often found ways of combining them. Money was a stranger to Mike, but he always managed to find that friend when in need, which was almost always. Athletics were one of Mike's favorites, expecially running his mile with the OOD close behind. Mike always made it a point of being punctual, setting a record for never missing an excused squad formation. Harry will undoubtedly achieve his high ambitions and make his contributions to society, at the same time avoiding his never-ending nightmare of the settled family in suburbia. Undoubtedly Mike will go far, as far as the next bar.

JOHN GREIG MURDOCH, JR.

Just
When I start getting
beyond
the wierdness and the
kick
of it all
and stop fooling around
in the mirror
in walks Daffy Duck
yelling at me for
forgetting
his birthday.
—'Billy Collins'

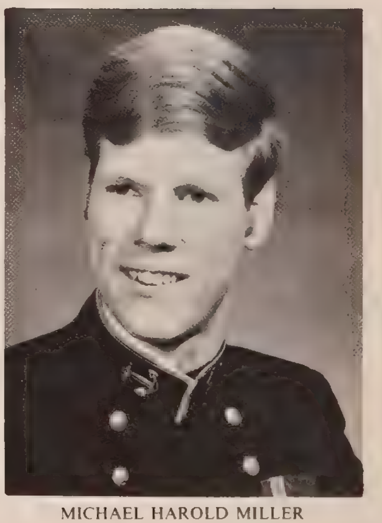
DONALD JAMES WAGNER

Makes you wonder, don't it?

LEONARD JOSEPH MAY

Hailing from the Windy city, Leo-Nard came to the Academy in the spring of '70 as a football recruit and liked what he saw. He returned with the class of '74 and has been a first-stringer ever since, with the girls as well as the team. Between weekend rallies and weekday practices, Leo managed to evade all formations and also certain little green men. Mr. May is known throughout the company as "the great provider", since his mother likes to keep her baby well fed. His eating habits have given him legendary fame with the so-called hags, as well as striking terror in the hearts of Mac Donalds' waitresses from Baltimore to Brisbane. Never much of a showman, Lennie can be seen on the weekends sailing smoothly along in his vette, bound for those weekly appointments with the John's Hopkins medical department. Undoubtedly, Leo will go far, just as far as the next bar.

DONALD JAMES WAGNER



MICHAEL HAROLD MILLER

WILLIAM EUGENE BARNETT

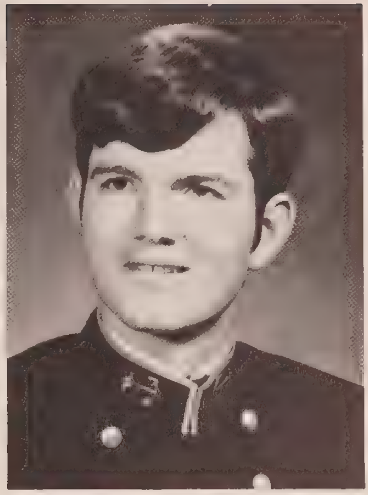
WILLIAM EUGENE BARNETT

Affectionately known as Hang Ten, Bud abandoned his surfboard and a sun soaked California beach to come to the booming metropolis of Annapolis. Originally destined to be a member of the varsity football team, a knee injury while at NAPS forced him to relegate his athletic talent to intramural sports. In such capacity, he was a member of the famous fifth company fieldball team that barely lost the Brigade championship third class year. While a loss to the sweethearts of San Francisco, Bud proved to be a welcome addition into the hearts of many East coast darlings. He will always be remembered for his warm personality and endless trips to the library. Where ever he goes, Bud's smiling face and easy disposition will always make him welcome.

BRUCE DOUGLAS TYLER

BRUCE DOUGLAS TYLER

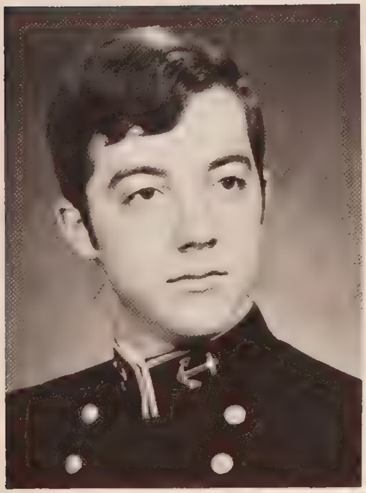
Ty gave up an opportunity to scarf up on those Colorado Rocky Mtn. high's at the 3.2 joints and CU at Boulder by coming to the Naval Academy. But once he got here, and expecially when engineering latched it's satistically determined arms onto him, he had no second thoughts. His three joys in life are his rack, his engineering, and his townie; but he doesn't say enough to let anyone know in what order his priorities are. Taps never come without Tyler hitting the rack. In love with engineering, he studies almost every waking minute in the Hall (which tends to frustrate all of his classmates because of his efficiency). The CEC seems to be lucky in that he has set his sights on it after the fleet and grad school, and his townie. Standby Fleet: you have a short-time Steamer coming, but a long-time engineer.



JOHN JOSEPH MCCAFFREY, JR.

JOHN JOSEPH MCCAFFREY, JR.

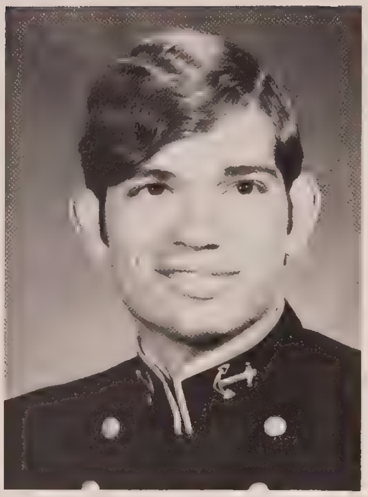
Jack flew into the Academy and Maryland weather from sunny Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, and quickly found that scuba diving and skiing just weren't the same on the Chesapeake. He couldn't give up boats, though, so J.J. soon became engrossed in rowing crew. He chose chemistry as a major, and he was dragging his University of Maryland coed. Jack and Jill could be seen on weekends arguing about the outcomes of Navy-Maryland sporting events, or simply sitting in rapturous bliss in some out-of-the-way spot. It's hard to capture the essence of this tall lanky Floridian in such a short paragraph, but we feel that subs and the good life have a great deal in store for Jack, and we wish only the best for him.



ROBERT CLEVELAND BRUCE, JR.

ROBERT CLEVELAND BRUCE, JR.

Robert entered the Academy as a southern conservative from Gulfport, Miss. He has "greened" considerably since then, as a certain young Mississippi belle can testify to. Robert is well known for his brilliant career at losing weight for such things as 150-lb crew and lightweight football. His efforts were richly rewarded, though, with a plege letter and the good old, intramural pat-on-the-back. He spent most of his time, however, traveling with the glee club, spending as little time as possible in class. Teen Angel, as he is known by his cohorts, is in the elite group of aeronautical engineers. Navy Air will miss this outstanding ensign since his plans involve Adm. Richover's surface ships.



MICHAEL RAY PHILLIPS

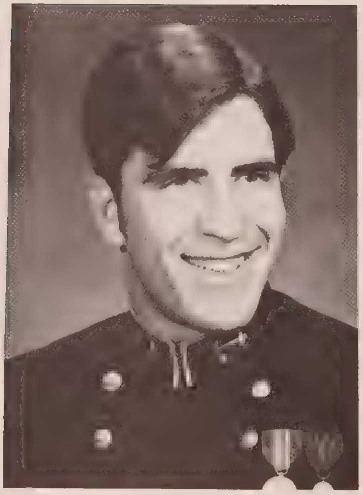
BARTON WILLIAM WHITMAN

Bart, who hails from Pottstown, Pa., came to the Academy after a short year at Columbian Prep, courtesy of the Class of 1922. Following a season on the plebe squash team, Bart began playing company sports. Never an ace in the academic department, he found that studying could be enjoyable if only done on a limited basis. Considering his many outstanding qualities and great leadership potential, he is certain to have a very promising career. After graduation, Bart will draw his flight suit in Pensacola and embark on training to be a Naval Flight Officer.

JOSEPH ADAM NADOLSKI

Joe came to be known as the "rebel" by many of his superiors. Although he would probably laugh at such a label, it was generally true that he was not a lover of USNA Regulations, especially the more ridiculous ones. (Weren't they all ridiculous?) Anyway, Joe always had a profound love for modern music and spent many hours playing his guitar and composing. As he put it, "Music is my escape from the Academy when I'm feeling down". Upon graduation, he has a lovely young lady to look forward to as he pursues his short career in naval aviation.

BARTON WILLIAM WHITMAN



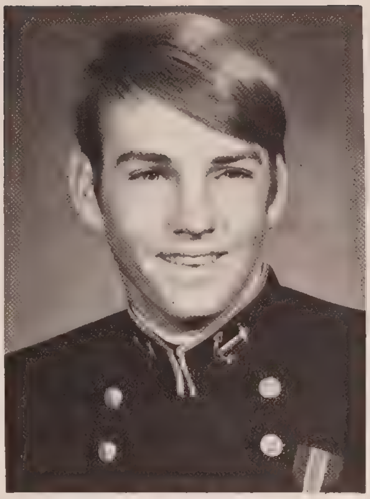
JOSEPH ADAM NADOLSKI

MICHAEL RAY PHILLIPS

Phil came to the Naval Academy from the heart of 'Bama. Kind of small for a varsity football player, he acquired the nickname of Peanut from his friends. Phil, never being one who was afraid to make a change, decided to switch to 150-lb football his second class year. This turned out to be a pretty fair decision as he was picked All-American for both defense and offense his first year. One could always see ole Phil and his little buddy trukin' up to the Birds' room, or over to J.V.'s class, or over to the Natatorium, where Peanut excelled as a swimmer. Ole Phil is unequalled as a hard worker. Better yet, he is a "real" person and not the typical military "beep" one sees so often around the Academy. This is what will keep Phil above the crowd in the future.

PAUL EDWARD SULLIVAN

Sully came to the Academy from Chatham, New Jersey, bringing his base guitar, bonsai trees and artistic ability with him. Hung up on racing small boats, he won a spot among the hackers on the dinghy team, winning his letter in his youngster year. Often he could be seen migrating to steerage for a cheese burger, since he missed evening meal because of J.G.'s practice. Although an academic slash, Sully still found time to squander on the construction of model sailing ships. Weekly calls to Vermont took a chunk out of his pay, but not his cheerfulness. He will make a big hit in the world of Surface Line. A goddam steamer all the way!



DAVID ALAN SHARPE

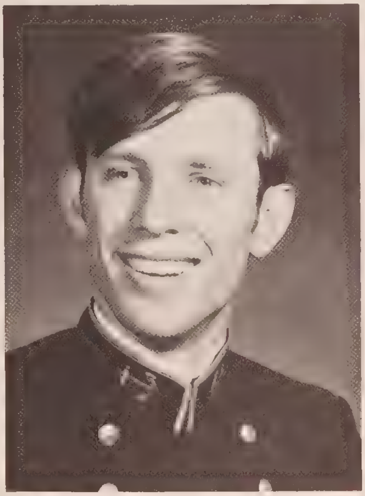
DAVID ALAN SHARPE

"Are you really happy here
With this lonely game we play
Looking for words to say.
Searching but not finding
Understanding anywhere . . .
We're lost in this masquerade.

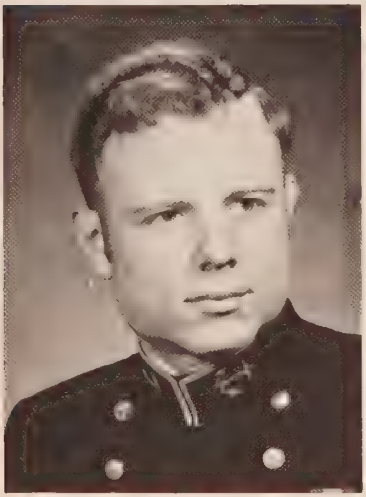
We're lost inside this lonely game we
play
No matter how hard
I try to understand the reason that
We carry on this way . . .
We're lost in this masquerade.

I could just start over again
But it's on so hard to do when
Your lost in this Masquerade."

Leon Russell



CHRISTOPHER RIDGELY PERRIEN



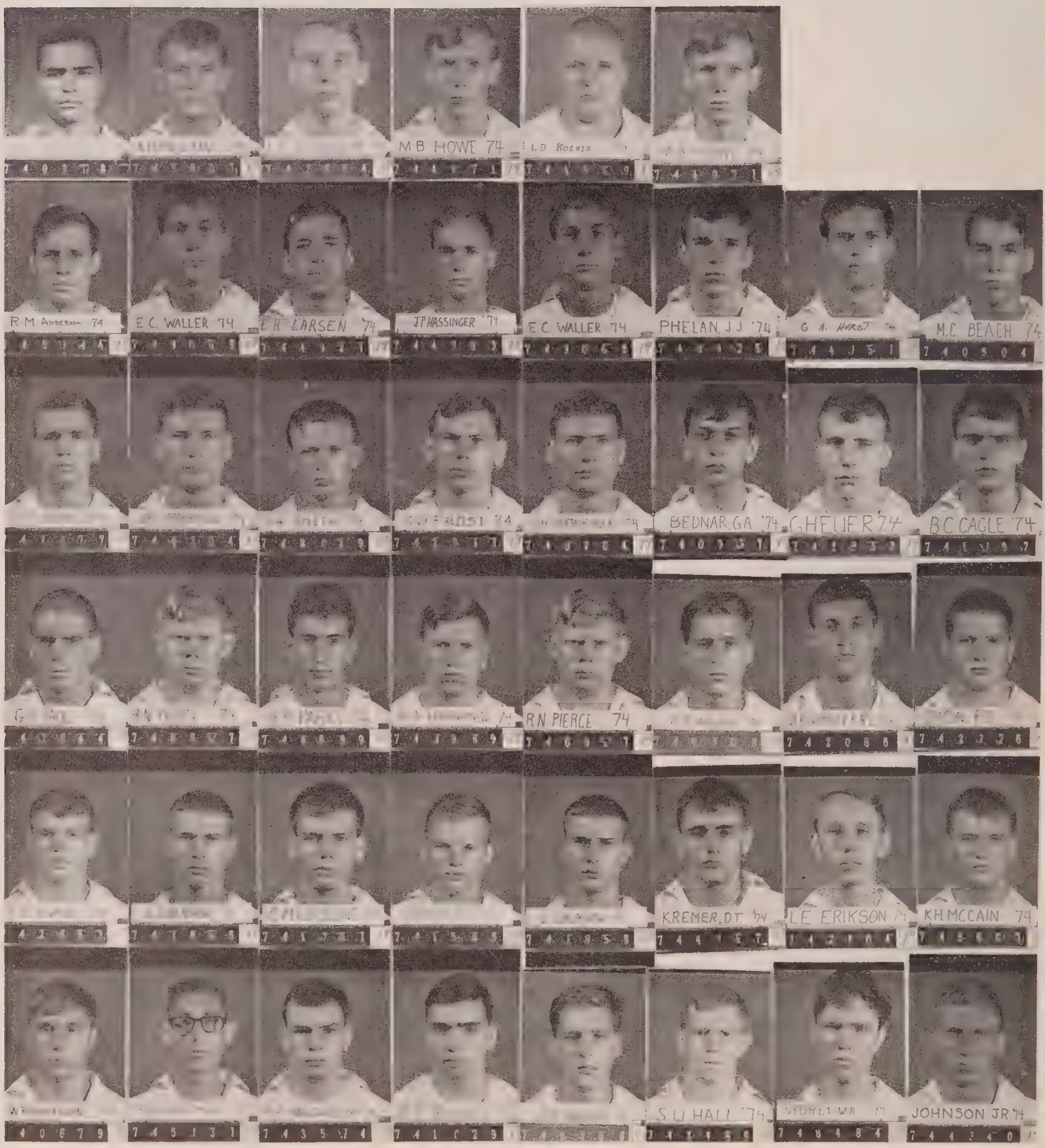
PAUL EDWARD SULLIVAN

CHRISTOPHER RIDGELY PERRIEN

Life's a jest, and all things show it
I thought so once, and now I know it.

–John Gay (1688-1732)

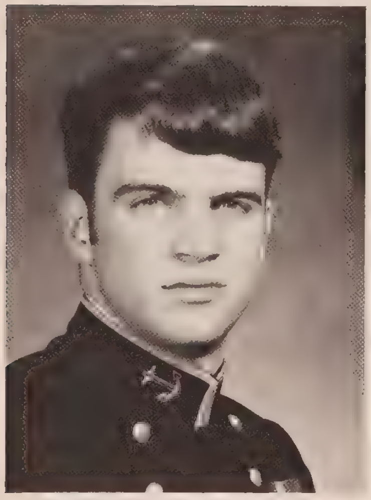
Twenty-Fourth Company


MB HOWE '74
LD Koenig
R M Anderson 74
E.C. WALLER 74
E.H. LARSEN 74
JP HASSINGER '74
E.C. WALLER 74
PHELAN, J.J. '74
G A. Hurst
M.C. BEACH 74
BEDNAR, G.A. '74
G HEUER '74
BC CAGLE 74
R N PIERCE 74
KREMER, D.T. '74
LE ERIKSON 74
KH MCCAIN 74
S U HALL '74
JOHNSON JR 74

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER JOHN LOWELL KIPP

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER JOHN LOWELL KIPP

The son of a Presbyterian minister, John came to USNA from Frankfort, Indiana. John had a fine academic high school record, and continued to maintain a respectable grade average in his academy career. His chances to star were in the Bull Department, however, in a near fatal struggle with Youngster Skinny. John's running ability distinguished him as one of the outstanding members of the Company Cross Country team, which won the Brigade Championship during the plebe year. John can easily handle responsibility, as he showed while acting as company "Lucky Bag" representative. His personality and abilities will make him a fine officer and shipmate.



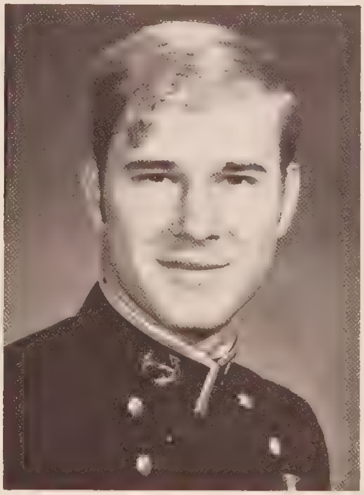
BENNY CLYDE CAGLE

BENNY CLYDE CAGLE

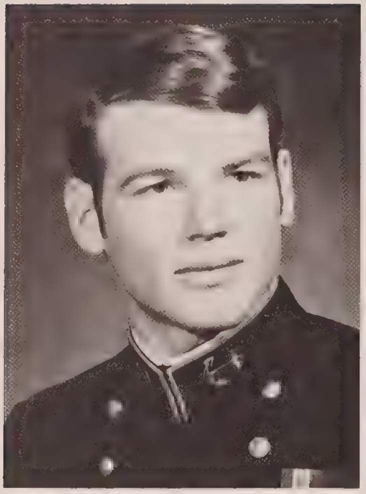
Benny came to the Naval Institute of Technology from Seagrove, North Carolina. After plebe summer, an interpreter was no longer required to translate his long, Southern drawl into plain, understandable English. Although recruited for the varsity basketball team, Benny, with some encouragement from the company firsties and some discouragement at the hands of his varsity competitors, became a company sports enthusiast. Being one of the company's wires jocks, he could usually be found between evening meal and the early morning hours to lend a helping hand in solving some of those problems assigned to his classmates by the "double E" department. He owns the company distinction of being the only guy to retain "the girl back home", and will be journeying to the altar shortly after graduation. Benny plans to receive some additional education through the Rickover post-graduate plan, and to see the ocean from a different angle—from below.

LEWIS WOMACK CRENSHAW, JR.

Lou, also known as the Neck, came to Navy from the wilds of Alabama, confirmed in the belief that "Surface Line is mighty fine". However, after experiencing the sweet life of Pensacola during second class summer, his motto quickly changed to "Surface Line? You're out of your mind!" and he set his sights on NFO wings. Lou's rural sense of humor and distinctive Alabama accent kept his classmates laughing no matter how bad things were. An Ocean Engineering major, evenings would find him buried beneath steam tables, worrying his head off about his studies, but he always got great grades. He went through more O.A.O.'s than anyone else on record until he took a tumble for Marilyn second class year. Though physical exertion did not excite him too much, he was a confirmed maniac on the fieldball circuit. Navy Air will gain a great NFO when Lou is turned loose in June.



LEWIS WOMACK CRENSHAW, JR.



TIMOTHY SCOTT EVANS

RAYMOND MAGNUS ANDERSON, III
Andy came to the Boat School after seeing the Navy from the other side, first with the destroyer fleet and then Bainbridge. A firm believer that it takes more than academics to be a good naval officer, Andy showed that even through hard work it was possible to stay near the magic 2.00 level and graduate. Professionalism ranks high with this Navy junior from Portsmouth, Virginia, though Norfolk is to be avoided at all cost when he joins the fleet again.

JOHN CHRISTIAN BRUNO, JR.

TIMOTHY SCOTT EVANS
Coming from Orinda, California, just over the hills from Oakland, Scott took the Academy pretty much in stride. He passed through plebe year picking up stars and stripes, unfortunately not forever. With the advent of his "musical career" as one of the Common Practice, the glee club's trio, there started a definite trend, exponential decay (a state that is very much frowned upon by a submerged admiral). Reaching first semester, second class year, he looked back; maybe requesting "9 of 7" weekends was a little overdoing it. But then he wrestled with the problem and thought not. Two things made him very happy—from home, his guitar, and from Severna Park, his best friend. A wise man once said, "You can't make change for a penny." The nice thing is, he doesn't have to. And she doesn't either. It will be interesting to see where they are in a few years. All he has to say is "Thanks!"

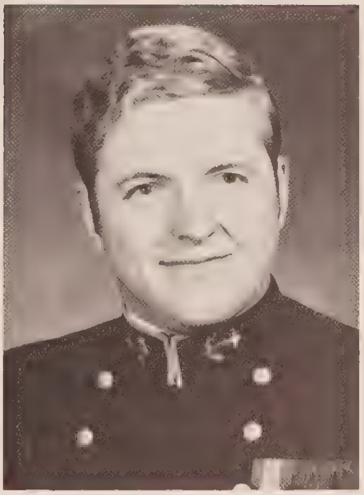
RAYMOND MAGNUS ANDERSON, III

JOHN CHRISTIAN BRUNO, JR.
As a Mid, John had one of the most unusual hobbies; he loved to hold up trains. However, this was stifled one day when he was nabbed holding up a bridal train! Nice try, John. He says his most memorable experiences were youngster year when his devoted roomies played "Victory at Sea" just before the spring navigation final—he flunked it! Thanks, guys. John spent much of his free time fraternizing with the men in the barber shop quartet, who were honored to traverse the states quite a few times in the past four years. He is thankful to the many people who made this possible, including all the great guys in the glee club. John is a Jersey boy and he is looking toward a career in Marine Air. He says upon graduation he'll be taking four things with him to the fleet: His diploma, his commission, his ring and a certain lovely someone from Severna Park. Good luck, John, and thanks for the visit . . .

GEORGE ARTHUR BEDNAR

JAY DAVID WILLIAMS, JR.

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;
Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted
  wear;
Though as far that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.
I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I–
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.
–Robert Frost



LARRY DONN KOENIG

GEORGE ARTHUR BEDNAR

George, hailing from Greenville, S.C., is a 1970 graduate of Wade Hampton High School. Bonzo probably holds the Academy record for the largest supply of household appliances, none of which were ever discovered by an officer. While at the Academy, George has participated in a wide range of sports, from track to boxing (one bloody nose was enough) to softball to football. Famous for having been engaged gosh knows how many times, it looks like George has finally found the right girl and will be walking down the isle in June. George's many talents should make him an invaluable officer to the Navy, or is it the Marine Corps?

JAY DAVID WILLIAMS, JR.

LARRY DONN KOENIG

Larry came to the Academy from the "Golden Buckle of the Corn Belt" in the center of Iowa's rolling plains. After struggling through four years of academics, graduation will be a pleasant relief. His high rankings in grease were exceeded only by that consistent 2.06 cum. Whatever his selection after graduation, he will never be without the practical insight gained at USNA.

PAUL EVAN HALLOWELL, JR.

WILLIAM RICHARD BLACKBURN

Blackie came to the Academy from the hills of Pennsylvania, a place called Bedford to be exact. Being young, ambitious, and mainly wet behind the ears, he was quickly snagged into aerospace engineering. This rigorous curriculum cramped his usual style throughout his four years. However, with much work he managed to do alright, and even picked up a carryover trade in his limited spare time. For three years, "Blackie's Barber Shop" served customers throughout the brigade. Its barber was proud of the fact that he had butchered the heads of five different classes. Bill's other avid interests were intramurals, where he was a four year veteran of the fieldball wars, and in general just having a good time. After graduation, Blackie intends on putting his hard earned "B.S." degree to use, and hopes to spend more time in the air than on the seven seas.

ROBERT JAMES HOGAN, II

PAUL EVAN HALLOWELL, JR.

Jenkintown High School in Jenkintown, Pennsylvania sent Paul as one of their first representatives to the Naval Academy. Anxious to do well, he soon found out that everyone else had the same idea, and those two dens of iniquity, rack and wardroom, quickly found a steady customer. Loving to socialize, Pops has made many lasting friendships with his classmates, many of whom agree that the B.S. he received at graduation stood for something other than the usual. His fly-by-night love life and a strong round of drinks comprised the majority of his spare time. Paul hopes to fly after graduation and will be an outstanding naval officer wherever he goes.

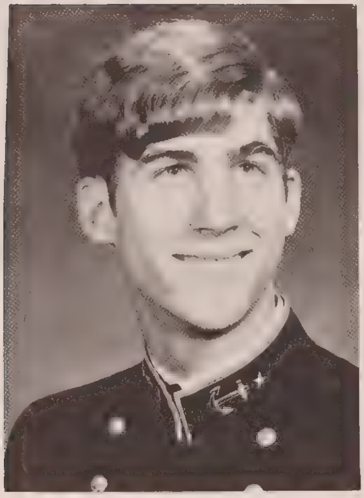
WILLIAM RICHARD BLACKBURN

ROBERT JAMES HOGAN, II

Hailing from Southern California, Hogan came to Navy via NAPS. Finding life acceptable and at times even enjoyable, Hoagie loved his life at Navy to the fullest. After a not-so-fascinating experience with plebe academics, he found the secret to studying—DON'T. Choosing math as his path to glory, he found himself many times above the 3.0 level. Thinking of Army-Navy games, Christmas leave and the Bedford Annuals made time pass quickly at Navy. Hoping for a career in Nuclear Surface, Hoagie is the type of son who would make any mother proud.

RAYMOND LAWRENCE
DE GREEFF, JR.

Ray hails from the corn-cob pipe capitol of the world, Washington, Missouri. Coming to the Academy fresh out of high school, Ray had intentions of setting the world on fire with his fastball; however, the coach had other ideas and Ray soon became a full time student. Having survived his first two years with few hitches, Ray got the "gouge" from a good buddy his second class year. Once again set on fire, he's striving to leave his mark on the world. With failing eyes and no desire to carry a rifle, Ray seems to be faced with the ultimate choice of surface line.



EDWARD CARSON WALLER, JR.

CHARLES MICHAEL COLLINS

Charley registered in the Bancroft Hilton as a Congressional guest from Little Rock, Arkansas. Like so many of his classmates, he gave up the pleasures of the day in order to become the "Naval Officer of Tomorrow." Plebe year, he discovered that the MD after Annapolis meant Doctor, and he entered the now legendary "Crash" curriculum. Nevertheless, he enjoyed his tours with the glee club and the sports that the Academy offered. After validating study hour and subsidizing his income with the men of the felt cloth, Chuck still found the time and funds to plan his numerous escapades with the Rook. A Southerner at heart and concentrating on the belles from that part, Chuck plans to further his studies in both those areas. He then hopes to join his friends in the fleet as a flight surgeon.

RAYMOND LAWRENCE
DE GREEFF, JR.

EDWARD CARSON WALLER, JR.

Ed winged his way to "Pensacola Prep" from Arlington, Virginia and a Navy family. Here he found electrical engineering his biggest interest inside the seven mile limit. You could always find the Rook near the action, for he was never one to pass up a good weekend. He invariably found time to participate in a myriad of activities, ranging from playing tennis to keeping "Ole Chuck" out of trouble. Ed looks forward to flight training in Florida and a successful career as a naval aviator.

CHARLES MICHAEL COLLINS

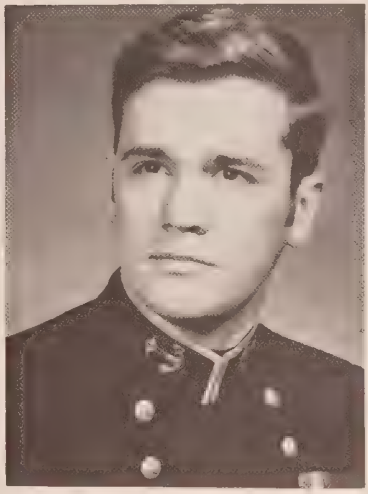
LAWRENCE EUGENE ERIKSON

MARK DOUGLAS FROST

"America's Dairyland" is home for Mark, who arrived on the Annapolis scene out of Clintonville High School in Clintonville, Wisconsin. As an analytical management major and trident scholar, he consistently was placed on the Superintendent's and Dean's Lists. In addition to participating in numerous intramural sports, Frostie enthusiastically backed the Big Blue as a cheerleader on Navy's new co-ed squad. Following graduation, Mark joins the aviation community as a Naval Flight Officer.

LAWRENCE EUGENE ERIKSON

Descending upon USNA from the sunny shores of California, Larry found the hardest aspect of the Academy life was the weather, or more specifically, the humidity. Advised to be a math major, Lief ran aground on such subjects as differential equations and engineering physics. Never a slash on grades, Erik made what was needed and spent the rest of his time playing squash, handball, bridge or catching "Z5". Having fallen in love with the sea during youngster cruise, Larry plans to be a "boat driver" after graduation.



ALBERT JAMES DIEHL, III

MARK DOUGALS FROST

ALBERT JAMES DIEHL, III

Jim came to the Academy from a little of everywhere. Contrary to popular belief, he was not chained to his desk, although he often hibernated in his room, trying to keep that 3.6 accum. Although he had had visions of Surface Line, he soon discovered that his personal ideals were more closely embodied in the lean, green fighting machine, and became the company grunt. After meeting the Lord second class year, there is no doubt in his mind about where the credit for his happiness and success lies. With Jesus as a companion, Jim is off ~~merrily~~ to start a new career as a soldier of the sea next June.

GREGORY ALAN HURST

Greg came to USNA from Farmington, Michigan. Becoming engulfed in Academy rigors, he could always find something better to do than study. As an underclassman he learned his lessons well, however, for restriction was never a way of life for him. The weekends were a time of action for Greg. The excitement of new adventures was his greatest love. His reckless pursuit of scuba and skydiving ranked second only to his pursuit of the opposite sex. Greg's motto was "You only live once so reach for all the gusto you can get." A confirmed bachelor he has so far been able to escape all plots to get him to the alter after graduation. With his sights set on earning a pair of golden wings, Greg will soon be catching the sun and fun in Pensacola.

JACK PHELPS HASSINGER, JR.

Known to his classmates as Chicken Man, Jack comes to the Academy from St. Simons Island, Ga. Having to settle for the Red Beach instead of the sun and fun of Georgia beaches, Jack always managed to stay one step ahead of the sub squad. Jack's motto, "Aviation is my salvation" left no doubt as to his preferred branch of the service. A mean linebacker in company football and a fleet-footed fullback in company soccer, Jack was very active in the intramural program. Among his favorites were baseball, girls, Navy Air, "Je T'aime", and weekends. A history major, Jack's hobbies included such varied activities as drinking, traveling, and just plain lovin'. Jack's most memorable asset was his ability to have "just one more" and still keep going. No party was a party unless Jack was there to keep it alive. After four years of "the quiet life", Jack will be ready to answer the call of the airdale. The fleet and the skies will gain an invaluable officer when he snaps on his new shoulder boards come June, 1974.

GREGORY ALAN HURST

JOHN JOSEPH PHELAN

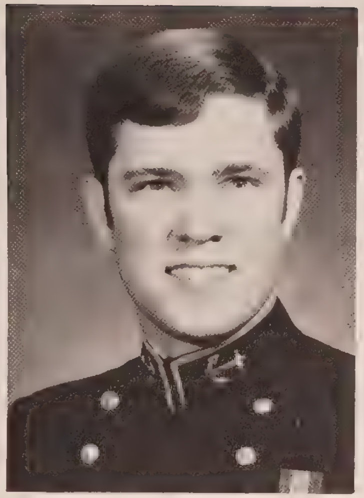
JACK PHELPS HASSINGER, JR.

JOHN JOSEPH PHELAN

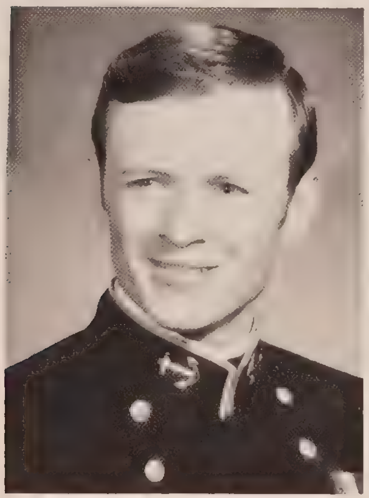
Fearless Phelan from Fairless Hills trucked into Navy from the great state of Pennsylvania. A man of many talents, John accumulated several N*'s as an outstanding member of an outstanding Navy track team. John was a dedicated trackman and afternoons would find Fearless jogging around the Maryland countryside to the tune of "Teach Me Tiger". John's major, oceanography, prepared him quite well for a life as a steamer, though for a time he almost fell into the clutches of the nukes. John's great disposition and sense of humor enabled him to fit in quite well with his nutty classmates from a crazy company. John always helped brighten any party with games such as "First and Ten". A confirmed bachelor, John smothered all attempts by his classmates to crack him. Come June, Surface Line and the Navy will gain a valuable and dedicated officer.

DUANE ALAN SMITH

A farmer from the day he could walk, Duane arrived on the "Naval Farm" expecting to milk goats. Quickly recovering from the shock of not being allowed this passtime, he decided the closest thing to the farm was the ocean and chose oceanography as his major. A personal encounter with Jesus Christ on youngster cruise made Duane decide not to return to civilian life, and he returned to the academy with a new "Life" within. Striving to maintain a 2.60 QPR, Duane was active in battalion sports, including football, wrestling and bowling. His favorite saying is "Praise the Lord."



WILLIAM AQUINAS STOREY

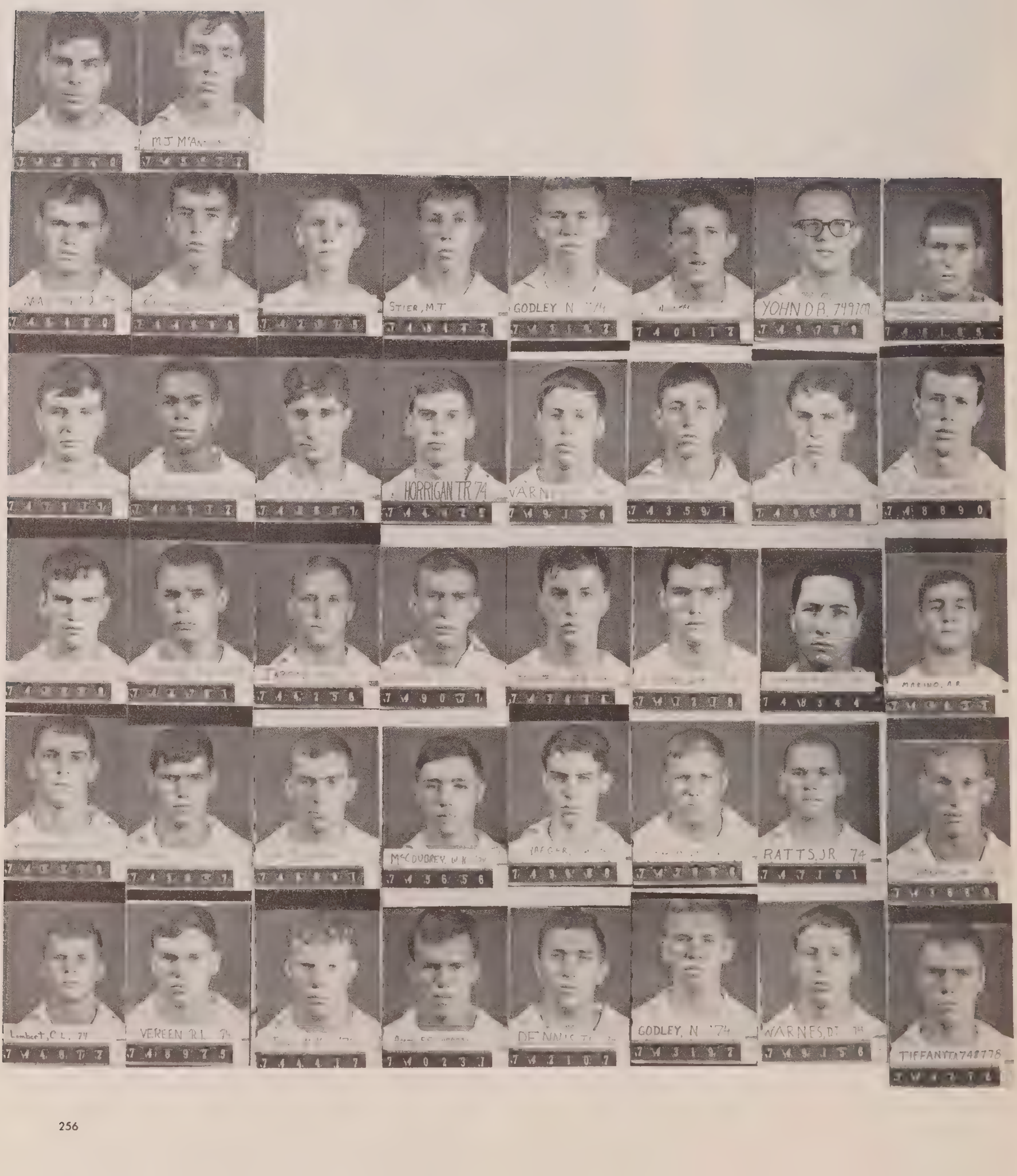


DUANE ALAN SMITH

WILLIAM AQUINAS STOREY

Bill, or The Shadow, came to Annapolis from Chelmsford, Massachusetts. He learned that the best way to obtain a high QPR was to stay away from the books, so he was usually found in the wardroom. Being an avid reader of almanacs, dictionaries, and thesauruses, he become a storehouse of useless information. In the fall and spring, Bill could be found running for the batt track and cross-country teams, and company fieldball provided recreation for him during the winter set. After graduation, he will be going to Pennsacola to bask in the sun and see the sights, and perhaps do some flying as well. There it is expected he will become the type of naval officer he has shown the ability and potential to be.

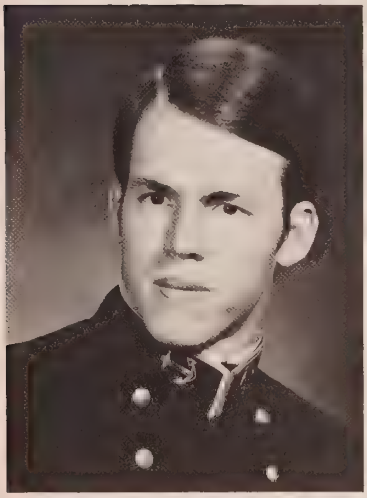
Twenty-Fifth Company


M J M'An
STIER, M.T
GODLEY N '74
YOHN D.B. 749709
HORRIGAN T.R. '74
VÄRN
MARINO, A.R.
McCOUBREY, W.K.
RATTS, J.R. 74
Lambert, C.L. 74
VEREEN R.L. 74
DENNIS
GODLEY, N '74
WARNES, D.T. 74
TIFFANY T.A. 748778

CAPTAIN RICHARD JOSEPH MULLER

CAPTAIN RICHARD JOSEPH MULLER

Rich came to Yankee land from Savannah. Georgia. A strong desire to stay in top physical condition and a keen competitive spirit made the practice fields of Annapolis the most likely place to find him in the afternoons. His natural athletic ability distinguished him as a glue-fingered end for the company lightweights and ranked him high in his class in P. T.: however. the Academic Departments always presented a greater challenge. Completely at home with a girl on one arm and a bottle of liquid nourishment in the other hand. on weekends he focused his attention on the fairer sex. and many a girl was wooed and won by his innocent drawl and pleasing manner. That some agreeable personality will contribute to his continued success in the future.



STEPHEN SELLERS AVERY

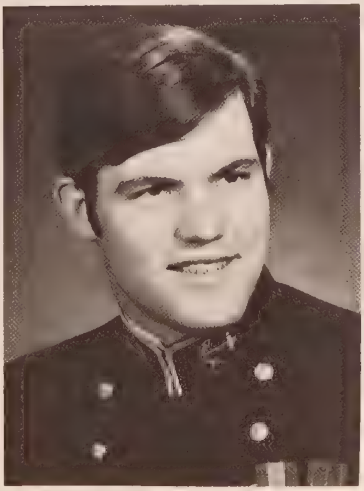
ALBERT MALROSE CALLAND. III

From the y-bridge city of Zanesville. came one of the Academy's most gifted athletes. An Ohio All-Stater in football. basketball. baseball and track. Bert started for the big blue as a sophomore and for three years was a tremendous gridiron asset for Navy. earning considerable recognition. but not near what he deserved. The real Calland. though. was the one on the pickup basketball court. where his razzledazzle flying up and over shot become famous. or at the pool table. where with a shade of arrogance he would call his shot and laugh with surprise when somehow the ball always went in. but especially at the ping-pong table where he was king for second-class summer at Lotties O-club in Norfolk. along with sharing the beer drinking title. One of the best liked men of his class. he had a great ability for beer. women. friends and procrastinating. but underneath everything he maintained an intelligent and clear attitude on what he wanted out of life.

LAWRENCE RUSSELL
VAN LOAN

STEPHEN SELLERS AVERY

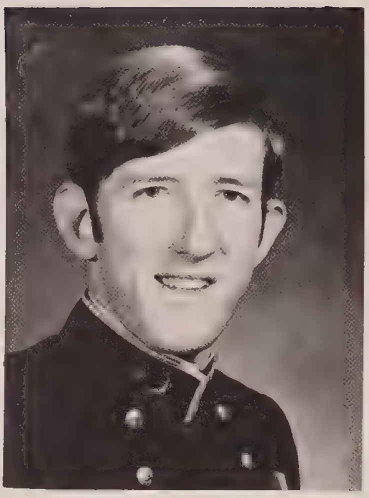
Always a friend of the sea. Steve came to Annapolis from the warm waters of Fort Lauderdale with a love of sailing and women. Hard study complimented his reputation as a hard party man. as no get together was ever complete without the taste of gin and tonic. Football. squash. and rugby were among the favorite sports of this well-rounded athlete. who was an asset to any team he played for. but made his biggest contributions to the class "A" sailboats. If he wasn't listening to Eric Clapton or thinking about some girl. Ave could usually be found wrestling with some friend (or enemy—he always seemed to have an excess of energy) and was never too busy to take part in the deep discussions of sports. music. or Academy regs. He will probably be best remembered as the man who took care of his drunk friends. both at home and abroad: and he definately had many friends.



ALBERT MELROSE CALLAND. III

LAWRENCE RUSSELL VAN LOAN

Larry is famous for a number of things. His most outstanding trait. besides athletics. is his neatness. Larry is a "clean freak". It has been noted by a number of reliable sources. that he sweeps out his room on his hands and knees with a wisk broom. Larry is very partial to Italian food. good clothes. and a certian girl from Bowie (not Buffalo!) Of course. when you talk about Larry. you always wind up talking about sports. Larry is an All-American football player. he was All-State in basketball and track and pitched on the baseball tem. He shoots in the high 70's in golf. plays a good game of poker (except on youngster cruise) and bridge. But with all his athletic abilities. he still cannot get the best of his pretty-eyed girl in tennis.



LEW EARLINGTON ALLEMAN

LEW EARLINGTON ALLEMAN

Lew, a non-Okie from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, became known early in his career at USNA as "Vulture" (not that he resembled one, but . . .) Lew had an old fashion plebe year for the upper class hated his guts. No one will ever surpass the number of chins he was able to get in that year. He is also remembered for his favorite Army projects and various love affairs. Always beaten by the pad monster, Lew's classmates wondered how he did so well being a chem major—maybe he was smart and never told us. He played several sports: Tennis, fencing, squash, football, and basketball. Whether he played them well was another matter. Navy-wise, Submarines were his first choice but he tried and was denied. So, not being daunted by this setback, Lew chose a Greyhound of the sea. A considerate friend and a hard worker, he will give the fleet something to think about. Watch out fleet, 'cause here he comes.

MARTIN JAMES JAROSZ

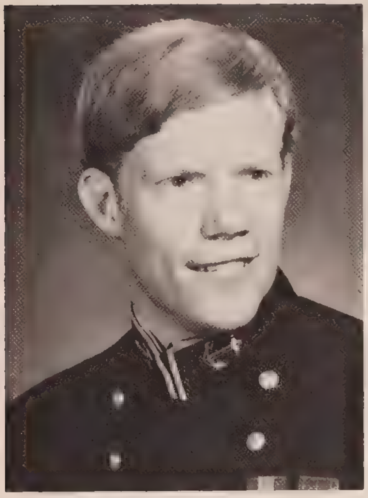
Marty, a native of Cleveland, Ohio, came to the Naval Academy through the back door by way of NAPS. A standout in football, baseball, basketball, and track at St. Joseph High School, Marty lent his abilities to the plebe indoor track team and the 150-lb football team until sidelined by an injury. However, he has since become a valuable asset to the 8th co. intramural sports program. A dedicated management major, he could always be found studying until the early hours of the morning. Despite the fact that his QPR only managed to hover around a 2.50, Marty was more proud of his grades than guys who made the Dean's list, every semester. Never one to fear hard work, Marty was always the first to volunteer for any project, and invariably became the man-in-charge. He will always be remembered for his great sense of humor, his professionalism, his dedication, and especially his willingness to always help a friend in need of assistance. With a pair of good eyes and a bit of luck, Marty hopes to make Navy Air his career, but his special qualities will make him a welcome addition in whatever career he chooses.

MARTIN JAMES JAROSZ

LAWRENCE MICHAEL HARVEY

LAWRENCE MICHAEL HARVEY

If you saw Harv walkin' in the sands near Titusville, Fla., digging the surf and sun, you'd never have known why he left it all for the shores of USNA, and neither does he. But he swapped his oceanside and Cal for a kneeless football season and a Luder Yawl. The "street-fighting" man of curls always took pride in keeping ". . . rocks, plants, and incense . . ."; once he read about it, too. Being a poor, deceived oceanographer, Larry dreamed of Miami's marine biology but crammed his mind with phenomena of Endt and fluids. Unable to choose between the people and pleasures of home and the power of the Academy, he found a unique solution: he brought some of home north. Where does he go from here? Out to the van to cruise on with his music and his lady, the Navy? Who cares—he loves the sea.



HOUSTON KEITH JONES

HOUSTON KEITH JONES

The Golden Tumbleweed comes to us from the booming desert metropolis of Hobbs, New Mexico. An honor student, All-State in football, and vice-president of the Chaperrals were just a few of the titles and honors bestowed on him at Hobbs High. But the mighty Tumbleweed got restless and decided to come east to the Academy to fulfill ambitions of becoming an oceanographer. Keith literally mastered the academics of the Academy and excelled equally as well on the athletic field. He started on the 28th company heavy weight football team his plebe year, which was runner up in brigades, and started for Navy's rugby team for three years, including the 1971-72 national runner-up team. Senior year saw Keith letter for Navy's 150-lb football team, hassled his way into nuclear power school, and indebted himself to the Navy by going IGEP. Good luck!!!!

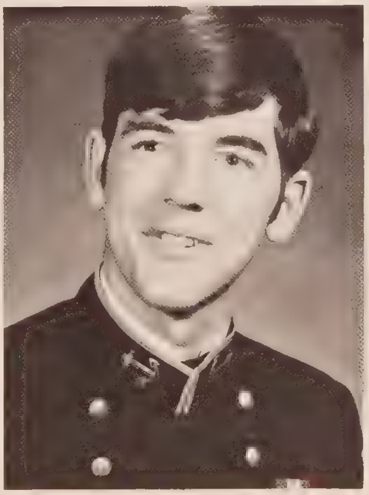
THOMAS ROBERT HORRIGAN

THOMAS ROBERT HORRIGAN

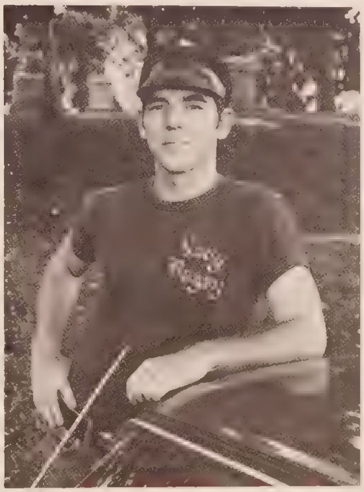
Tom or Norton (whom he somehow fantasies himself as), left a relatively stable life among Italians and cement in Erie, Pa., to try and convince the Navy that there really is a useful purpose for cycles in the fleet. Shut down in that endeavor, he turned to Aviation—who knows what a couple of wings on a 750 will do? The Connoisseur will be always remembered for his desperate efforts to bring up our "pathetic" levels of culture. His tips on music, women, and wine (especially wine) will forever keep us in debt. Those who roomed with Tom will tenderly remember his "Arthritic Blues" sound featuring "The Big Toe Beat". After spending the plebe year on the crew team, Tom moved on to sandlot football with the boys. A fierce competitor, he would severly punish himself with up to a week of afternoons in the rack after a poor performance. Once away from the clutches of Severn Prison, Tom will enthusiastically be tackling any task this man's Navy will present to him and will be a fine addition to any wardroom; with a plaque big enough to tack him to.

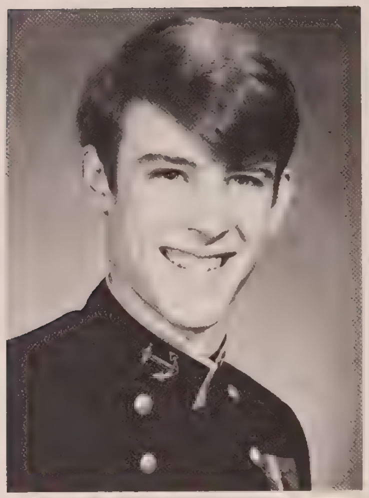
LELAND STANFORD KOLLMORGEN, JR.

Arriving at Severn Prison as a Navy junior from Washington State, Rusty wasted no time making several names for himself—Walla Walla Kid, Kono, and Amo the Magnificent being among the more representative. His fun-loving, carefree, enthusiastic behavior not only endeared him to his classmates during plebe year, but also earned him a steady spot on the ED squad—courtesy of '71. Undaunted by this minor setback, he concentrated on a more relevant one: USNA vs. the *real* Navy as he knew it. Rusty dug into academics, rugby, and fieldball, but fared best at the post-rugby game parties. Rusty is forever extolling the virtues of Washington State, his beloved Huskies (not the dogs) and the Redskins. In friendly rib sessions he can invariably be caught with at least one foot in his mouth. A confirmed A-6 man, Rusty cannot wait to get back home, slip into his very own Ens. Kollmorgen flight gear, and hot rod an Intruder into the evening skies over Whidbey Island, NAS.



LELAND STANFORD KOLLMORGEN, JR.





JOHN WILLIAM YAEGER

JOHN WILLIAM YAEGER

Leaving behind his true loves, Coors, camping, and Colorado, John came to the Naval Academy on his first road trip as Mick. Retiring from high school wrestling, he chose to chase jocks and towels all the way back to Pueblo. Thrilled by professionalism, John salutes the Major, Political Science. Staying awake long enough to stay topside of a 2.0, he rigidly held to the philosophy that the best days are the ones you sleep through. Mick was once described by the financial baldy as a better ". . . hippie than Midshipman," and for three more years he proved that man right. Marines, keep on looking. Honk if you know John.

CHRISTOPHER LANGE LAMBERT

One-hundred and thirty-five pounds of steel and pulsating sex-appeal, Lambo left his ski boat in quaint Naples, Florida, to pursue the action at the Academy. Chris was side-tracked on his way to Pensacola by Hubbard Hall, where he was a vital member of the crew team as a coxswain. After joining the "Chick-of-the-Week" Club as a 2/c, Lambo quickly passed through Nip and Tarzan's wife on his way to the Status. Chris validated Spanish and Penguin and could always be counted on to add his timely quacks to boring conversations. Lambo's major, ocean engineering, quickly destroyed his confidence and his QPR, but left him known as "The Man From Gouge." After acquiring a van 2/c year, Lambo achieved his life-long ambition of opening a travelling bar in the 5th wing parking lot. Lambo hopes to leave the grey skies and grey walls for the blue skies and white sand at his new destination, Coronado, for a little light SEAL/UDT training.

CHRISTOPHER LANGE LAMBERT

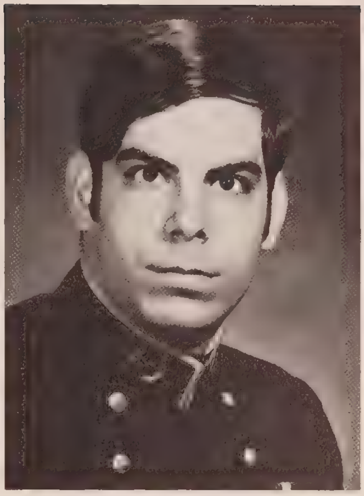
TERRY WAYNE KRUMMEL

Hailing from Petaluma, California, Terry entered Canoe U. right out of high school with gold marine bars in his eyes. With determination that would not quit, Terry achieved his black belt in karate and not only formed the USNA karate club, but became its first president. Whenever our academics swamped us, Crumbs (as affectionately known by the troops) was always ready to conduct an EI session after a quick sparring round. With graduation, the Academy will lose a fine scholar and athlete, but the aroma of a karate workout will always linger on 5-0. With the ever-present thoughts of Donna in his mind, Terry's post-graduation days will be few, if any at all. The corps will be richly rewarded by Terry's services.

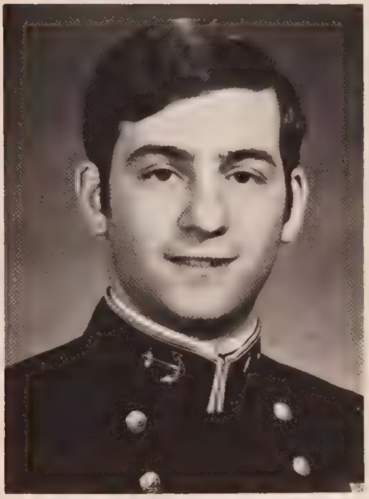
TERRY WAYNE KRUMMEL

DAVID GEORGE LEON

Dave Leon made the 35 mile trek to USNA from Alexandria, Virginia, via Oklahoma Military Academy Jr. College. Dave arrived at the Academy a seasoned plebe and became the company Mark Spits on the plebe swim team. After the first year on the team, Dave found his calling in rugby in which he has been a terror ever since. An analytical management major, Dave worked hard until he changed his major to wardroom and his grades rocketed to above 3.2. Dave will leave behind him a jolly laugh and a pot to which he challenges anyone to try to match. Upon graduation, Dave will tie the know of love with his beautiful hometown sweetheart, after which they will move to Pensacola where Dave will begin flight school as an NFO. The future looks bright for Dave, except he has not yet perfected a way to get a television into a P-3.



DAVID GEORGE LEON



ANTHONY RALPH MARINO

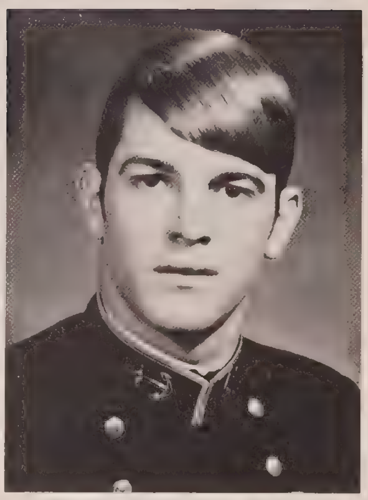
CHAUVENET HAL

ANTHONY RALPH MARINO

Tony came to good old Navy U. straight out of the hills of North Plainfield, New Jersey. During his first year here, little was known of our Italian compatriot except for the fact that he was the only plebe to tell Tracy to hurry up, and was bald for the summer. Plebe year found Tony busily managing the football and track teams. Third class year saw Mafioso playing Rugby and doing astounding things with accountability cards. Second class year kept Tony very busy. He was always either trying to flunk out or trying to buy a new car. During his first class year Mafioso became an accomplished "Grizz" hunter and a wardroom regular. Always ready to help out, wrestle in the Hall, throw someone in the shower, or go to a party, Tony only had to be coaxed from his cave. With ocean engineering still clutching him, Tony will make it to Pensacola for NFO training.

KENNETH MILES MCBRAYER

Regretfully leaving Atlanta, the Pride of the South, Kenny Mac turned his eyes towards the Academy, the Dirt Clod of the North. Remembering what Sherman did to his fair city, Mac was always trying to get back at the Yanks one way or another. His dreams of football were dashed the first day of practice when his rival quarterbacks outnumbered his high school team. Mac turned from oars to sails to leather balls. He remained a Form II virgin despite his frequent games of "Beat the Clock." Desiring to serve under the Hippocratic Oath rather than the Oath of Office, Mac left oceanography in the wake of his studies to medicine. His sweat factor as a second class 4 striper was nearly unbeatable and tarnished only by his affinity for love beads, long hair, and bikes. For Mac, following graduation, motorcycle line looks mighty fine.

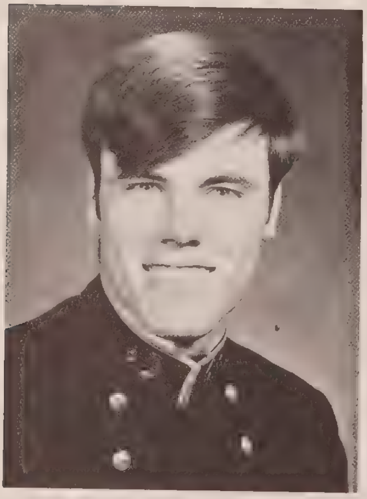


KENNETH MILES MCBRAYER

EDWARD FRANCIS STEINER

EDWARD FRANCIS STEINER

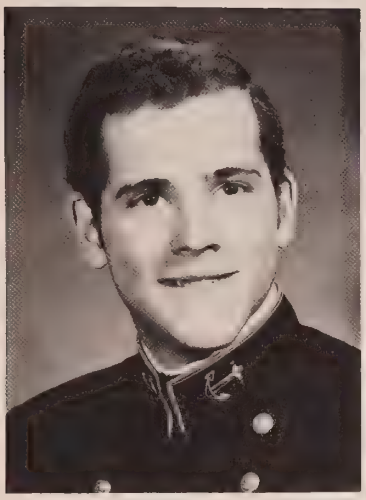
Scholastics always seemed to come easy to Ed in high school. Being one of the top graduates of the premier class of Parkdale High School, Ed, coming from Berwyn Heights, Maryland, had little trouble adapting to academic life at the Academy. Despite a rigorous plebe year in which a hunk of clay was usually in his way, Squirrel Man proved himself and obtained a solid 3.0 in oceanography. On the field, Ed was a standout. He led many a team to victory and also shared in some class defeats. Whatever the outcome, Ed was the true sportsman. His hard and clean play both on and off the field earned him the respect and friendship of everyone he met. The friendly skies of Navy are his dream, and so the briney sea will have to wait a bit longer for someone of Ed's ability. His keen wit and determination will earn him respect in any career he chooses.



THOMAS ALBERT TIFFANY

THOMAS ALBERT TIFFANY

Tom Tiffany, known to his compatriots as Tiff, came to USNA via the University of Pittsburgh at Johnstown, the home of the incline plane and Coney Island. As a freshman, Tom played on the plebe basketball team, but with the valuable coaching from the upper class crows he joined the ranks of the "has beens" where he played on the wing of the rugby team for three years. Not being of sound mind, as previously demonstrated, Tiff chose math as a major, but in an effort to redeem himself, Tom slowly made his residence in the wardroom. Since Tom has been so successful with this job, we are confident that no matter where he goes, he will be a success.



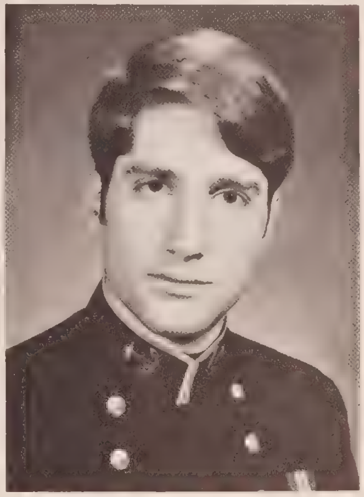
JAMES RINEHART RATTS

JAMES RINEHART RATTS

Sam Mice came to the Academy directly from an innocent homelife in Hurst, Texas. Jim was a Texan through and through. His independence caused him a few problems: Jim never had any problems finding trouble, he always knew where to look. Jim is very carefree and never had to sweat anything. He did extremely well in his mechanical engineering major. The majority of his time was spent in gymnastics. His talents made him our company's first N star winner, and those "Pipes and Ps" could have led him to an Eastern Championship. He has now found a home in the company light weight football team. He will become a helicopter pilot and will do well in the "real" Navy as long as he can remember people's names.

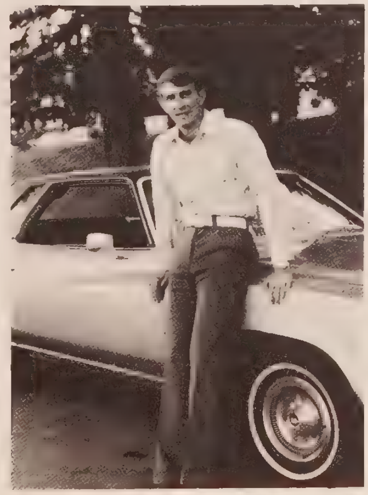
DAVID ROGERS TEPLY

From the cold frontiers of rugged Alaska was brought to Annapolis one of the "coals of warmth" found in Anchorage. Dave will always be remembered for his sympathetic ear and kind thoughts. His ability to express himself eloquently and at opportune moments earned him frequent trips to the shower. Although he managed to let one roommate slip out of his grasp, he did the best to help the rest of us stay straight. After a stint with the plebe crew team, Dave decided to rest on his oars and spread his knowledge to the men to the second batt crew team. This, coupled with his prowess on the squash courts, earned him the reputation of an athlete to be feared. Dave's serious outlook on life and deep concern for others will make him a great addition to the fleet. The fact that there is much to learn out there and a great deal of trouble brewing in Athens (where he's headed come graduation to join the USS SAMPSON) will give him an excellent opportunity to really grow in his trust in God and do his job without worry, knowing that, "God hath not given us a spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." (II Timothy 1:7)



DAVID ROGERS TEPLY

JOHN JAMES WAICKWICZ



JOHN JAMES WAICKWICZ

Wake came to the metropolis of Crabtown from a crossroads in Massachusetts called Spencer. He brought with him many skills, one of which was an ability to play basketball, another escaping from trouble. He helped get his classmates secured plebe year by beating the firsties in a hot game. The benefits were short lived though, as John gained infamy as one of the "Sesemy Seven" in the great television gang capture. He has had a thing about King Kong and monkies ever since. Wake's prime interests are sports, trouble, and history. As a history major, he managed to stay above 2.5 and when long weekends came along, above 3.0. Wake always excelled, but his best work was done while asleep (as a matter of fact his most intelligent conversations came while sound asleep.) During second class summer, he proved that he could command a YP while asleep. We hope that he stays awake when he heads for flight school and when he is flying an F-14. Wake has a good future ahead in the Navy but keeps saying, someday maybe a seat in Congress would be nice.

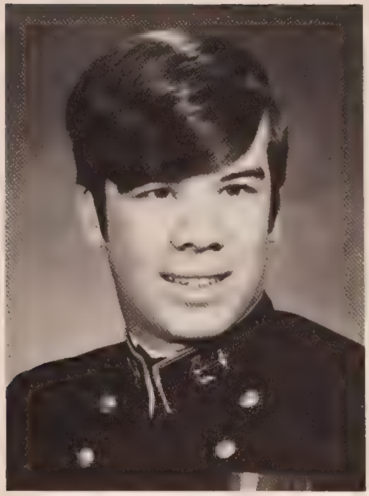
Twenty-Sixth Company

T. J. SPRINGER
G. Gilfillan C.O. '74
Singleton, B.A. 1974
747980
D.G. FLEMING '74
ETTER J. A. '74
SCHULLER J.G. '74
D K KOMRAUS '74
SHORE, B. '74
BABCOCK, E.S. '74
FIRPO R.E. '74
E R RASMUSSEN '74

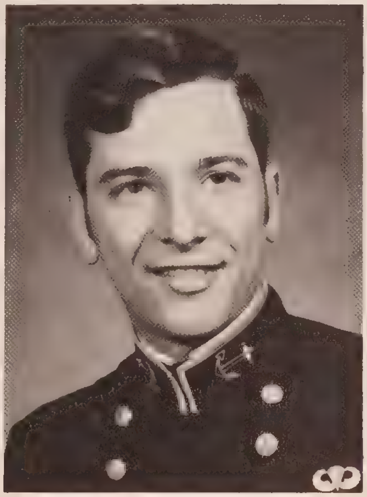
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER OTIS TOLBERT, USN

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER OTIS TOLBERT, USN

Butch graduated from Tennessee A & I University in 1964 with a B.S. in Aviation Education. During his stay, Otis pursued his flying ambitions both in the air and on the ground, as he was a member in good standing of the Aero Tigers Flying Club, and an avid builder of model planes. His enthusiasm for building resulted in his minor of Industrial Arts. Butch was industrious in other areas, too, for whom he was not playing with the junior basketball team or marching with the AFROTC drill team, he was courting the former Nancy L. Clark, who is now his lovely wife.



DONALD GORDON FLEMING



DONALD PATRICK LOREN

CLIFFORD EDWARD SZAFRAN

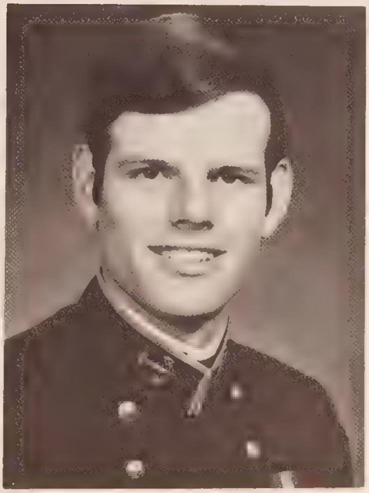
Cliff reported to his home away from home from Winter Park, Florida, and immediately endeared himself to his classmates with his Cheshire grin and his hyena laugh. He had designs to being a star football player, but apparently he went to practice one day without his Blue and Gold kneepads, and injured himself beyond repair Cliff will probably be best remembered for his amazing comeback first class year, when, with some smooth talking and other fancy maneuvering, he rose from comfortable non-identity as an MIR to a position of the batt staff. Cliff was the resident mechanic of the company, and has more tools than the Navy has sailors. When he leaves here for good, he'll be on a DLG. We can only say that because of his special capabilities, Cliff will be the best sonar officer the Navy ever had.

DONALD GORDON FLEMING

Don came to the Academy from Aurora, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. Don, a charter member of the Turkey Point Club, has achieved many things at the Academy; however, he will best be remembered for being a letterman on the varsity rock-squad team for four years and captaining it his first class year. Don never had much trouble with studies, therefore, he was able to see more football games in three years than most people have seen in ten. In fact, it has been rumored that a memorial spot is being erected in the wardroom. Don originally came to the Academy with visions of being a grey boat driver but reason overcame him. Graduation will find him in sunny Florida studying to be an NFO, which is what he should be doing since he is the only person who still doesn't know his way to Turkey Point Road.

DONALD PATRICK LOREN

Don stumbled through the gates of Boat School from the hills of Massapequa, N.Y., and immediately began searching for the footsteps of those great naval leaders such as Nimitz and Halsey, only to find that his foot was too small. But despite this discouragement, Donnie still talks in his sleep about living in that big house that is situated next to the Chapel; perhaps even as a steward. His success on the hop committee left a lasting impression upon his classmates, upon officers, and upon poor Mrs. Marshall; who still hasn't recovered yet. Mouse could always be found amid mounds of paper work that included letters, invitations, memoranda, and even notes to call the 7th wing MOC, all of which has given him the potential to be the Navy's greatest X.O. Graduation will find him on the bridge of a DLG, and he should do well, if the psychiatrist doesn't get him because of delusions of grandeur. I rank this man 33 of 27.



CLIFFORD EDWARD SZAFRAN

EARLE STANLEY BABCOCK

JERRY FLOYD DERRICK

From "prairie dog" country, Jerry rolled into the Academy and immediately began his surge for the top, only to wind up in the middle as "Lucky Pierre". Orange continually burned a path to the library, only to find that it never reflected in his academics; nonetheless, he forged toward the top with a warm smile, a cheerful spirit, and an occasional stop by the striper board to "fight it out for the boys". Perhaps foremost in Cuddle's mind is the young lovely back home in Texas, who captures all of his thoughts, especially when the moon is out and Neil Diamond is crooning in the background. Never one to let his work get into the way of his play, Jerry became a bottomless pit for beer and free Scotch, and became the first mid to own a truck for a first class car; what he does in the "humper bumper" only Connie knows. Upon graduation, this Amarillo redneck will be headed to the front seat of a new Navy fighter, but only after he's lost the fight of bachelorhood and starts that long trek down the aisle

SCOTT CHANDLER STITH

EARLE STANLEY BABCOCK

Cool Earle trucked into the gates of USNA from that cool city known as Youngstown, Ohio. With the speediest slip stick in '74, the Cool one found the academics to his liking, and did little ad mouthing of his dismal abode. Always one to charm the chicks with his far out dancing, Earle wined and dined a wide variety of women until second class year, when a sly fox set a trap for him that he couldn't engineer his way out of. He'll probably be best remembered for cooling off all the heat that a little mouse generated during the first set. When Earle is no longer making the party scene at Turkey Point, he'll be studying for that M.S. at Georgia Tech, after which he'll take his wavy head to sea on a raft out of Ocean City as soon as the surf comes up

JERRY FLOYD DERRICK

SCOTT CHANDLER STITH

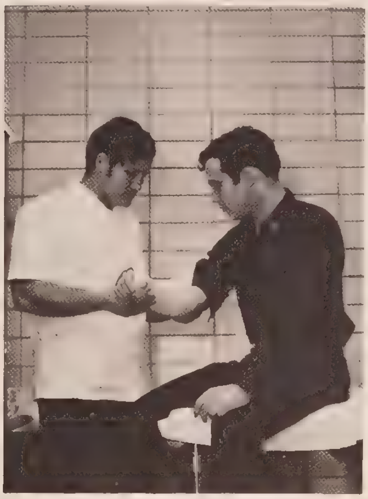
Commuting from the booming metropolis of Hyattsville, Maryland, B.C. entered the hallowed halls of the Uncollege in search of the drama department, only to find the stage was bare and all the spotlights turned off. In absence of his usual habitat, he immediately began developing his leadership qualities and was soon capable of making the same decision over and over again without repetition of the same solution. Not known for his academic exploits, he became content to settle down with his pipe and a copy of the complete works of Shakespeare, and could be found in the evenings, pinging from room to room with a live pair of Norwegian furry animals on his feet. His forte at the Academy became masqueraders, and the Heartbreak Kid became well-known for his exploits off stage as well as those on. Heaven only knows what the lines were in Act 1 Scene 2, when the smooth talking Don Juan lured his love affairs into the light booth. Upon graduation, Scott will be headed toward the front seat of one of those magnificent flying machines, but only after stopping by The Basic School and learning how to lead little green men. We can see his squatty, little body on the flight line now! late for the ready-room brief, indecisive about which plan to fly, and wondering whether he'll ever end up dead or alive lying in a box, with a lid on it.

JOHN ROBERT BROWN

Known for the huge number of nicknames he acquired while at the Academy, John took pleasure in fantasizing as Conan. Accused of total involvement, John was always good for a quick reply. He always took pride in being from the Burg and the mud slick that showed him his early years in life. Drinking numerous flagons of wine and wenching both day and night, Conan found his queen second class year. Also an alumni of the Ocean City–Turkey Point Rowdies, John found his purposes in life as one of the boys and being sunshine's exhaust outlet. Allergic to the AC board, Conan admits his knowledge of wires will someday get him electrocuted. A firm believer that studying was bad for his eyes, John plans to show movies and pop popcorn on his jet as he flies home to the pleasures solid earth has to offer an officer of his liking.

JOHN ROBERT BROWN

CHARLES JOSEPH BENWAY



CHARLES JOSEPH BENWAY

Finding neither corps, peace, or supply acceptable, Charlie found the economic dept. just another breeze through his curls. Never liking the nickname Cool Fenwick, Charles found it was to stick on his ice cube body. Another of the rowdies from Turkey Pt. via New York, Charlie never found the Academy his type of party. He will always be remembered for his rush on quarterbacks and young lovelies that entered his brief stay at USNA. Charlie's pay checks were always divided between the tobacco and wine companies of America. Known for his quickness at the ten minute call, Charlie will someday come upon Wall Street with his quick mind for economics if he ever decides to leave the upset stomach the sea has to offer. Only his coolness kept Chuck from departing our ranks the day he "ran through hell with gasoline pants".

THOMAS CLIFFORD DION

Tom snuck in the back door of Canoe U. and has wondered ever since how to get out the front. After his struggle of adjusting from Aiken, S.C., to his hard plebe year, Tom, better known as Sticks, for obvious reasons, found his groove in numbers and for long hours calculated, equated, derived, squared, swore, and finally gave up to go to the rack—his favorite hiding place. But even with his constant bouts with the pad monster, Tom found a way to make 3.0's and make guest appearances on the Merit list. Upon graduation, Tom will be headed for Rickover's Navy with hopes of someday possibly having his own boat. Fair warning to all.

THOMAS CLIFFORD DION

MICHAEL RICHARD DONOVAN

MICHAEL RICHARD DONOVAN

Walt made the long trek to the Severn School for Boys from the snow crested streets of Norwalk. Connecticut. and immediately began adjusting to the simple rigors of Academy life. He found his "bag" in designing boats and though it is questionable whether his creations will ever float. he undoubtedly has spent more time trying to lower metacenters than anyone else we know. Far into the night Mike would burn the midnight oil. make popcorn. and drift from room to room in search of answers. This type of existence might have lasted forever if not for a certain young lady that caught his eye at the local pizza parlor one night. Now. Mike makes ship designs all week long and other designs on weekends. Graduation will find our lover on the bridge of a sleek D.D.. and whenever he may roam. those around him will be blessed with a kind word. a warm smile. and an up doppler.

DAVID KENNETH KOMRAUS

DAVID KENNETH KOMRAUS

GRINCH has always made it a habit to steal Christmas from the PT department. his huge feet and iron lungs always keeping him a second or two from the sub squad. He almost earned the honor of being the only midshipman to earn a letter in the mile run and the "O" course. Putting his inherent insomnia to good use during the week. he tenderly nursed the gouge through the long hours of mechanical engineering. Our walking "Chimney" could always be found in the evenings smoking up the passageways on his never ending trip from his hermitage to the wardroom coffee machine–no wonder he had insomnia! The Philadelphia Phamtom was never much of a ladies man. but one day he decided to at least try and flatter a young lady and subsequently found the "APPLE" of his eye (rumor has it. he's been trying to get to the core ever since). Graduation will find Dave putting on the boards of an R.No. (real Naval officer) and going to sumptuous Norfolk. to join the MOD Squad. Whatever he does. the GRINCH will be a success. unless he loses his pipe. coffee cup. or his Apple.

An APPLE a day keeps the blues away.

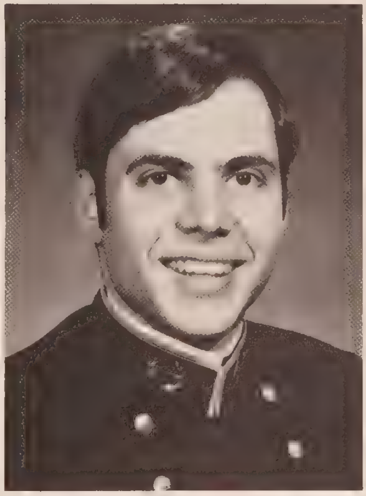
JOHN FRANCIS KUTZER

Jack The Knite Kutzer will forever be remembered for his innate ability to feed dozens of starving middies in the late hours of the night. With a little corn. a little oil and his magical popper. Knife could work gourmet wonders and finally. through diligence. perfected the art of popcorn popping. Throughout his years at the Boat School. Jack was known for challenging anything with two arms and two legs to an encounter on the wrestling mats. thereby acquiring his affectionate nickname of Sumo. Never one to let a little thing like academics get in his way. Knife entertained himself with paperback novels or late movies on his "home" TV: yet still somehow managed to fool the chemistry department into thinking that he was a 3.0 student he probably slept on his books and absorbed the data by osmosis. Be it as it may. the future will undoubtedly find Jack hiding in the bowels of a nuclear submarine. popping corn. and making a futile attempt to organize a wrestling smoker

JOHN FRANCIS KUTZER

JAMES JOHN MILLER

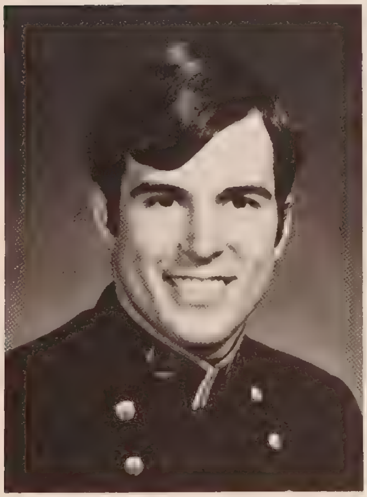
Mr. Miller's performance while at this establishment has oscillated. Bouncing around in grease, his RMS value has proven satisfactory. Known as Sunshine and another name not to be mentioned in this evaluation, Jim was the unannounced head of Turkey Point Inc. Tagged by his One and Only, he plans on taking his "buy this used car" smile into Navy Air to escape the wardroom coffee at sea. Always producing gouge and drinking wine from Milwaukee to Ocean City, the black haired scourge of the academic dept. never seemed too interested. Feeling his place was as a civilian, I recommend separation.



FRED LOUIS STUVEK, JR

DAVID LOUIS MARRA

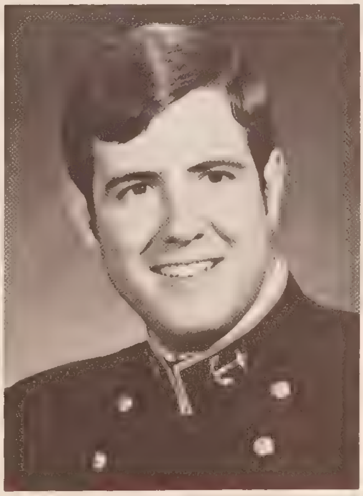
On a hot day in June, the Bear brought to the Naval Academy his overgrown feet and an unbeatable ability to tell stories. Many thought him a dreamer, but those few chosen to be in one of his tales will always back the E.I. King. After tutoring from Big Al and Sam the Man during Plebe year, the Bear can dominate any crowd. Living in Dirt's Pad, the Bear successfully eluded the AC board and squeezed past the P.T. boys. Never one to be tied down, Dave has dazzled the wenches from town to town and has spun his tales from Turkey Pt. to Belle Vernon. Upon graduation, with his snuff in lip, the Bear will be decommissioned into the Navy as a 20 yr chief



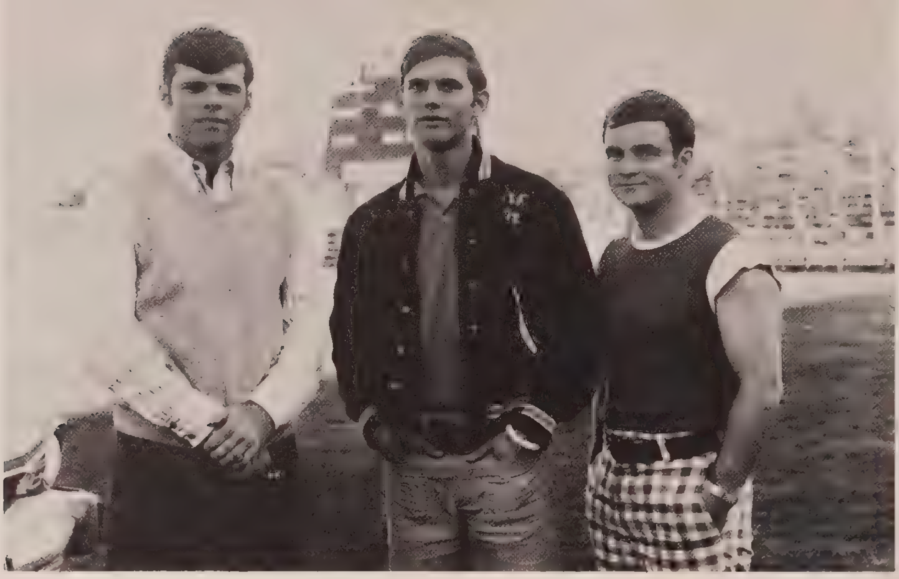
JAMES JOHN MILLER

FRED LOUIS STUVEK, JR

Fred, commonly known as Twig and Dirt, passed his way into USNA from the Burg. Never getting a square deal from the sanitation dept. or Tricky Rick, we all know that Fred's real problem was that his arm was too strong for his own good. He dazzled girls whose names included such classics as Dork and Joe and will someday be succeeded by his younger brother. Rooming with his overseer the Bear, Fred managed to send out his laundry twice. With that undefinable look in his eyes, Twig was one of the few people who could actually say he liked it at USNA. After graduation, with a surprise for those who doubted him, Fred will quarterback a garbage scow out of Pittsburgh



DAVID LOUIS MARRA



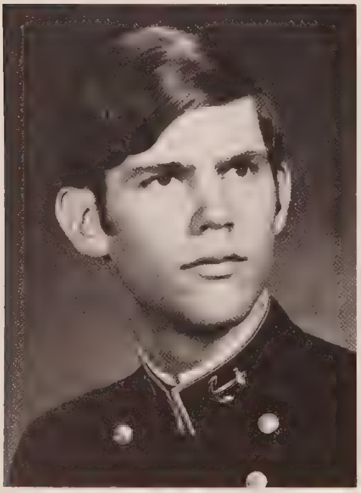
MICHAEL ANTHONY HOLTON

Mike drifted into Academy Paradise on his magic carpet and due to lack of interest has been drifting ever since. Having already spent three years at the University of San Francisco, his classmates immediately began to wonder about his intelligence: he's been known as ZERO ever since. Plebe year caught our hero by surprise and he accidently made a guest appearance on the Sup's List. But the memorable highlight of his freshmen year was his Saturday afternoon job out in town, "unloading rocks." Always a quick one to flatter the girls; ZERO invited a 15 year old to June Week, but was quick to point out she would be sixteen the week after. Mike's ability was not limited to girls either; his speed on the football field (running back on brigade champs ltwt team) and his speed in the boxing ring will long be remembered; he's the only one we knew who can duck a blocker and yet can't duck a punch! Until this "professional student" can find a school that will take old men, ZERO intends to fly which should be interesting because once the Navy gets him up there, they'll probably never get him down!

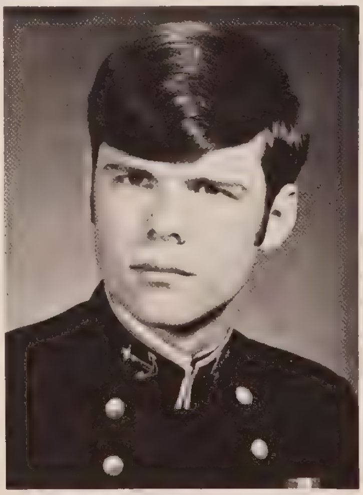
KYLE EVERETT MARTIN

From the wide open expanses of rolling plains and waving wheat comes this courageous open-minded man bred of "pioneer stock" and schooled in the aspects of God, mother, and apple pie. Entering the gates of this illustrious institution from Missouri, Hot Dog immediately found his home on the intramural field, quarterbacking the 35th company lightweight team to the brigade championship. Kyle became an instant combatant of striper material, only to find that his "all-American" values boosted him into the platoon commander position. Yet his talents were never confined to the use of his Adonnis physique or his wit as displayed through numerous puns; his reputation as an apt bridge player and a wardroom spectator further augmented his attributes, yet never harmed his constant 2.4 cum. "Never let academics interfere with your extracurricular activities." Our advice to Kyle's Miss "one in a million": Let him think you know more than him or you'll never get to use his basketball."

SHAWN MATTHEW SMITH



MICHAEL ANTHONY HOLTON



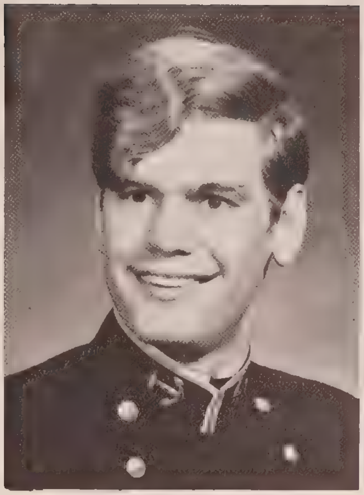
KYLE EVERETT MARTIN

SHAWN MATTHEW SMITH

Popcorn stumbled through the gates of Canoe U from that great industrious city up North, Pittsburgh. Be it football or wrestling, he left men twice his size on their backs. This Little Big Man also became known at the Academy for his great artistic talent and taste, which was put to use creating sheet posters and painting pictures, for a small fee. This line of action came to a slow grinding halt, though, as Shawn began walking the straight and narrow due to his academic major, aero. A man of few vices; he doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, doesn't believe in sex . . . well, at least he doesn't drink or smoke. He continually claims never to be "hooked", but a beautiful lass back home is confident that she has him "convinced". Upon graduation, the Navy will find our composite Hercules flying high and trying, perhaps vainly, to uphold the theory that, "If the minimum is not enough, it's not the minimum."

JOHN ALAN ETTER

Either under a blanket or crashing through a window, Mad Dog Etter has drunk more bottles of cheap wine and read more paperbacks than Carter has liver pills. With his iron lung, Etts has gone from breaking batt cross country records to cracking skulls on the gridiron. With his traveling and fighting companion, Cool Chuck, he has engaged in parties from Turkey Point to Ocean City; even to the back woods of Minnesota. His ability to rally at the sound of "Get Ready" has gained him fame among his fellow alcoholics. Finding ana-mana to his liking and below his abilities, the John Deere rep of the 5th Batt will be heading for the skies after graduation, either in a plane or by Boone's Farm propulsion.



JOHN ALAN ETTER

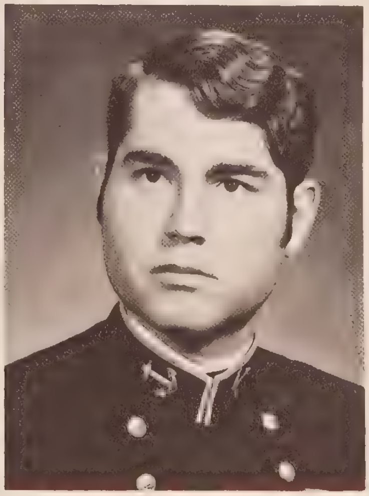
JOHN RICHARD McALILEY, III

JOHN RICHARD McALILEY, III

J.R. earned his fame and glory by being the Red-neck-in-Chief of the 26th Company. He's from Acworth, Georgia, so there's no doubt that genuine blue blood runs through his veins. Normally a mild mannered individual, there are a few things that got him riled. However, no one crossed his path the day they made him take down his Confederate flag. His quickness and strength on the lightweight football team earned him the name of "Machine Gun MacAliley". Unfortunately, he wasn't as quick or strong when it came to academics, but on the strength of some key "all-nighters", he managed to elude the AC board. Graduation will find him in the cockpit of one of the Navy's flying machines, and hopefully, before he starts dropping bombs someplace, he'll get it through his skull that Lee really did surrender at Appomattox.

WILLIAM FRANCIS MURPHY, III

Frank came to the Academy from Norfolk, Va. in the summer of 1970 knowing as much about his place as the rest of us—nothing. However, he had one advantage over the rest of us: he was an "old salt" having sailed for many years before joining the sailing squadron here. Always noted for his quick and witty remarks, Frank constantly kept the boys laughing and many times pulled them out of the depression periods created by the establishment. His favorite music is Country & Western, and he was considered to be the radical in our company. Frank was a three year member of the Turkey Point Boy's Club and after a couple of drinks, was always willing to offer his views on life. Upon graduation Frank is joining Admiral Rickover's Navy in submarines. Always a capable sailor above the seas, he should have no difficulty beneath them. He is quoted as saying: "There are only two types of ships: submarines and targets."



WILLIAM FRANCIS MURPHY, III

EVAN RICHARDS RASMUSSEN

EVAN RICHARDS RASMUSSEN

Women were crying and old folks were cheering the day Evan was sentenced to Bancroft Prison. Before leaving for the Chesapeake, he starred in both football and baseball, became a scholar, and was president of a well known radical group of athletes. His only mistake was he didn't know it was punishable with four years in jail and five years on probation. While in prison, he became a star playing football, only to end up in solitary confinement for several weeks in the hospital. Even though Bancroft Pen is tight, Evan had a chance to escape and start a family of his own. Evan has been heard saying "It's got to end sometime." Hopefully for the better.

FRANKLIN TIMOTHY REESE

FRANKLIN TIMOTHY REESE

Tim came to the Navy's Undergraduate Seaside Resort from the unlikely town of Hendersonville, North Carolina, which is rumored to be somewhere near the Smoky Mountains and the Tennessee border, though no one knows for sure. Tim was the resident "Stud" of 26th Co., though there was doubt in some people's minds as to whether or not his muscles really bulged, or if all of his shirts were two sizes too small. Tim attacked the difficult major of ocean engineering with boundless enthusiasm; and with great effort, managed to acquit himself in a respectable manner. Graduation will find him heading south to learn to fly, and Miss Vicki will no doubt accompany him there, and stick by him throughout the rest of what we're sure will be a successful career.

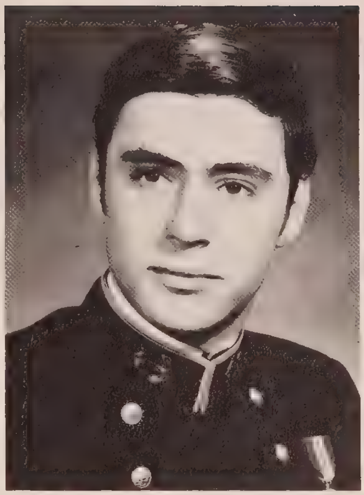
JEFFREY GORDON SCHULLER

Hailing from all over these United States, but with his heart in Bethesda, Schuls began Academy life with his unrelenting search for the gouge in that most difficult of majors, Ana. Mana. Never one to stay up all night studying, Ba Bimba spent most of his nights writing letters, watching the tube, and studying his pillow and the back of his eyelids. With burning desire, he counted the days to leave and looked forward to those weekends with the little woman from Rockville. Always content to be with his OAO, he never seemed to make the parties, thus earning that most coveted of titles, "Partius Maximus". Graduation brings the anxiously awaited promise of a June wedding and Navy Air. The big man is off to the skies in his P-3, always dreaming of his return to his woman, land bases that don't move, and a good home-cooked meal.

JEFFREY GORDON SCHULLER

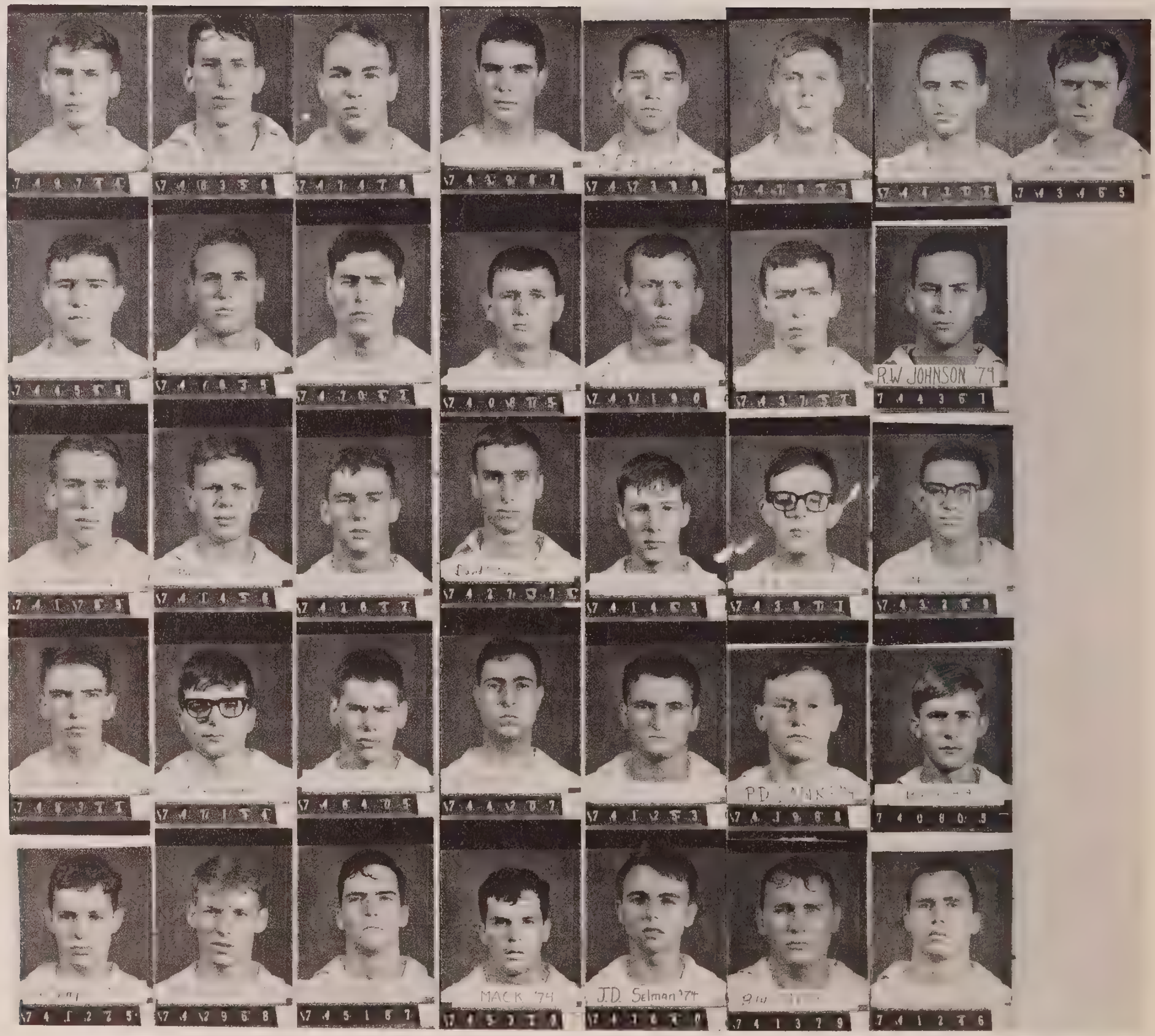
ARTHUR VOSS SHOWERS

With a laugh that can crack a smile on the statue. April was a prime suspect in the adventures of those notorious Turkey Pt. boys. Always remembered for his ability to pick up the women after football games. Arthur was never one to back away from the parties and the rides eternal Thelma had to offer. His life was in constant danger from the threat of his explosive roommate. The guy who always talked of skiing and trips to far off resorts. Arthur had a heart of gold One way or the other. this believer in "five and no more with seventy four". will make it as a fine officer with his friendly attitude toward his fellow degenerates.



ARTHUR VOSS SHOWERS

Twenty-Seventh Company


R.W JOHNSON '74
MACK '74
J.D. Selman '74

LIEUTENANT DOUGLAS JAMES BRADT

LIEUTENANT DOUGLAS JAMES BRADT

Douglas James Bradt graduated from the Ohio State University in August, 1965, with a B.S. in business administration and a minor in History. During college he was active in student government and was a member of the Delta Tau Delta social fraternity. He met his wife, the former Judith Bauer, while in college and they were married a year after graduation, in June, 1966. Doug attended OCS at Newport, Rhode Island, and received his commission as an Ensign there in February, 1966. He received an M.S. degree in personnel management from the U.S. Naval Postgraduate School at Monterey, California, in June, 1972.

GARY LYNN GRAF

GARY LYNN GRAF

After Gary finally caught on to the fact that he had to salute officers during plebe summer, everything was downhill. Our bespectacled hero from sultry Scottsdale, Arizona, gained fame and glory plebe year when the ABC Sports camera focused on him as a "typical Middie". If only Howard Cosell knew he was zooming in on Navy's "War Game Wonder". Indeed, if there were All-Americans chosen in gaming, Gary would be a prime candidate. When not slashing his way through the world of oceanography, he could be found in the think tanks of the second wing med hashing out battles over land, sea, and sky. Speaking of tanks, Gary sought his athletic release scuba diving during weekends and over leave periods. In Gary, the Navy receives an oceanographer, a diver, and a strategist in one package, all of which will go Nuclear Power.

BRADLEY HUGH CADWELL

BRADLEY HUGH CADWELL

Brad left Iowa's fields of sun ripened corn, a hot runnin' Farmall, and Jean (a comely 4-H heifer) for an aero major at Navy. He was so good at marching that he validated P-rades during the plebe summer season. Along toward the middle of freshman year, Brad mosied to WRNV, fell in love with the engineering spaces, and labored his way to a chief engineer billet. Not without its compensations, the job found Brad in command of his own "mobile rally unit" taking the Box and his cheerleading roomie to many football games. Definitely the man with the gouge in the field of engineering, he plodded through second class year at the head of the company, classmates grabbing at his coat tails. Equipped with a Fiat, a slipstick and the greatest homespun sense of humor in the company, Brad will make his mark in the world of Naval Aviation.

KEVIN MICHAEL BARRY

KEVIN MICHAEL BARRY

". . . a silver dollar, if held close enough to the eye, could blot out the sun itself."

—T. Wolfe

KIM HARRY CHANDLER

KIM HARRY CHANDLER

From Porterville, California, orgin of the counter-culture, Charley made his way to the Big 'A' via the enlisted ranks. Once inside the confines of USNA, Kim transcended the wall and let his thoughts dwell heavily on the Far East. After actually traveling from New Delhi to Taipei, Charley became the resident expert on Eastern culture and philosophy. A Shields sailor in younger days, Kim decided to diversify and became a company soccer standout. He spent the remainder of his time rooming in the Van or studying up on Botony and 'Forest Philosophy'. With all his vast experience, Charley's plans are directed towards the Foreign Service. After graduation, nobody 'really' knows where Kim is going.

"Within you—Without you"

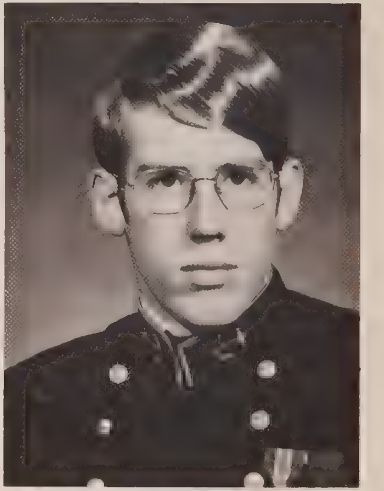
—KIMSAN

GEORGE CYRIL CORRIGAN

We will all pass, just as our 4 years at the Academy passed. If you knew me, you know the "how, where and when's" of my Academy days. You know the what the future holds for me and you know what you'll remember about me.

"Who shall gather the smoke of the deadwood burning,
Or behold the flowing years from the sea returning?"

—J.R.R. TOLKIEN



GEORGE CYRIL CORRIGAN

MICHAEL JAMES CHAPLAIN

MICHAEL JAMES CHAPLAIN

Mike Chaplain could usually, when not "meditating" or "studying" in front of his television in the wardroom, be found taking care of some odd or end that none of his classmates would touch. Chappy has a soft-touch for doing everybody a favor and for that he will always be appreciated. Mike will also be remembered for a number of other achievements during his stay at USNA; he managed to mooch more smokes in four years than any of those who have gone before us; was elected class secretary for first class year unanimously (unopposed); was, for three years, president of the "Late-Nite-Study-Club", and a four-year letterman for the company Army project. Mike will undoubtedly end up with a successful naval career as Engineering Officer/Wardroom Custodian. Armed with his world-renown one-liner, "Anybody got a smoke I can borrow?" how can he go wrong?

JAMES ARLING HAZLETT

JAMES ARLING HAZLETT

Hazy, as he is known by friend and foe, journeyed to the grey halls of USNA from the hamlet of Marcellus, New York. His first exposure to notoriety came as a member of the plebe hop committee, doing his level best to make sure his classmates received their fill of the largest cuts of local pork. Getting more of a plebe year from his roommates than from the upperclass, Hazy, a true American Sportsman was always up for a uniform race, "scuba diving", "water skiing", "feedbags", or a dip in Santee Basin. Having a secret desire for stripes and no hope of obtaining them, he surprise one and all by picking up three for the fall set. June Week, youngster year, after receiving numerous wounds in the battles of love, the Horse was captured by a Pittsburgh Pocohantas and held prisioner on weekends for the duration. Paying off the ransom with a miniature and a wedding band, Jim and his Cherokee, Lyn will be married in June before setting off on a promising career aboard one of Uncle Sam's "5-incher" war canoes.

JOHN JOSEPH HIGBEE

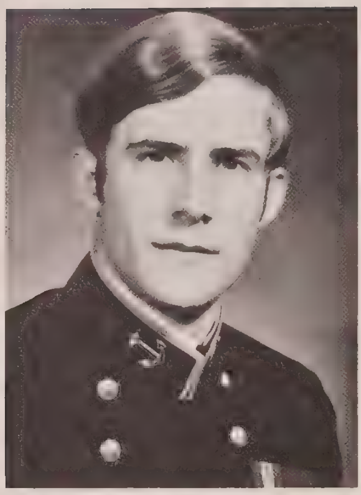
JOHN JOSEPH HIGBEE

John started out his naval career by getting into a blood feud with the Naval Academy Laundry, and thus was one of the first to discover that *nobody* wins against the Laundry. Soon everybody knew what it was to have been white works "Higbeed" by those zany folks. Affectionately known as Slippery Jake or simply Jake to his friends, the boy wonder from St. Louis found plebe summer fame by cracking a crime ring of firsties stealing plebe mattresses. A student first, Jake labored many a weekend on his physics major here in the hallowed halls . . .; that is, when he wasn't acting as CNO of the Italian wargames fleet, stargazing at the USNA Observatory, On glee club trips, or cavorting with his current "light o' love" in various locations. He could usually be found at a Sigma Pi Sigma officers' meeting, uttering the only words he was allowed to say: "But we don't have any money to do that!" After a SSBN patrol as first class cruise, and with a nod from Admiral Rickover, John will join the ranks of our Nuclear Navy upon graduation.

JOSEPH JOHN IOVANNA

JOSEPH JOHN IOVANNA

If ever a book "Everything You Wanted to Know About Submarines (But Were Afraid to Ask)" is written, make no mistake, the author would be Joe Iovanna. Hailing from "Easta Bosta," Aquaman came to Annapolis with an unequaled passion for the silent service. He had a unique advantage over his nuke power rivals in that he had been planning for his interview with Admiral Rickover years before he came to the Academy. In fact, his first patrols were "sub runs" to Timmy's. After two years at Boston University and one at Bentley College, Joe's college life destined him for both good grades and four years of the conditioning squad (which he coached and captained first class year). Many an afternoon found Joe running laps on the bottom of the instruction pool. Subs and PE weren't IO's only interests at the Boat School. A complete collection of Barbra Streisand albums, Playboy key, his Cougar and the Dallas Cowboys were big, too. Joe wears his FBM Patrol pin proudly, but now he needs Ensign's stripes and dolphins to meet his goals short of his own boomer.



JOHN BRUCE BOYD

JOHN BRUCE BOYD

Representing the third generation at Annapolis, John got off to a rough start with his home on the far reaches of Captain's Row, making it tough on his weekends. But being the sadist he is, he brought along his friends to "suffer" through those Sunday afternoon football games. A natural athlete, John was both on the varsity rifle team and on the J.V.'s in lacrosse. With so much "salt" in his blood, John found his way into the intracacies of good dealdom as a starter on the plebe acolyte squad and as a varsity cheerleader. Famous for clean rooms (Mother B), a yellow "bug", quarter races at rugby parties, innumerable watch squad inspections, and too many girls on the string for his own good, the Surface had better stand by for a real charger.

BRUCE WESLEY CAVEY

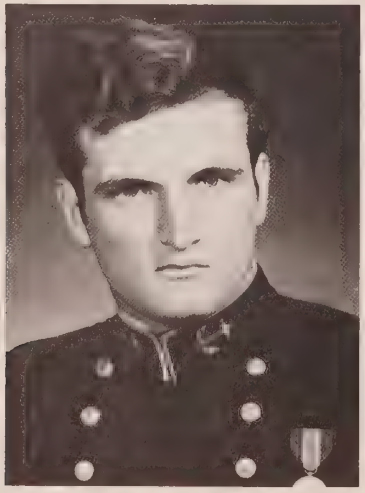
DALE HENRY PUGH

Coming to USNA from the land of oz, Salina Long I, Kansas, Jethro quickly showed his wit and charm by going through 7 roommates in his plebe year. Although he did not drink, smoke, or swear, Jethro could always be counted on at a party to exhibit the highest ideals of the true social blivit. As a member of dumb and bungle, Jeth added new dimensions of imagination, stupidity and controversy. While maintaining a mediocre average as a histroy major, he excelled on the high seas by steering his YP eight miles through a hurricane and into a bell buoy. Although an intramural track holder and MVP, Jethro's favorite sport is gambling which he participated in by cheating at cards, making ridiculous football bets, and winning the Brigade billiard championship (and much money on the side). Elvis fanatic, "drink-me" pop king, and All-American boy, the Marine Corps gets him because the Navy doesn't want him.

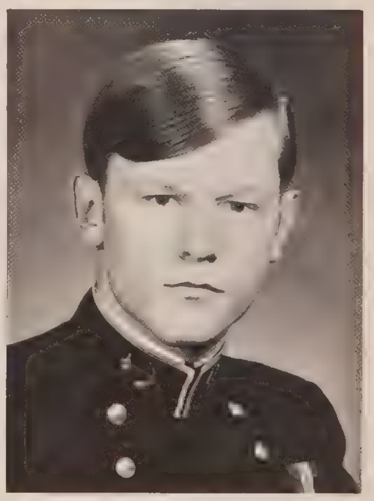
DALE HENRY PUGH

MICHAEL PATRICK CAMPBELL

Coming to the Academy from the City of Brotherly Love, Michael quickly established himself as the last of the true romantics. With the words of Fitzgerald and Hemingway, and the "Gatsby Look" provided by his gorgeous Philadelphia tailor, Michael "came, saw and conquered" many a young lovely, only to be thwarted in the end by the poisoned pens of his "friends." Through his valiant efforts, such little known places as the Tombs, Gallaghers, McNally's and legendary Avalon took on a special meaning in the hearts of many of his classmates. Never let it be said that Michael let his extensive social life interfere with his professional training. He was always the first to volunteer for bearing-taker on YP's and his stellar appearance earned him the title of "Fourth Battalion Cancer Spot." For this rigorous training, he was rewarded by two terms aboard the "Mighty Gators", the vanguard of the Fighting Force. Being an intellectual, he bacame very selective in his studies, only striving in those courses he considered relevant, consequently he had an enormous amount of free time. Upon graduation, the Young Philadelphian and his faithful Midget will venture to the West coast in search of new horizons. As to his career . . . "of all the words of tongue and pen, the saddest are these: it might have been."



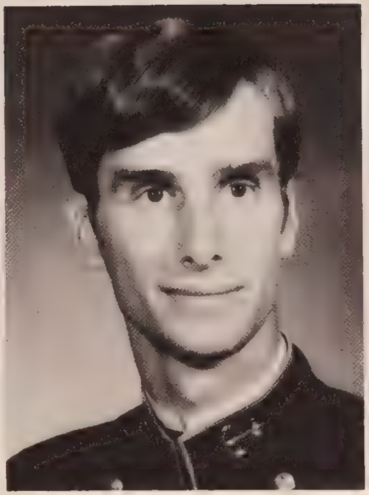
MICHAEL PATRICK CAMPBELL



PAUL DOUGLAS DANKS

BRUCE WESLEY CAVEY

YES, there is a place called Kalamazoo, Michigan! Just ask Bruce Cavey. Coming from Kalamazoo to Annapolis by way of Columbian Prep School on a Naval Academy Foundation Scholarship, Bruce was intent on a football career at Navy. This desire was sidetracked by his amazing ability to box. Football and boxing divided Bruce's athletic time, serving on the plebe and varsity football teams (captain of J.V.'s his second class year and reaching the boxing finals three years). It all became official second class year when Cavey Kazoo became Brigade heavyweight champ. Far from being a punch-drunk boxer, Bruce slashed his way through his ana mana major with consistently high CUM's, and was a ladies man to boot (until a certain Penn State coed ended that career). Active in the Naval Academy's Officer's Christian Fellowship, he received the nickname Brucie. After a good first class cruise on the "boomers", Bruce will go into the Nuclear Power program when he dons his Ensign boards . . . . "The only way is Underway".



DAVID PAUL FENZL

DAVID PAUL FENZL

Ever since he was old enough to say "zoom" up in the North Country of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, Fenz has wanted to be a Navy pilot. At the Academy he forgot more about the Navy Air than most mids ever learn. The plebe Dave gained quick fame as company artist, company meal relief champion, and as a major contributor to the prize-winning Army project. His tall, thin frame and southpaw arm made him a fencing natural. He fenced on the plebe and varsity teams in spite of being a complete "rookie" at the sport. An aero major, Dave built up a fantastic gravy reservoir plebe year with near perfect QPR's. By the end of second class year, however, the bowl was dry from two years of drought caused mostly by flying after his lady friends tucked away over the countryside. Finally, "the real thing" hit him along about ring dance time, so now there are Carol *and* Navy Air bidding for Dave's attention.

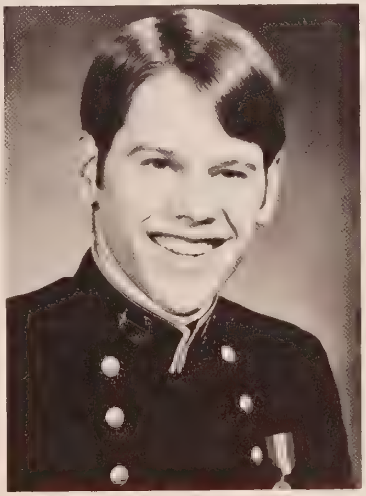
JAMES DERWARD SELMAN, III

Soon after arriving at Navy in June of '70, this not-so-tall Texas found that he was one of many lonesome cowboys, a long way from home. During plebe year, Jim, more popularly known as J.D., set the record for chins while braced up. He still prides himself on being able to outdo any plebe alive. Most of his afternoons were spent playing company lightweights or weightlifting, a sport in which he was a Brigade Champ. J.D.'s greatest accomplishment at Navy was teaching the 27th Company plebes how to sing the "Eyes of Texas." Jim's gungy attitude turned into an unending craving for leave time when a sweet young thing, "Miss D'Lyle", lassoed him. On many weekends, while classmates were out on libs, J.D. could be found gazing out the window toward the Lone Star State singing "A Time for Us" or various self-composed love ballads. All of us have one of those days and for Jim it was July 10, 1973. In Jim, the Navy will be getting a dedicated and hardworking officer with great promise for the future.

JAMES DERWARD SELMAN, III

PAUL DOUGLAS DANKS

"Hammer" skated from icy Ithaca, New York to the forbidding shores of the Severn and became one of the Founding Fathers of the Annapolis Hockey Club. Through his efforts as social director of Partying Pucksters, he was awarded the Black 'N' and will long remember those frosty mornings on the red beach. A true connoisseur, the redhead became a living legend at many a spirits dispensary along the East Coast. As a pupil of Captain Smoke, Hak-al-Hamur soon mastered the intracacies of the 20:1 cloud. His greatest triumph was undoubtedly the introduction of the "Hammerslammer" to the Navy. All was not merrymaking for Bam-Bam however, and his brief but intoxicating affair with the Massachusetts Grace Kelly was a truly tragic one. A scholastic standout, Hammer quickly traded in his Dean's List starts for a liberal education, much to the consternation of the administration. After raising his RPM's, that most unforgetable character plans on heading west to become a warrior of the fleet.



SCOTT GEORGE NICHOLS

SCOTT GEORGE NICHOLS

Scott journeyed from the snowy forests of Superior, Wisconsin to open a little barber shop in the 2nd Wing. The "Thursday night miracle" became a thing of the past however, when the drifter decided that a little private enterprise was not buying the whole package. Despite some early seriousness toward academics, Nick soon mastered the one night "write-as-you-type" term paper, and even managed a little last minute rallying in D.C. before finals. The courageous cripple, always eager to help out his classmates, was known to calmly reply to pleas for assistance by saying, "Go away, I'm asleep." A frequent early morning red beach goer, Nick reached his true potential when he woke the Dant with some "mood" music one June Week morning. Scott managed to survive such classic roommates as Tex, Killer, Mac, and "Greg and Bob", only to meet his downfall with a mud shark on a lonely New Jersey beach. Adhering to his motto of "Far away is the only way," Nick will set sail for Japan after graduation, in search of the real Surface Navy. Goodby, Nick.

HERMAN HARMAN CAMP

HERMAN HARMAN CAMP

From West Texas rode H.H. Camp, the H.H. standing for Herman Harman, but never call this karate jock "Herman!" Famous for being carded for 18 at age 21, under Harman's innocent features lies a latent Seal or Marine. As company demerit champ plebe summer and youngster year, these innocent features hid no angel. Pound for pound, Harman, has the biggest, fastest appetite in the East (or West). He is famous for his eat-and-run performances at Spanish banquets and Army parties. Numerous round trips to "The Valley" in Pennsylvania marked Harman's second and first class years. One of many company foreign affairs majors, Harman could always be counted on for a diplomatic wisecrack. A victim of two "Gator" cruises, Harman has seen the finest the Navy has to offer, and will head out to join the Fleet and a snake ranch, this June. May his wishes be satisfied by that "Z" with a pretty girl inside.

WILLIAM KENNETH LODGE

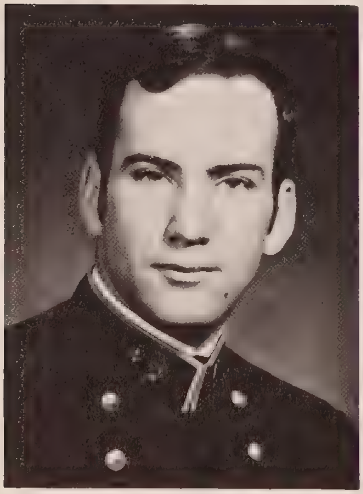
ROBERT LEWIS HOLT

Examinations and P.E. tests were at the times that tried Bob's soul, and always he had this consolation with him; the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. Never one to let grades stand in the way of weekends or a night at the wheel, Bob partied his way through four years at Annapolis with this sound philosophy, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for we can catch up at the sixteen weeks." Bob will be remembered most for the friends he had and the enemies he made. His list of friends reads like a Form 1. His list of enemies resembles a Midshipman Directory. Bob and his Celica are famous for the "Albany 400" with a pit stop to pick up the Young Philadelphian and the Schlitz. Graduation will see this restless spirit seeking romance in the illimitable skies of Naval Aviation. Bob was more or less one of what we all were. Mere drops in the immense Navy blue conformity of Annapolis. But you know some of those drops sparkled. Yes, some of them did and Bob was truly one of these.

ROBERT LEWIS HOLT

THOMAS MYERS RATHBONE

Tom came to us from State Line, Pennsylvania, a present from Ma Pa Bone of "The Valley." Duke was a hit plebe year with his John Wayne imitations. He also took a hit on the lacrosse field that spring. A knee operation put the Bone on the injured list for Easter leave and the rest of plebe year, but a summer of Danish nights and Erika brought him back to the active roster. A long list of short girls fills this mixer cattleman's little black book. He will also be remembered for his NADS weekends, a '58 Edsel, fire team leadership, cheerleading, his All-American talents as varsity-in-season-NCAA-swimming manager, his "thing" for high places, and a certain curse. Since he couldn't get a good semi out of Wheeling or Memphis, Duke turned down the entire Gator Navy for a snake ranch on the sands of Wakiki, and a short man's battleship, the DE-1045.



RICHARD WILLIAM JOHNSON

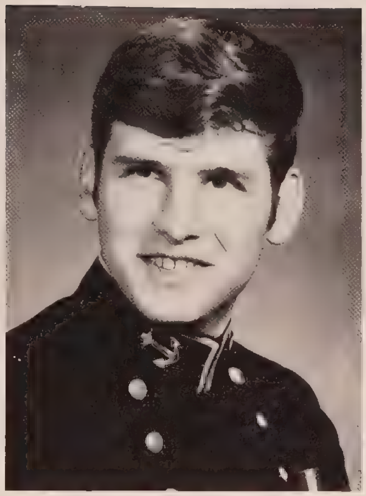
RICHARD WILLIAM JOHNSON

Jonse blocked his way from the offensive line of Newton High School near Boston onto the Navy plebe team. An ankle injury and a lack of academic prowess cut his varsity days short, but he still found a spot on the plebe lacrosse team. After an athletic plebe year, Rich devoted his newfound youngster time to intramurals and his rack. After batting a poor 1.33, he went to the big club owners conference on 4-1 escaping as TAD "anchorman". Figuring on an easier way to make a living, Rich cranked out the Herculean efforts of a 2.3 cum second class year. "Junior" year also brought our hero the coveted Black N as an accessory to the famous hockey caper and stood trial as one of the "Navy Nine", thus braving the gray halls of 4-1 in one lifetime more than most. Galavanting from girl to girl and car to car, names like Sherm, Beth, George and Craze are milestones in Rich's love life. But his first love is Navy Air and the Navy will receive a fine pilot in Rich come June '74.

KARL BRUCE NEBBIA

WILLIAM KENNETH LODGE

Wild, Wild Willie became a Midshipman after a tune-up at West Virginia University. A real Joe Jitsu, Bill spent his afternoons at Navy racking up belts in karate, just waiting for the day he gets mugged in the streets of Mount Holly, New Jersey, where he spent his innocent years. Bill was the first of the gang "to bite the dust" of the long road to matrimony, being hooked by his hometown honey, Lorraine. Normally a mild-mannered Lucky Bag rep, our hero has occasionally exposed a wilder side when confronted with action. Occasionally turning his attention to mathematics, Bill sacrificed "stars" to battle the pad monster once in a while. Bill, Lorraine, and his vette will head for the sun and fun of Pensacola in October '74.



JOSEPH FRANCIS ZENI

JOSEPH FRANCIS ZENI

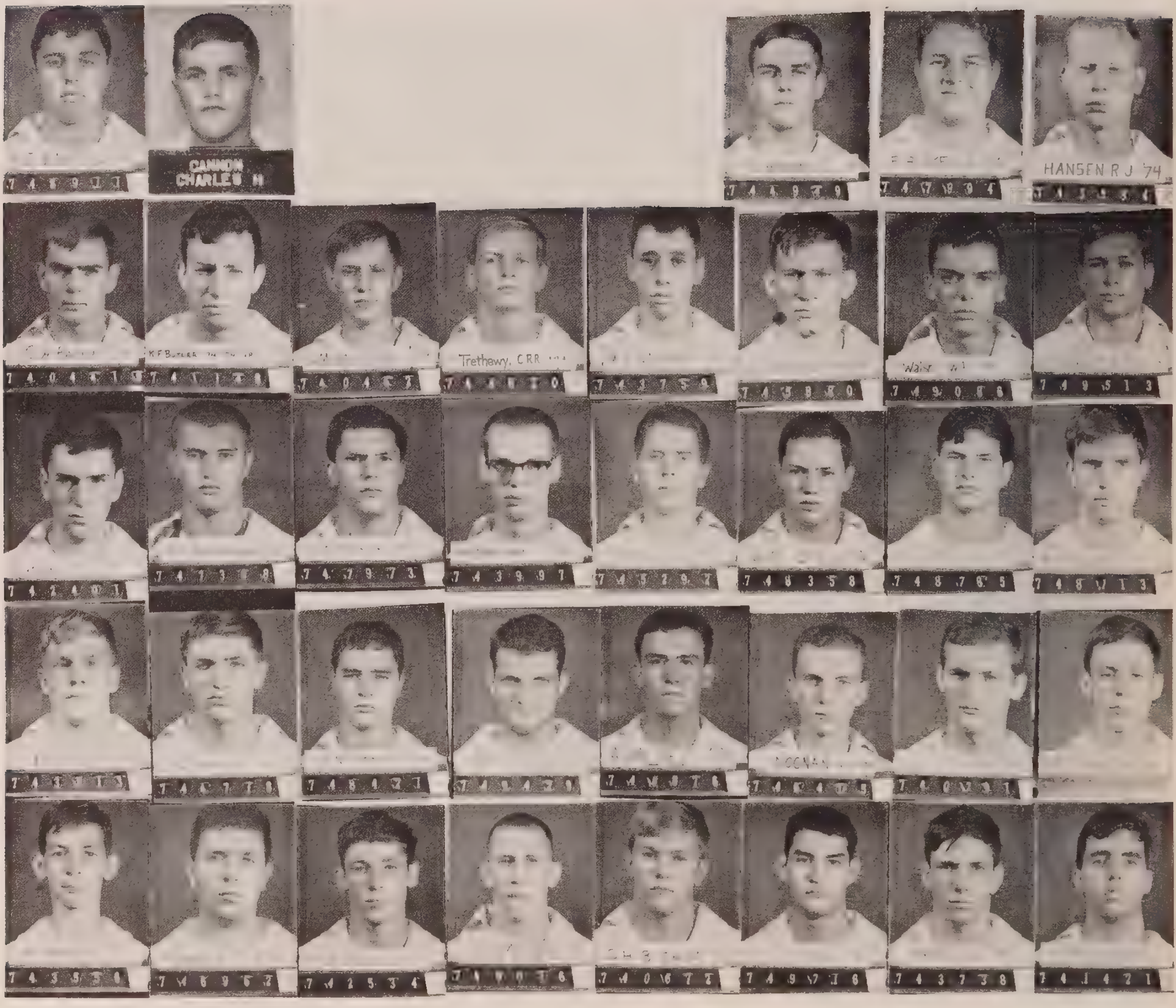
Zeni hails from (or raises hail from) Storrs, Connecticut, home of the university where he should have gone. A frustrated state trooper, Skidrow Joe divided his time between management, baseball, and food with the emphasis on food. Fall and spring found the Golden Guinea behind the plate catching Navy fireballs or in the bullpen selling hot dogs and popcorn. In the winter, Joe turned to another sport where famous names such as A.J. Foyt and Bobby Unser appear. However, Joe didn't cross the finish line in his car, because he wasn't concentrating. Joe's goal in life is to get the world back before it gets him first. In his word, "If I know you I probably hate you." As a final thought, "If everyone orders mixed drinks, you order a Bud and have the waitress bring it on a separate tray. After all, life's tough and you have to learn to live with adversity."

THOMAS MYERS RATHBONE

KARL BRUCE NEBBIA

The Philly Kid gave up several opportunities to play small college football in Pennsylvania when he was offered a full intramural scholarship at Navy. As a journeyman defensive tackle, Neebs saw service with three clubs: first, fourth, and fifth batts. His dream of a Brigade championships and ultimate stardom never materialized due to a career ending injury first class year. Neebs. career on the gridiron even followed him into his private life as Lt. Plastic Fred Gregg traded him from the Road Rally team to the E.D. squad for the low waiver price of a cool 75 and 4. Karl also starred in plebe poster making and room wars. Honest Neebs, the company honor rep, will be traveling to Pensacola by way of Quantico. So if you're ever up in the air and you see him on your wing, or you receive a position report from him while he is playing "Grunt" you can be assured that you'll get nothing but straight gouge.

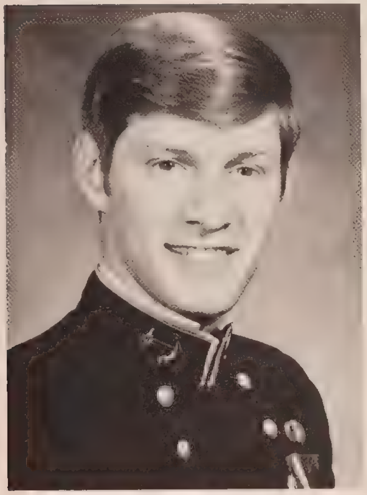
Twenty-Eighth Company


CANNON
CHARLES H
HANSEN R J '74
K F Butler
Trethewy, CRR
749513
743997
748358
743738

LIEUTENANT DAVID CHARLES FINCH

LIEUTENANT DAVID CHARLES FINCH

Dave, a native of West Chazy, New York, came to the Academy right out of high school. Having excelled in wrestling during his high school years, he switched to track at the Academy. By the end of Third Class year, Dave was number one javelin thrower on the Varsity track team. His goal with the javelin is bettering the Academy record. Dave also aims high in his academic pursuits and his membership on the Dean's List and high class standing are indicative of his success. The "Sugar Crisp" bear on the name plate of his door was the source of many jokes which Dave never let worry him. His determination and competitve attitude guarantee Dave success in the Naval Service.



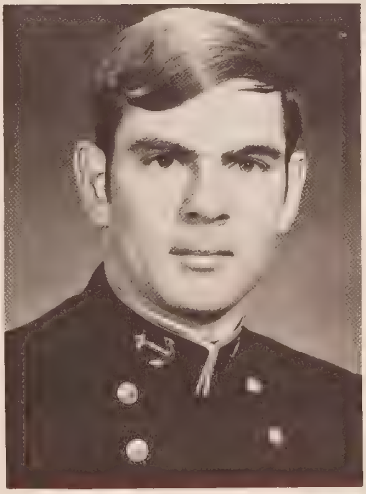
GARRY MICHAEL BASILONE

GARRY MICHAEL BASILONE

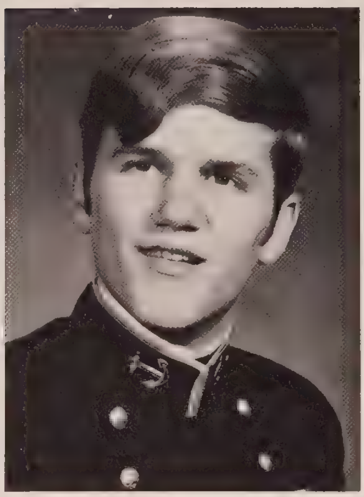
. . . quick to question, sometimes hard to please and always perfecting . . . joined the ranks after leaving an Air Force background . . . experienced on numerous home and abroad bases . . . being fleet of foot, talents were put forth in intramural squash, touch football, and track after a disillusioned year of plebe track . . . sweated the plebe system and year, but started to strive for the jet's ace gold wings . . . the grind of the major . . . the major—with an engineering aptitude and inclination, oddly enough science won out and oceanography was its title . . . second class year added new aspects of life and character—academics made their big splash, the system was allowed to produce in the past turned into three stripes for a set . . . naval aviations was the service selection . . . born for the Air . . . Navy Air . .

STEPHEN ANTON BARTEK

Startreck flew into Annapolis from Valparaiso, Fla. (Figuratively speaking that is, since he came from an Air Force family.) Plebe summer he became known as an instigator and went down hill from there. Youngster year found him on the rugby club and he became the source of knowledge as to the where abouts of the next party. Second class year saw him continued in this role and the inertia carried him into first class year, where he was temporarily grounded as his "Z" underwent extensive body work. Able to sling bull with the best of them, Steve majored in international security affairs. However, studies played only a secondary role as he was saddled with the responsibility that accrues with being captain of the 6449 bridge team. After four years, he says his thoughts of going SEAL have subsided and he is going to fly instead.



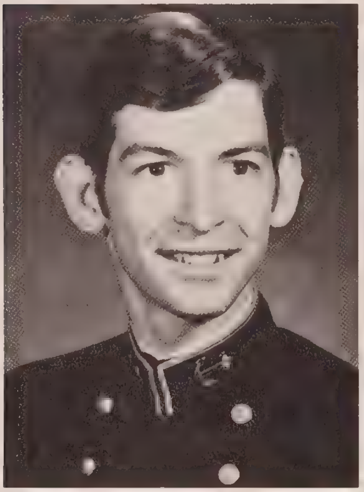
STEPHEN ANTON BARTEK



CHARLES HOLBROOK CANNON, JR.

CHARLES HOLBROOK CANNON, JR.

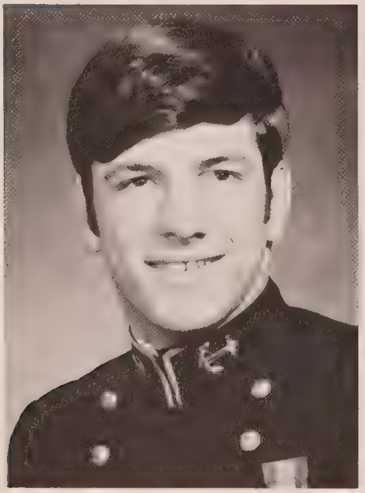
Finding his way to the Academy from the swamps of Wanchula, Florida, the All Star quickly made friends with anyone willing to listen about his brother James. Having been told by his recruiter that he was on a trident scholarship to Annapolis, Charlie immediately assumed his role by drifting into physics. He never could quite find the time to study, with the rack and intramurals drawing most of his efforts. Charlie did manage to take off for 8 or 9 days every semester, though, for glee club tours around the country. Charlie will try his hand at Nuke Power School, where with his quick wit and easy going personality, he should fit in nicely. If only Admiral Rickover would listen to him!!



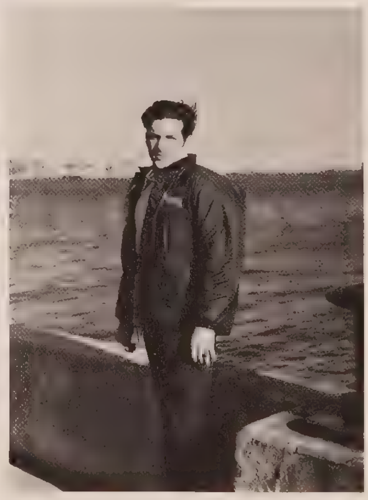
ROY DAVID HAMPTON

ROY DAVID HAMPTON

Dave came from some hill in Tennessee to attack the rigors of Navy U with his twin brother. Plebe year was somewhat of a cultural shock to Dave, when he discovered such things as the Minnesota Vikings, the World Series, and shoes. But with his quick mind and friendly personality, he rapidly, adjusted and turned the tables back on Navy. Dave chose to invest his academic ability in mechanical engineering, beating the system every semester with his studies. One of God's most avid fans, Dave spent many hours rapping about the Good Book with anyone who was interested (and even some who weren't). Dave was selected for graduate work and also Nuclear Power School, barely squeaking through an interview with VADM Rickover by wiggling his ears. His friendliness and ability will make him a welcome addition to the U-boat squad after graduation.



EDWIN JAMES HAYES



EDWIN JAMES HAYES

Turning down such prestigious institutions as Notre Dame, Villanova, and University of Virginia, E.J. drifted in through Gate 8 that eventful day, June 29, 1970. He entered the Naval Academy after a short 25 day vacation after graduation from Norfolk Catholic High School, where he was 100% jock; lettering four times in football and track. Unhindered by a mere 160 demerits his plebe year, he stormed into youngster year vowing to turn over a new leaf. After playing "meat squad" football for the plebes, Phazor found a home with the varsity 150's. E.J. is also a member in good standing of the prestigious 28th company Black N club. Despite the most noble and heroic accomplishments, the Phazor will be best remembered for his enlightening sleep talk quotes: "Don't scare those turtles" and "Joe Anne."

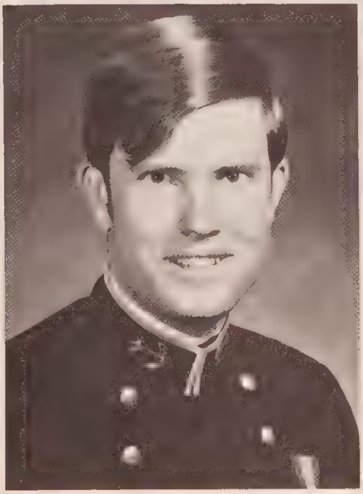
MICHAEL JOSEPH HAZZAN

MICHAEL JOSEPH HAZZAN

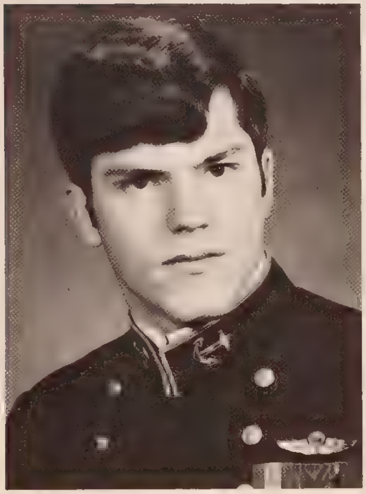
Mike Hazzan, making his debut at USNA from Meriden, Connecticut, was born with an amazing store of knowledge of military and naval history. Even plebe year he received due recognition as an invincible trivia expert, battling down one firstie after another who attempted to match wits with Mr. Seaspower. As predictable as his trivia expertise was his out-of-uniform—underwear and a battered B-robe. Mike rapidly gained the friendship of his peers with his quick wit and his readiness to shoot the breeze with anyone about anything. Conscientous as a worker, Mike chose naval architecture as his major. Mike met a girl named Anne unexpectedly at the Army-Navy varsity T-fight youngster year, and spent most of his last two years devising schemes to beat the Navy prison system. He successfully ran the guantlet with VAdm. Rickover, and will become a Nuke following graduation. Someday, Mike will be a welcome addition to the wardroom of some FBM submarine out on a lonely patrol.

ROGER EDWARD SMITH

Hailing from Larkspur, California, the land of sunny days, windy beaches, and beautiful blondes, Rog came to the Academy as both a basketball and baseball stud. Since that time, baseball has been his sport of endeavor, and the pitcher's mound his home away from home. Academics came naturally to Smitty as he consistently maintained a 3.4 plus QPR as a marine engineer major. Known for his ability and ease of taking things in stride, Rog has a great deal to offer to Adm. Rickover's program, and the Navy at large. Always adept at budgeting his time, finding asset to any program with which he is involved. A little hesitant to speak up at times, Rog is, nonetheless, credited with that famous naval saying, "That's wrong!"



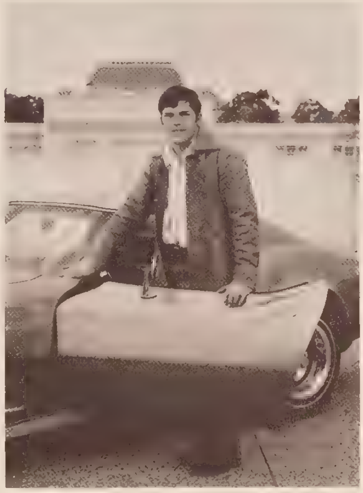
ROGER EDWARD SMITH

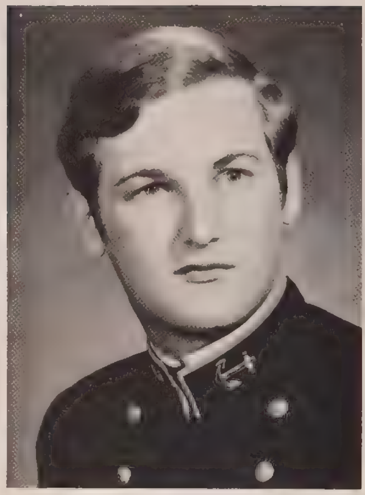


ANTHONY FRANK SILAKOSKI

ANTHONY FRANK SILAKOSKI

Known as Squatt to most of his enemies, Tony came to USNA from Woodbridge, New Jersey. Thereafter, in accordance with the wishes of the academia, he became an engineer of the aerospace variety. Armed with a slide rule and gas tables (both of which gave wrong answers), Tony discovered that his engineering background did him very little good in his required bull courses. However, hs suffered through them and in his spare time became the resident company computer genius (a very rare commodity). The training which he received from being a member of the AIAA and the parachute club became valuable as he soon became an expert at making perfect two-point PLF's from his top rack. Tony plans to enter the Nuclear Fleet upon graduation, despite minor difficulties encountered with his interview with Adm. Rickover.





JOHN HOWARD BOWELL, JR.

THOMAS WARREN LA TURNO

THOMAS WARREN LA TURNO

Tom drifted into the open arms of Mother B after two years at Pensacola Junior College. Coming from a Navy family, Tom was well prepared for the "Navy life" of plebe year. He was probably best known by all for his many smiles, all three of them. In fact, Smiley, as he is called for censoring purposes, made a new "famous naval saying" as he looked at the pictures for the yearbook. It was, "I don't like the ones with smiles!" Youngster year Tom played 150-lb football, at least until he decided to hobble home on crutches for Christmas leave. Second class year Tom again went out for 150-lb football but his season was cut short when he joined the Navy knee club and became co-captain on the excused squad. Being an operations analysis major, Tom was constantly studying during the weekdays. As company commander first set, Tom showed his great leadership style, although no one has figured it out yet. With his sarcastic wit, Smiling Tom should make one of the best N.F.O.'s the Pensacola beaches will ever see (or perhaps I should say the girls and surf will ever see).

WILLIAM TRACY WILDE

WILLIAM TRACY WILDE

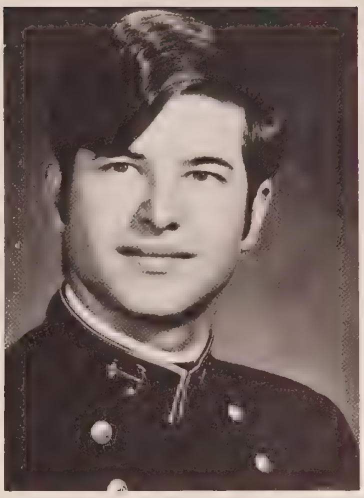
Turning down nominations for those other two service academies, Wildbill stumbled through gate #1 with a grin that neither '71 or '72 could discourage. Nineteen days out of Waltham High as "best all around" and "gridiron captain", this "animal night legend" stormed USNA with a story and dirty song for every occasion and a Bostonian speech impediment that gained instant fame. Alergic to chopping, Wildeman sought infinite plebe year carry-on by playing for three consecutive brigade championship teams. Football and fieldball were his first two endeavors, but rugby won an instant spot in Trucker's heart. Club rugby and glee club trips furnished many a chance to excell and escape the confines of USNA, "a nice place to be from, not at", a wise man once said. Few will forget his plebe year trumpet solo, Halloween trick or treat or his version of "white works cream pubb." As the Wildeman from Waltham concludes a 4-yr. stop at USNA, he rambles down Highway 301 with his stack of weather-beaten Dylan albums, two hard-earned Black "N's" and foreign four-speed, he smiles, for "life has its priorities!"

JOHN HOWARD BOWELL, JR.

Abandoning a reportoire of Singapore beauties for a life of fun and pleasure—at Navy, Happy-Go-Howie wasted no time in making friends. Although denying a rumored jock/slash/striper status, Howie admits being "a credit to the brigade". When not pursuing his "nuclear management" major, shy Howie can be found quarterbacking a classic company grudge match or avoiding tall blondes in the yard. Shucks guys!!! Honoring Fairfax, Virginia as his hometown, Howie spent his high school career in Singapore. The scuba club and Charter House acknowledge Howie's avid participation. With an appreciation for good tunes, attractive wheels and beer, Howie promises to excell in the Navy Air program.

CHRISTOPHER JAMES TIMMES

. . . hailed from California, but maintains a residence in Virginia . . . engaged (or married?) since Christmas of plebe year . . . an oceanographer by choice, but spent more time at WRNV than on the books . . . "Paul Jude" at RENVEE since plebe year—DJ 4, music director 3, program director 2, station manager and cofounder of FM in '74 . . . continuing the mood by going Navy Air—Helos . . . and all due to Sue.



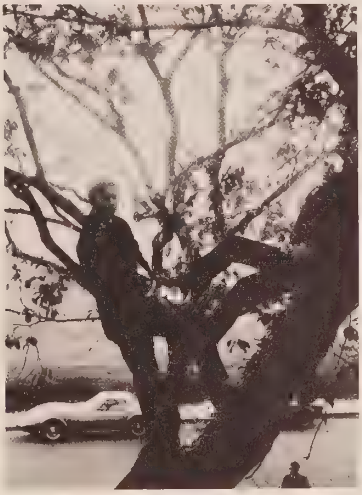
CHRISTOPHER JAMES TIMMES

JACK HARRY MIZNER, JR.

Tonight, dear,
Let's forget all that, that and the war
And exisle ourselves a little beyond time,
You with this Irish whiskey, I with red wine,
While the stars go over sleepless ocean,
And sometime after midnight I'll pluck you a wreath
Of chosen ones; we'll talk about love and death,
Rock-solid themes, old and deep as the sea,
Admit nothing more timely, nothing less real
While the stars go over the timeless ocean,
And when they vanish we'll have spent the night well.

from *FRO UNA*
by Robinson Jeffers

JACK HARRY MIZNER, JR.



WILLIAM RICHARD ELLIS

Hardened by the surf and suds of Virginia Beach, Virginia, our barefoot boy chose USNA to occupy his spare time while aspiring to fill a Phantom cockpit. During his stay, Bill aeronautically engineered his way into a dozen St. John's parties, a handful of Pentagon pad affairs, an occasional study hour and a thousand pounds of lyrics. A master of bluntness and stoicism, our gallant aero fanatic won out as the duty Hayes pacifier. "Phazed" by nothing with a possible MAM exception, this renowned philosopher poses as a threat behind a tennis racket but is untouchable in a sound-powered VW van. A survivor of the St. Valentine's Day massacre and TC's rubber hose, he found time between black N's for scuba and skydiving. Upon graduation, Barnacle plans Pensacola, test pilot school and possibly the moon . . .

WILLIAM RICHARD ELLIS

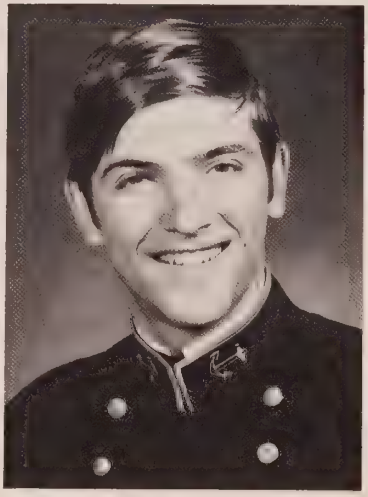
JAMES EDWARD LYONS

JAMES EDWARD LYONS

Hailing from the City of Brotherly Love, Jimmy came to Annapolis ready for anything, so well prepared was he in fact that more than once he was heard to utter during plebe summer, "I can't believe this place is so easy". However, the first set of academic year brought the standard Navy banana to our young hero. Undaunted, Jimmy exhibited academic excellence and the ability to rack out anytime and anywhere without being caught. Although his mechanical engineering has limited his participation in athletics somewhat, Jim has remained a true college jock. A typical Big Five b-ball nut, Jim plays the role of Philly guard in company competition and would easily outshoot the "Wachula All-Star" if it weren't for his unselfishness. A nukie puke from start to finish, Jimmy will be a welcome addition to Uncle Hymie's program.

GARY ERNEST KOVACS

Gary E. Kovacs came to USNA from Taylor, Michigan, via Culver Prep in Indiana. A private pilot with a great desire to fly, he is now building his own airplane. He is an advocate of the "old system", and subsequently all plebes shake in their boots at the mention of his name. As a member of the engineering corps at the NAV, he has developed into an Isherwood Hall rat, adept at fudging his slide rule. Dividing his time up among studies, company sports and duties with the "Beaters and Blowers", he always manages to find time for his daily bout with the pad monster. Being the flying nut that he is, he has decided to join the Nuclear Power gang and go subs.



GARY ERNEST KOVACS

JOHN VINCENT READER

JOHN VINCENT READER

Coming from his home in the Garden State, Jumping Jack Flash came straight out of Edison Township High School to attend the Naval Academy. The man of many names, Smiling Jack will be remembered for his paddle hair, starboard list, and his gridiron carrying ability. He stuck with the football program all year around. Purple lightning and football trips almost brought an end to his military career, but with a pole to lean on he kept straight. Sometimes known as the Phantom because of his absence in the hall, the 38th company anchor man also avidly participates in the academic program maxing out with a 2.0. Jack plans to fly the friendly skys of the Navy.

KEVIN FRANCIS BUTLER

Kevin ventured to USNA from Greensboro, N.C., to start his timely search for a shot at Marine Air. Because of a bad knee, Kevin decided to be a real "sea lawyer" and go JAG Corps. Butts as he is affectionately known by his "friends", had an interesting plebe year by having a vast number of roommates. Only one of the seven is left at USNA. Youngster year was not exactly fruitful, since Butts was another statistic for the "Navy Knee Club". But he did get his E* and was captain of that same squad. Second class year showed Butts getting involved with the chicks, but not for keeps. When this trained killer (right civilians!) came up with his prey hanging from his jaws, it was a gymnastics jock (pardon the slur) of the female type. Regardless, he is making plans for two for June which starts his *real* practice as a sea lawyer. Being an economics major, Kevin should be able to get by without having to eat too many rocks! In the area of outside interests, Butts has many "friends", works with BAC, and fights with the Rack monster continuously. If N.C. and Bupers should decide Kevin knows less than he admits, he'll be flying a desk for the Supply Corps.

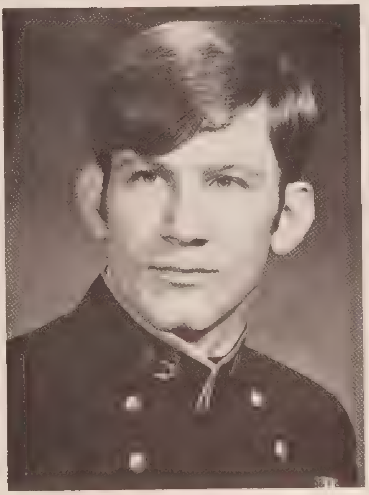
KEVIN FRANCIS BUTLER

MARK MATHEW HOLZMER

Mark flew in from Hobart, Indiana, 4 years ago, with a guitar slung over his back and a pair of track shoes in his hand. After finding that plebe summer did not soothe his aesthetic needs, he soon turned to his guitar to render the only arrangement of Alice's Restaurant ever played in L-minor. It was youngster year when Mark found a home for his creative talents in the art & printing club. Besides the hard work he spent in that club's legitimate business of making spirit posters and sculpting Tecumseh into Alfred E. Newman, Mark managed to do a thriving business in silk screen T-shirts on the Bancroft Hall market. Despite his extra-curricular activities, Mark somehow found the time to keep his grades around the 3.0 mark in mathematics. With his combination of creative soul and logical mind, Mark will make a fine officer.

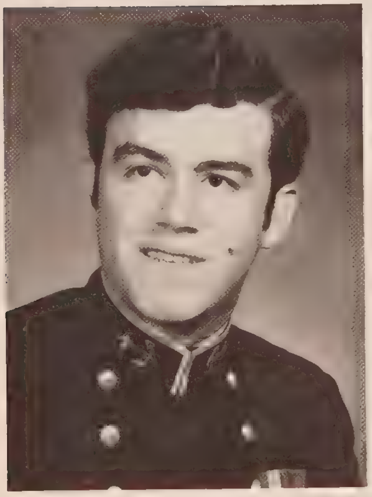
STEVEN TRAVIS MIDDLETON

Coming to USNA from the booming metropolis of Winona, Mississippi, spreading good humor and homilies throughout the halls of Bancroft. Our study hour morale officer could pass for paid entertainment at anybody's party. Candy is "Jim Dandy" but liquor is quicker and Jack Daniels lives. Steven T, our resident redneck and mechanical engineer, will remember his boxing days as will his conquered Yankee foes. The good Lord willing and the creek don't rise, ole Miss will take a birddog over a vette any day.



STEVEN TRAVIS MIDDLETON

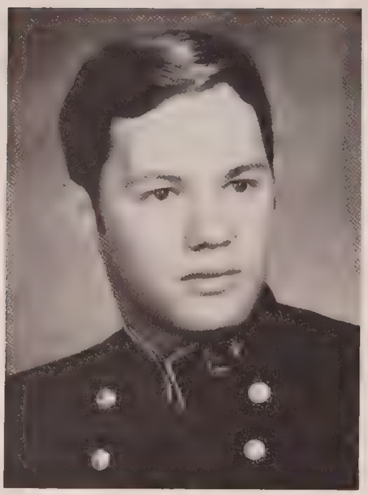
MARK MATHEW HOLZMER



ARNULFO VALDEZ, III

ARNULFO VALDEZ, III

It was a hundred and some odd years after the Alamo, this 153 lbs. of aggressive Mexican brawn and bones arrived for plebe summer. The Texas border town of Del Rio sponsored Montezuma's answer to Davey Crockett. Arnulfo, the lean and mean Amigo, wasted no time in demonstrating his linguistic ability and half-miler prowess. After an undefeated season running batt cross country, Amigo tried his luck at plebe track and soon found T-tables to be a comic relief. Returning for 3/c year 20 lbs. happier, Arnie ventured to try the other end of our famed form-2 regime. "Tis better to give than to receive," and pity that certain senior seriph who correctly surmized he had ushered his way into the sights of Valdez 3/c. Stubborn? perhaps, but a true fraternizer and 6th-wing shaft clubber. Arnie was one of many to win a "trouble area" designation on Capt. Dan's QPR/Grease flow-chart that broke up the whole neighborhood. He is an acknowledged artist and "Applied Coasting" major. His three main interests being rugby, girls, and booze, he ought to be hot stuff in any Navy cockpit, so alas comrades, "Valdez is coming".



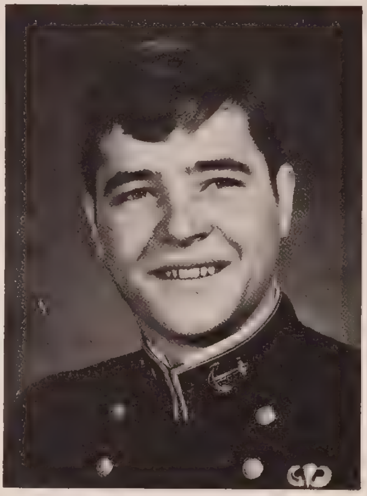
DONALD EARL STELL

DONALD EARL STELL

Don came to Navy from the north side of Pittsburgh, thinking he was going to teach USNA a thing or two, but the Little General soon experienced a rude awakening as he muttered his first in a long line of "sirs". His desire to become a leader and his ability to organize led him to choose analytical management as his major; a choice he'll never regret. It was oft said that he studied all the time (only partially true), but he never sacrificed a good time for his studies. His main philosophy on studying was, "You have to be in the hall, so why not put the time to good use?" After an average plebe year, he finally got it all together and has been doing quite well ever since. Unable to survive the last cut from the plebe swim team, he decided to turn his athletic abilities towards the intramural program, where he played more for fun than for color points. His original dreams were of flying, and after picking an early flight class at service selection he will now be able to realize them. Don is always thinking of the future and ways of bettering himself at the present.

DANIEL NICHOLAS STEWARD

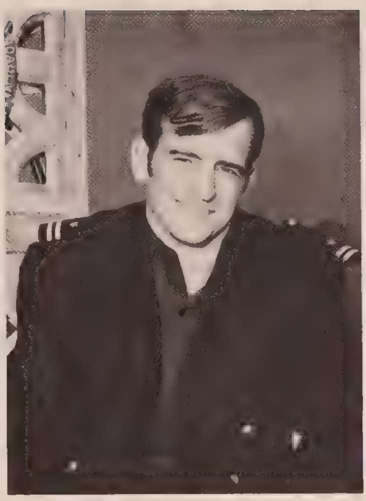
Dan'l is another one of those California guys. He came to USNA, leaving behind those beautiful redwood trees and rocky coasts which are all around his hometown of EUREKA. Dan'l will always be known for his serious attitude toward anything he confronts. If anybody had any problems or questions, they could always depend on Dan'l for a straight answer because that's the way he is. Academically, Dan'l gave his time to the mechanical engineering department. He had this weird study habit of getting up at 0500 and studying, which is kind of hard to do. Athletically, Dan'l always pushed himself to the hardest and farthest limits of his endurance for a workout. It wasn't unusual to see him walking around the halls on his hands. He divided his sports time between gymnastics at first and then stroking for the 150-lb crew team. Dan'l came here destined to be a Marine, but four years and four stripes later, he is bound for his home shores and the NUC Power school at Mare Island; even ADM. Rickover could not discourage him.

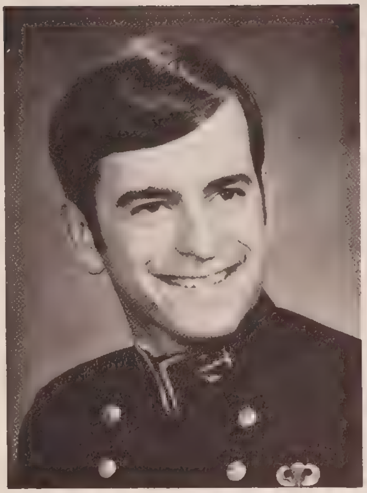


DANIEL NICHOLAS STEWARD

MICHAEL JAMES SOLGER

Mike, or Iron Man as we have come to know him, has been one of Chicago's better exports. Officially from Evergreen Park, Ill., Iron Man attended Marist High School and Northwestern Prep School before coming to USNA. After finally deciding on operations analysis as a major, Mike found himself with a couple of overloaded semesters second and first class year, yet always managed to keep above water academically. He has been channeled toward Surface Line for three years, then surprised everyone by coming back a Navy NFO from service selection night. Because he is a qualified parachutist and a member of the sportsman's club, Mike has found his weekends full of extracurricular activities (a probable reason for those overloaded semesters). With a firebird and a fiance, his weekends are getting even more crowded, so he can't wait for graduation and a deserving rest.





MICHAEL JAMES SOLGER

WILLIAM ALOYSIUS WALSH

WILLIAM ALOYSIUS WALSH

"Crew, Catholic, and By-Law" Bill stepped aboard the *USS MOTHER B* on that fateful 29 June 70 day with oar in one hand and a bag of anticipation, expectations, and drive in the other. Devoting much of his time to heavyweight crew, (3 varsity letters) and dividing his earnest efforts between the same and a management major, Bill encountered some long days and even longer nights, in spite of a philosophy which he willingly shared with all: "Don't sweat the small stuff." Outspoken, but always voicing an honest opinion, our man from Philly could be depended upon to do what he thought right; Billy Walsh, dependable, . . . if he didn't forget. Thriving on competition and brimming with modesty (as attested to by his teammates), Bill will more than do justice to that organization of the Navy of which he becomes a part. With a cute, loyal girl, and an ability to deal with the situations as they arise, Bill will succeed.

PETER JOSEPH VENUTO, JR.

P.J. was born and raised in the grape stomping cellars of Vineland, N.J. where he attended Vineland Senior High. Two weeks after graduation he wandered into Crabtown all set for an exciting career at Navy. Football was his main interest during plebe year, but The Whop diversified himself into the intramural program during his next year which included stints in boxing, basketball, weightlifting, and fieldball. Although he will probably never be remembered as a Mark Spitz in the water, Pete never found other things such as analytical management and girls to be his downfall. A consistent member of the Dean's List, Pete was our only mental midget with a 4.0 during plebe year. Activities included membership in Sigma Iota Epsilon Honorary Management Fraternity, Portuguese club, BAC, and the Mafia, but looking for new and different females was an activity that occupied much of his spare time. Although Pete was not much for regimentation, he took life in stride here at the Academy, just waiting for his TR6 and then graduation when he could be commissioned as a Surface Liner and make his mark in the fleet.

PETER JOSEPH VENUTO, JR.

Twenty-Ninth Company

S J BREWER 7401902
ANDERSON R L 2ND
STERN 748386 2
A L WILKINS 749471 2
M J WAHL 749030
A E NISBET
CASPARI, W.B III 2
F.M.SEMPLE 747851-2
A.J. LYONS 745285 2
T R Jacobs 744271 2
Roberts J G 747392 2
M C BOSWELL 740770 2
J B Scott 747823
D.P.CHAPPELL 741477
J J QUINN 747098
R F KARSON 744480 2
R.D WHITMIRE 749387 2
J.D WILBUR 749422-2
D.H. BEAM 740518 2
P.E Normand 746489 2

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER TERRELL IRVIN CLARK, USN

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER TERRELL IRVIN CLARK, USN

Lieutenant Commander Clark is from Philadelphia, where he graduated from Girard College High School and Temple University, receiving a B.S. in education. While at Temple Lieutenant Commander Clark was active as vice-president of his professional organization, captain of the swimming team and president of the Pa Mu Chapter of Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity. Lieutenant Commander Clark taught for a short time in the Philadelphia school system before entering the Navy. After graduation from OCS, Lieutenant Commander Clark served aboard *USS MARIAS* (A-57) as Asst. First Lieutenant and aboard *USS MACDONOUGH* (DLG-8) as First Lieutenant and Assistant Weapons Officer. He then served a tour in the Republic of Vietnam with the Naval Advisory Group. After attending Destroyer School, Lieutenant Commander served aboard *USS KEPPLER* (DD-765) as Engineering Officer. Following his tour at the Naval Academy, he will attend the Naval War College.

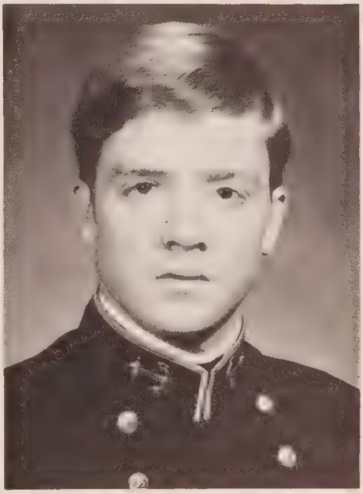
DANIEL ERNEST BENERE

DANIEL ERNEST BENERE

Dan came to Boy's-Town-on-the-Severn that fateful summer of '70 from the hills of New England. In spite of his large amount of rack time and his love of liberty, Dan still struggled through a mechanical engineering major with a 3.0—plus QPR. This allowed him to frequent the Merit List except when his conduct grade kept him off. Nevertheless, Dan still displayed fine leadership ability throughout his Canoe U. career, and will be a fine asset to the naval service.

FRANK MONROE SEMPLE

Academic and athletic success seemed to follow Frank naturally, but these assets were overshadowed only by the close friendships gained in his four years, most often of the female type. Maintaining a 3.0 average, Frank lettered three years as a Brigade boxing champion and defensive end for 150-pound football team. Nuclear Power is his choice for the future, but even that deep water will not dampen Frank's personality and enthusiasm for life.



FRANK MONROE SEMPLE

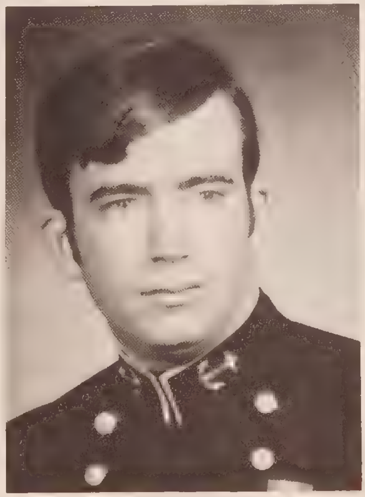
RICHARD JOHN CASSARA

RICHARD JOHN CASSARA

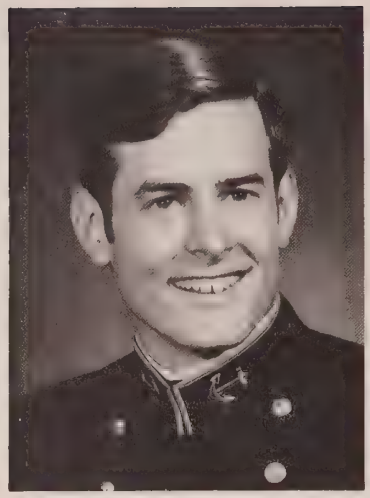
June 29th, 1970 saw the arrival of Richard John Cassara to the Naval Academy and it hasn't been the same since that day. A mechanical engineer and a varsity 150-pound football player, Rick has achieved excellence in both pursuits. But guts and determination are just one part of Rick's personality; he has showed us that it is just as important to have a good time and raise hell. Pensacola and P-3's hopefully won't change him a bit.

JAMES DOUGLAS WILBUR

Jim came to USNA with a high interest in music. During his stay, he tried out most of the opportunities to play trombone, including NA-10, stage band, concert band, pep band, pit orchestras for musicals and D&B. Youngster year he became interested in skiing and devoted the remaining winter weekends to that sport. After first class cruise, his service option shifted from subs to Navy Air, which is where he is now if it is not past June 1980.



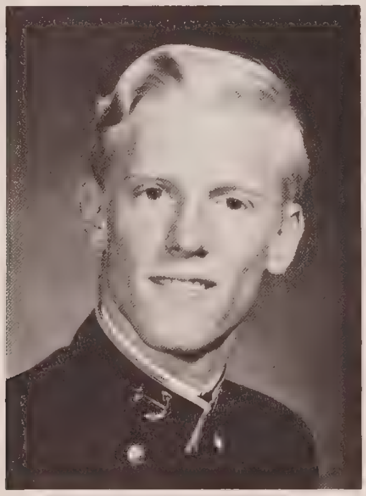
JAMES DOUGLAS WILBUR



ROBERT BINGHAM JONES

ROBERT BINGHAM JONES

USNA took Bing outa Richmond, Va., one summer day, but has never quite taken the Richmond outa Bing. His biggest reason for coming to Navy is still eluding him, but realizing the job ahead, he settled down to study math for a while before shifting into EE. (And, of course, all along trying to become a POHP). Besides maintaining a spot on the Dean's List and Sup's List, Bing found time to enjoy various activities such as karate, sailing, scuba club and juice gang. On weekends when he disappeared from the Academy, you could find him with "Z" or in the muddy, murky marsh of the Chickahominy River. Even with last minutes doubts about service selection, we are sure to see a top notch performance by Bing on our first Team—Navy Air.



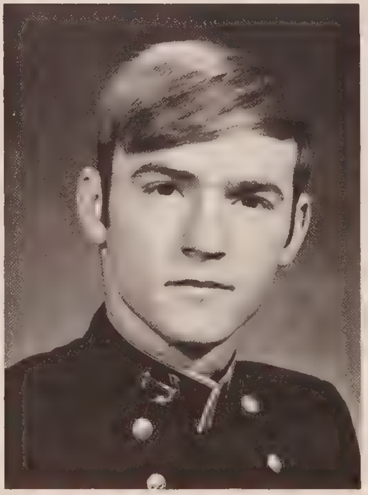
WILLIAM TYSON ALDINGER, JR.

WILLIAM TYSON ALDINGER, JR.

The big trip to Navy started from Eastchester, New York on June 28th, 1970. Having accepted a Navy ROTC Scholarship from the University of Rochester, Ty was a little surprised when a week before his high school graduation the Naval Academy took a liking to him. Many hours of indecision ended up with a score of Navy-1. Dinger-O as he packed his bags and headed for Crabtown. His interest in a naval career was secured in Philadelphia in 1963 when Navy's #12 showed Army how to play football. Oceanography has been his interest since high school, though he hadn't counted on fluids and thermo being in the curriculum. Diversity in music has been Ty's 3 to 5 pastime here at the Academy, playing trumpet in the D&B, concert band, musical club shows, and the Jay Gee's. Having a dislike for the color green, and being too blind for Air, it looks as if the sea is the answer, under or over—that is the question.

PAUL JUSTUS CREAMER

Paul came to the Navy Academy from Liverpool, New York, where he started his career as a swimmer. Since his internment here, he has proved how great a swimmer he really is by winning an N star. You could always rely on Paul to figure out a way to get out of doing any work or anything else that required too much time away from his rack; Thus, everyone knew where to find Sleepy. Paul hopes to make Navy Air his career for five years before going on to bigger and better things in the outside world.



PAUL JUSTUS CREAMER

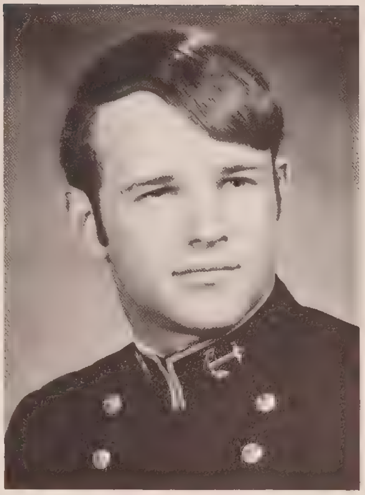
ROBERT DONALD WHITMIRE

DOYLE HOUSER BEAM

Beamer left Vale, N.C. in September '69, and came to Canoe U via Columbian Prep. Doyle has grown accustomed to northern life, but "Carolina on My Mind" still brings a tear to his eye. Never one to waste time, Doyle diligently studied his Systems while freaking-out to the latest Merle Haggard hit and dreaming of his "Redneck" yellow 'vette and a fresh poke of Redman chewing tobacco. Marine green and an F-14 tomcat will be Doyle's graduation present.

ROBERT DONALD WHITMIRE

Bob, a Navy junior, came from Annandale, Virginia, bringing with him a love for the Navy and varsity football. Weekends were dedicated to a various assortment of young ladies or testing the fine cuisine of the steerage. Whit listened to almost as many tall stories as he told, and his quick "Whit" was ever present at frequent bull sessions. A broad smile and a friendly personality will follow Bob into a successful naval career.

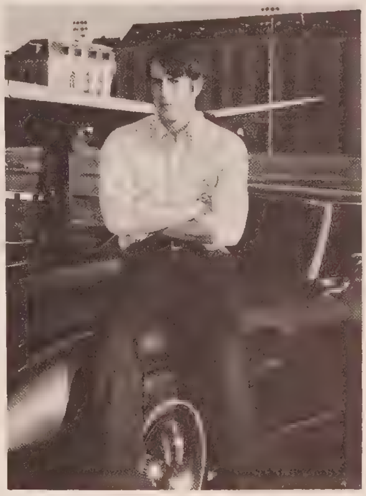


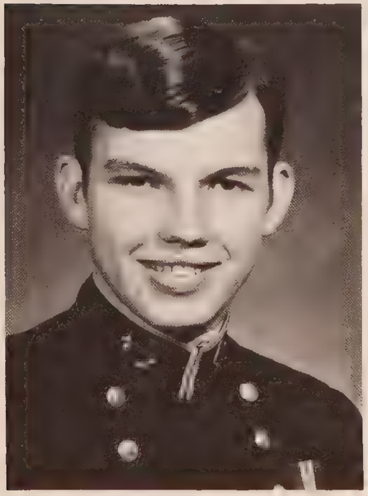
DOYLE HOUSER BEAM

RICHARD LEWIS ANDERSON

When Rich received an invitation from the Navy to attend Boat School on the Severn, he decided he needed a change from wine, women and song and with skies in hand he left his beloved Eugene, Oregon and wheeled all the way to Annapolis. Not finding any mountains, let alone snow, in Crabtown, he let the skies slide and decided to take up electrical engineering. When Rich wasn't doing battle with the wires monster (or was that pad monster?), you could usually find him over breaking boards and his hand at karate club workouts. Upon graduation, Rich decided (as did over 50% of his class) to go Navy Air. As an NFO, he is looking forward to much good hard work (and fun) at Pensacola. So look out world, here comes the Class of '74: "Men of Spirit".

RICHARD LEWIS ANDERSON





RANDALL FRANCIS KARSON

RANDALL FRANCIS KARSON

Randy's accent left little or no doubt as to his whereabouts of his hometown, which is Brockton, Massachusetts. An alumnus of Cardinal Spellman High School, Randy was often called upon to reaffirm the fact that he actually did "park his car in the Harvard yard". Majoring in mathematics, Randy, as all math majors, had difficulty in adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing: however, he was a whiz with the Greek alphabet and somehow managed to maintain nearly a 3.0 grade point average. The Brockton Bomber, a Brigade boxer, was a fierce competitor with a great amount of self-confidence. His coaching and pressure boxing helped the talented fifth battalion boxing team become Brigade champions his first class year. Randy lives his life one day at a time, reaching for all the gusto he can. Randy's Mom, his number one girl, faithfully sent him countless scrumtious chow packages, little knowing that half the company helped him polish off each and every one. Randy, as all true studs must, decided on Surface Line and will surely make his mark on the Navy.

WILLIAM THOMAS AYRES, JR.

WILLIAM THOMAS AYRES, JR.

Coming to the Academy from Ohio, Ron has engaged in a multitude of activities; some regulation, some not so regulation. During his stay, the Kid has pursued the psuedo-engineering trade. Ron has also participated in a multitude of intramural sports. The Kid proved himself a tough competitor as documented by his many trips to Sick Bay. He also has proven himself a fair cheap shot artist. Outside the realm of the sporting world, he has engaged in many a fierce battle with such foes as the rack monster, the AC board and many skirmishes with the "fairer sex." A dedicated procrastinator, Ron always has time for a little hop, tube or friends. Choosing Navy NFO, Ron should do well in the time to come.

WILLIAM EUGENE HALL

WILLIAM EUGENE HALL

Bill arrived from Seattle on June 29, 1970, and decided to make Crabtown-on-the-Bay his home while visiting the Un-college. Always what of a joiner back home, Bill soon joined art and printing and rose to the illustrious position of chief Tecumseh painter, and many a cold or rainy afternoon would find him with brush in hand. Not stopping there, he went on to become class car committee chairman and worked diligently to ensure his classmates got their shiny new bombs on time. Hoping to rise in the naval service, Bill finally decided to "go down to the sea in ships"—providing the God of 2.0 smiled favorably upon him.

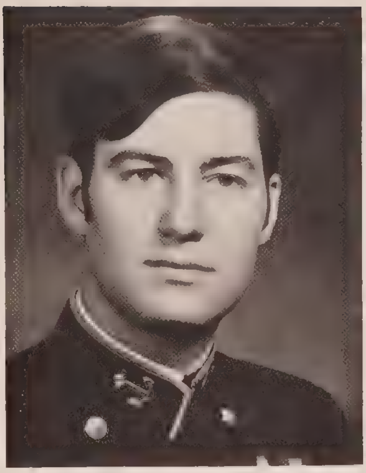
HOWARD RICHARD POWE

From Woodbridge, Connecticut Howie came to the Academy with the goal of being a career "boat driver". He surely will be that. As a freshman, Howie was on the crew team and after breezing through our technical courses, he made the Superintendent's List once he started taking the courses for his history major. Howie's material accomplishments are only trivial when compared to what he has given his classmates—his friendship. Howie is a man who can find the good in any person or situation and by so doing, can brighten even the darkest of days. In return, Howie has gotten not only friendship, but respect

HOWARD RICHARD POWE

WAYNE HAROLD DUNHAM

"Okay, how are you?" is a saying that Wayne has picked up while attending the Academy. With the high respect Wayne holds toward the Marine Corps, it is understandable that he picked up the saying from one of the corps leaders, the second wing's "Marine Officer Candidate." Wayne excelled not only in academics while at the Academy, but also on the athletic field, as he earned his N star. If it wasn't for Wayne, many people would have walked on weekends. Thank God for Sarah, Mr. and Mrs. Dunham, and the "Dunham car lot."

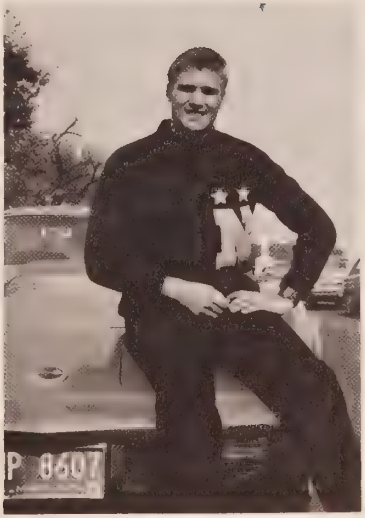


WAYNE HAROLD DUNHAM

JAMES JOSEPH QUINN

"Affectionately" known as J.J. or Buds, our first set company commander came from the western Pennsylvania town of Imperial. Having played football, basketball, and baseball at West Allegheny High, J.J. continued in athletics at the Academy and was chosen captain of the baseball team his senior year. A standout in the academic arena also, J.J. spent much of his time trying to master the theoretical courses required to complete a mathematics major. Always quick on the jump for the gouge, J.J. finished his work early, leaving some time for this month's Playboy, or doing something mischievous. At first, J.J. had the desire to go into the Nuclear Submarine Force, but changed his mind to be a Naval Flight Officer. Whatever his field, we are all sure that J.J. will prove himself capable of his end of the job, no matter whose end it happens to be.

JAMES JOSEPH QUINN



JAMES GARY ROBERTS

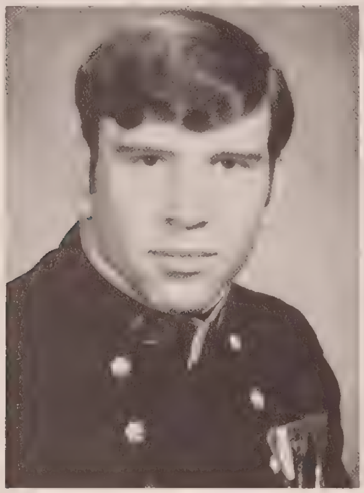
JAMES GARY ROBERTS

Four years at USNA will, in nearly all cases, change a man's personality, beliefs, and lifestyle. This, fortunately, has not been true with Gary. Throughout our residence at Mother Bancroft, we've been lucky to have as a classmate a guy who enjoys life to its fullest and comes through any situation with a smile on his face. Success at the Academy has been Gary's constant partner. He has achieved high grades as an operations analysis major and played on the 150-lb football team as a defensive halfback, winning three varsity letters. Although Gary hasn't left the Naval Academy with a Trident Scholarship or an armful of awards, he has departed with the greatest prize of all–his individuality.

MITCHELL CURTIS BOSWELL

MITCHELL CURTIS BOSWELL

Mitch comes to the Naval Academy from Moorefield, West Virginia, just two mountains and a truck stop south of the Maryland state line. Mitch fought for his position here at USNA, he spent one glorious year at the Naval Preparatory School in Bainbridge, Maryland. Always on the move, Mitch proved his adeptness at breaking rules and not getting caught to his classmates during plebe summer. In fact, it was almost three years before Mitch earned that cherished Black "N". Remember Notre Dame! An outstanding lineman on the 150-pound football team and lettering the past three years, the Keg makes this sport his only true love. His major is analytical management, but Mitch prefers to call it Nuclear Management for the ladies. As the number one Casanova in twenty-ninth company, Mitch will never let the future catch him without his Corvette and a woman by his side, in that order. The Academy's loss looks to be Navy Air's gain, whether holding the stick of a "Tomcat" or a Budweiser, Mitch will enjoy life and will be remembered by all who knew him.



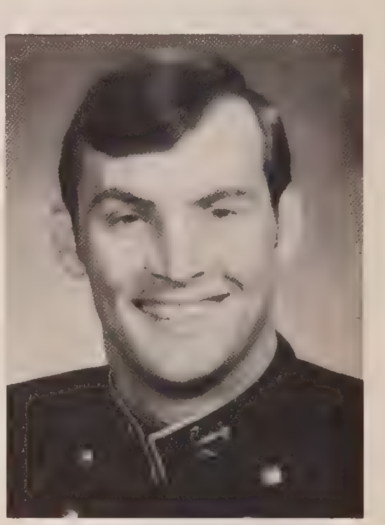
GEORGE RANDALL SEFTAS

GEORGE RANDALL SEFTAS

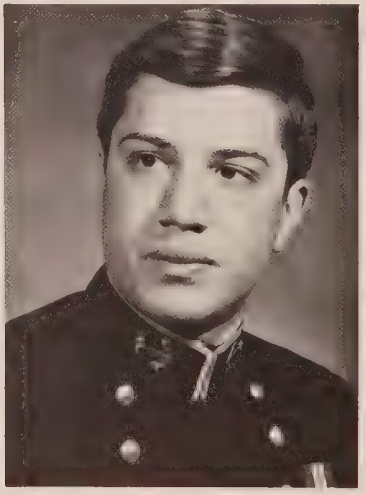
G. Randall Seftas came to USNA in the summer of 1970 from Elco, Pa. with a great desire to play football for the big blue—and he did for two years until a shoulder injury forced Randy to retire, at which time he took up boxing. Big George never claimed to be and never was a whiz in his academic endeavors, but oh, what a ladies man he claimed to be! When academics reached their critical stage with impending tests the next day, one could find Big George hard at work studying the latest issue of Playboy. Randy, majoring in aerospace engineering, frequently demonstrated his great understanding of the topic by producing his own airstreams to everyone's, but his own, displeasure. Rand, already with a hook through his nose, decided from day one that Navy Air would be his service selection. There is no doubt that Randy will make an excellent pilot and leader.

WILSON BADEN CASPARI, III

Buddy came to the Academy from Montgomery, Alabama, with the goal of going to flight school upon graduation. His junior and senior years were taken up with participation on the 150-pound football team as a fullback. One of his better achievements was being at the Georgia-Tennessee football game in the fall of '72 while attending the Navy-Notre Dame game (?). After four years at the Academy as a Midshipman, Buddy will be back in the fall as an assistant 150-pound coach and then will finally head down to Pensacola.



WILSON BADEN CASPARI, III



LOGAN GEORGE MILLIKEN

LOGAN GEORGE MILLIKEN

Logan Milliken, better known as The Frog, came to USNA from Grand Blanc, Michigan in the summer of 70. Our illustrious Company Commander beat Navy in the field of academics consistently with a couple of 4.0 grade averages helping his cause. Majoring in General Engineering, and minoring in poetry, Logan was quite capable of sending his friends into hysterics of laughter with his amazing feats, accomplished by a short poem or two. Girls never seemed to enter into Logan's life too much while here at the Academy, and when they did they did not stay too long. But basically, the soft spoken little Frog was quite capable of taking care of his end of the business when it came to both clowning and being serious, as his roommates soon found. Logan hopes to go Surface Line and later to Nuclear Power School, but whoever does get him it is getting an outstanding young man.

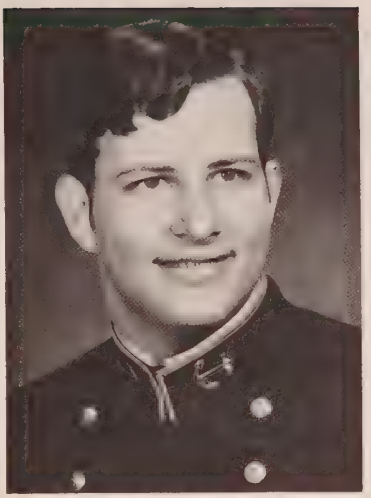
STEPHEN JEFFREY BREWER

One thing have I desired of the Lord; that I will seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in His Temple. For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion: in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me up upon a rock. And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Psalm 27:4-6

PAUL EMILE NORMAND

Paul came to us from the rock-bound coast of Kennebunk, Maine. He was best known as a week-end carpenter, rebuilding the 20th Company wardroom during Second Class year, only to be moved to the 29th company during First Class year. Second Class Year also saw Paul become one of the thirteen VETTE owners. Although he started out slowly academically, he finally achieved his goal of qualifying for Nuclear Power School. He now looks forward to becoming a submariner for a good part of his life.



STEPHEN JEFFREY BREWER

PAUL EMILE NORMAND

STEPHEN GEORGE LABARRE

One evening during a "professional discussion", Midshipman Labarre 4/c was asked about something called a F-14. Thus began a love affair between Steve and "his" aircraft. He almost got shot down though, as USNA/DTSS reared its ugly head. Realizing that he was studying far too much, Steve headed for Mahan Hall, and the many study hours spent on Masquerader's plays miraculously improved his grades. Seem odd?? Consider then, that he has never studied beyond 10:30 P.M. during his stay and you will understand LaBarre's Law: grade quality is inversely proportional to perspiration. When Steve leaves USNA, the Navy will receive an idealistic young man whose dream is to be:

". . . that stranger who rode
into town one day
and out of town the next—
whom for special reasons no
one could ever forget
come, war, come anguish, come love."

STEPHEN GEORGE LABARRE

JOHN BERRYMAN SCOTT, JR.

John Scott, better known as J.B., came to Navy from Warren Central High School in Vicksburg, Mississippi. J.B. is best known for the good deals he got while at Navy. Building signs for the Juice Gang gained him extra weekends and freedom from march-ons. J.B. spent June Week of youngster and second class years at home as a representative to Mississippi Boy's State, courtesy of candidate guidance. The best deal came when J.B. was assigned to the *USS LEXINGTON* for first class summer. Sun, sand, and a certain girl made first class summer a time to remember.

JOHN BERRYMAN SCOTT, JR.

DONALD PAUL CHAPPELL

DONALD PAUL CHAPPELL

"If you think you've got trouble now, just wait until the next full moon."

—M. Homiller

Don, who was known never to pass a scuttlebut, came to Navy from the land of sand, cacti, and Geronimo. Chaps is known for having arrived at USNA as a 130-lb weakling which the messhall turned into a 165-lb weakling. Analyzing all of life's problems (and even solving a few) in terms of percentiles, epsilons, and confidence intervals; Chaps came to understand that a gorilla can sleep anywhere it wants, but plebes can only sleep in the top of a locker. Don gets no credit for his work in the fencing loft (curses, foiled again). A sports car enthusiast, Don has been able to accomplish many feats of driving skill. Many of his stunts, however, were due to his demanding the performance of a $25,000 Ferrari from his $3,500 Capri. In his final days at Navy, in a stroke of panic, Chaps turned in his blues for a set of Marine Green.

ROBERT BOYCE THOMAS, JR.

ROBERT BOYCE THOMAS, JR.

Just up from the moss covered platntations of Richmond, Virginia, Uncle Bob strolled into the Severn Country Club well informed and expecting a formidable challenge; he carried his guitar, golf clubs, tennis raquet, and a bag of non-essentials. Continuing in his high school trend, Robert became involved in extracurricular activities, maintained a Sup's list academic average, and displayed his superb physical agility in his participation in P.E. and sports, especially swimming. Aside from his nocturnal letter writing hours, his frustrated artistic endeavors, and his hat tricks, Robert was well known as an interesting and entertaining coversationalist with a sincere interest in people. Although loyally conservative, he was primarily an individualist always eager to joust intellectually on any field. An International Affairs major well suited in his life style. Bob's amusing sense of humor kept us wondering who (or what) he would be impersonating next. Of course, all of us who knew Bob at all knew Alice, and we could easily understand his "flagrant" failures to refrain from PDA. A true salt, Robert is steering his course towards Surface Line.

MICHAEL JAY WAHL

MICHAEL JAY WAHL

Hailing from Frederick, Maryland, Mike never let his classmate's opinion of the homeland of USNA bother him. Being a glutton for punishment, he discovered Hubbard Hall and lightweight crew during plebe summer. He then proceeded to choose Far East Area Studies—Chinese as his major. The next eight semesters of Chinese and crew proved to be a tiring uphill fight, but one he finally won. Always a ladies man, Mike finally made the plunge second class year, but with a silver 'vette. The PT Department tried to get the best of him with swimming, but he slowly progressed from Plebe class forty day swim. Second class summer in Pensacola erased any doubts Mike might have had about choosing Navy Air for service selection, and barring any complications, we're sure he will go high and far in the future.

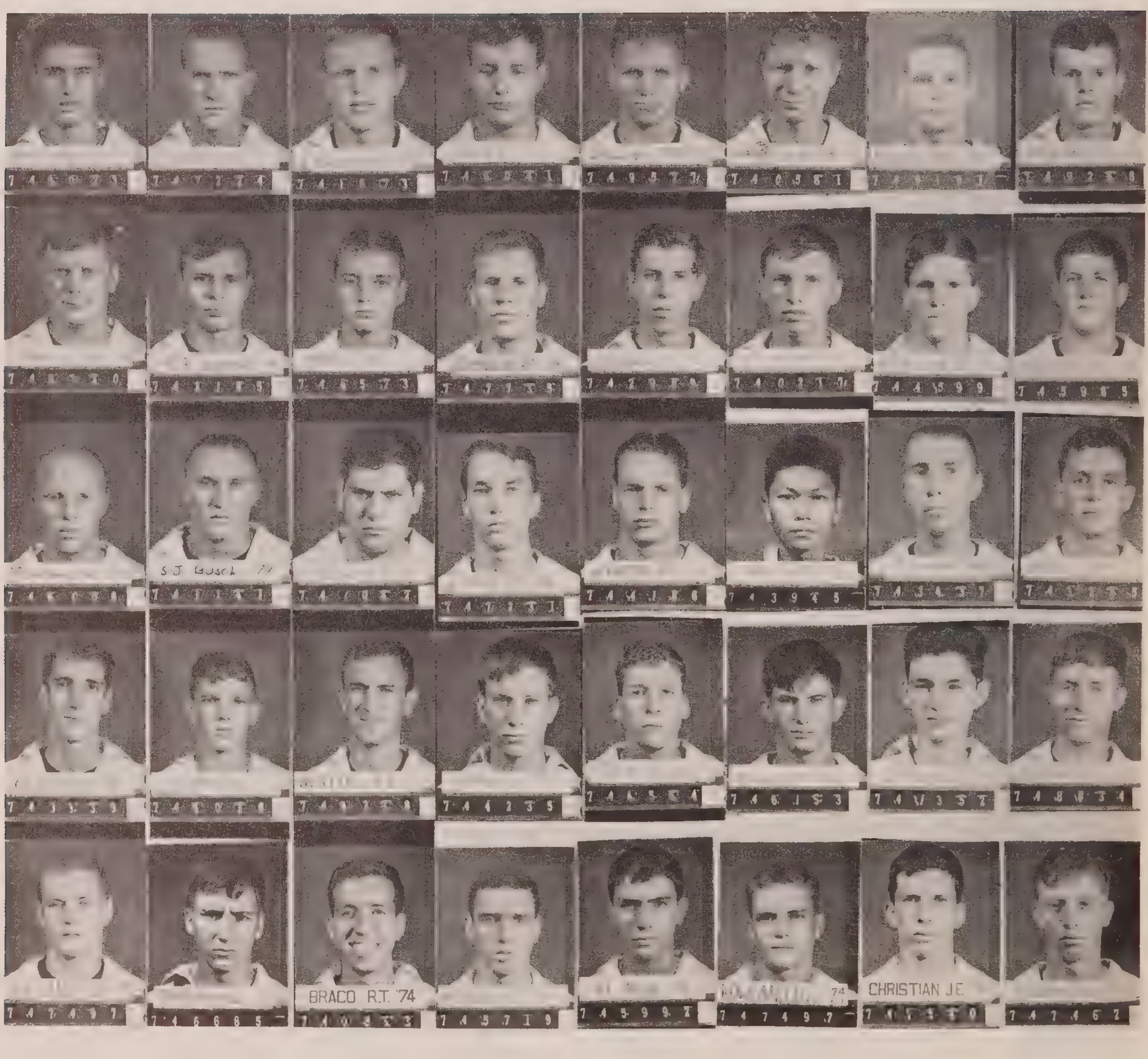
ROBERT JOE WALTERS

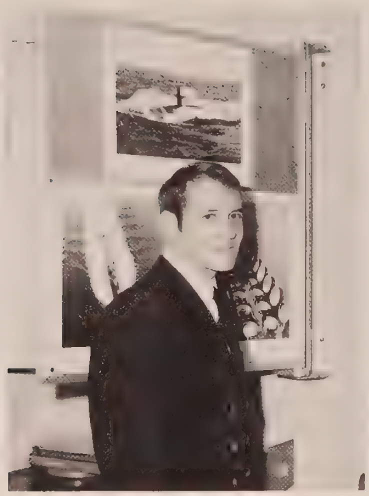
"USNA—a four year pitstop in the race of life"
Robert Joe Walters

B.J. indeed spent his four years waiting for and dreaming of his chance at life; and, as in a pitstop, hastily preparing for the race and confusion ahead. A true hayseed from the banks of the Wabash, Bobby Joe brought to the banks of the Severn a deep, homespun philosophy, a dry humor, and a lonely longing for the girl he left behind. As an engineering type, he was forced to go the best of three falls with the profs of Melville to get his grades. Bob spent his nights deep in the search of knowledge (gouge), and spent the free periods wrestling the pad monster. An aficionado of motor racing, B.J. yearned to have a high performance machine responding to his touch. However, the best thing the Marines had to offer was an F-4. For Bobby Joe, the sky is no limit, and he takes to the Marine Corps an unparalleled enthusiasms for hard work.

ROBERT JOE WALTERS

Thirtieth Company

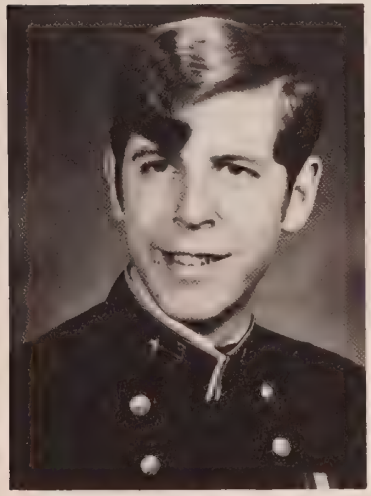

S J Busch '74
BRACO R.T. '74
CHRISTIAN J.E.



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
FRANK KENT PETERSON

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER FRANK KENT PETERSON

After graduation from high school in notorious Chicago, "Friendly Frank" came straight to the Academy with salt on his tongue and sea foam in his eye. Never a dull man with his wit, it was not unusual to discover that without your realizing it until it was too late, F.K. had neatly pinned your ears back. His quick wit was equaled only by his academic agility. Frank was the individual who never sweated passing exams, but got gray hairs wondering if he'd even have to bother taking them. With the fair sex, his abilities were never known to be lacking as witnessed by the nickname "Dahleenk", which he picked up after one riotous weekend in D.C. For the most part, however, his athletics were confined to boxing, football, and soccer, where he again excelled. An intense worker, who tenaciously tackles any job, Frank will easily guarantee his own success.



DONALD JOSEPH GANDENBERGER

DONALD JOSEPH GANDENBERGER

Gandy came to the Boat School via Oak Hills High in Cincinnati, Ohio. During plebe summer, he decided on an electrical engineering major. In his last three years, he worked hard to excel in this field by watching the operation of the Tube. Marine Air was the only way to go during plebe and youngster years, but second class summer convinced Don that Rickover's Navy was the place for him. This will be his new home for at least the next five years.

WINSTON BALDWIN HO

WINSTON BALDWIN HO

Win came to USNA from the island in the Sun, Jamaica, in July 1970 . . . two weeks late. He is commonly called "Chink" by his classmates in the company, but doesn't really mind, mainly because he's the smallest guy in the company. His main goal in the Academy is to pass his P.E. tests with minimum effort. Interests are rack, food, rack, food, zzzzz.

DAVID PAUL IGYARTO

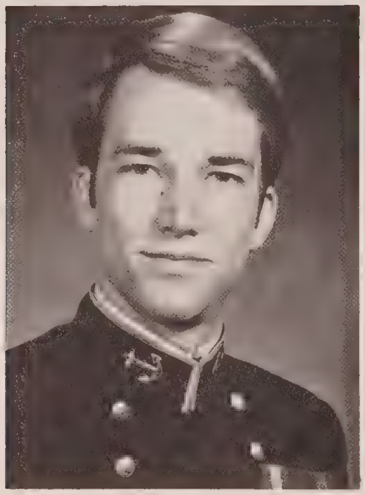
DAVID PAUL IGYARTO

Dave came to the Academy from the Windy City, Chicago, Illinois. While at Navy, Dave pursued the major of electrical engineering, one of six in the company. During his four year stay he was very active in athletics, but his favorite pastime seemed to be doing sheet curls. He started first class year off right with a four week foreign exchange cruise to Japan. Upon his return to the Academy, Dave decided to try for Rickover's program and has since become a Nuke.

JOHN ERIC CHRISTIAN

DAVID PAUL DUHAMEL

Duke had to come a whole twenty-two miles from South of Baltimore to make the Joe College scene at what appeared then as the "Country Club down the road". Needless to say, this math major's image of the Un-college became a rapidly changing function with respect to time, and he soon found himself riding the sine waves with the rest of '74. As a member of a hardcore group with thirty-two surviving members, the Duke had to settle down to the rigors of the Navy work load—one-night term papers, A-cuts, football games during study hour, E.I. for "the boys", and an occasional toilet paper bonfire to lighten up the Dark Ages. Dave came to USNA with eyes for the sky, but rumor has it, at six foot and still soaring, he may have to settle for just touching it. Actually, the Duke's most intimate acquaintance turned out to be the Ward Hall Computer, a friend which occupied a great deal of his time and hopefully has prepared him for an occupational backup in the future. Right on!



ROBERT CECIL REPP

JOHN ERIC CHRISTIAN

John came to Navy from Cincinnati, Ohio, and seemed to spend more time flying there and back than he did at USNA. When not in the air, the rack, or the wardroom and back from afternoon libs, he went to classes and participated in twelve seasons of intramural sports. Always available for a quick trim before inspections, John kept most of the company reg. Come graduation, he and his new roommate plan to head for the West coast and a few years of sea duty.

RICHARD JOHN BRADLEY

Rich left his hometown of Worcester, Mass. for the hallowed halls of Bancroft on the start of an illustrious career in the Navy. Rich had many interests at the Academy including crew, skiing, scuba diving, parties and traveling. With an easy going personality and a pleasant smile, Rich was very easy to get along with. His refined manners coupled with a sense of professionalism shall carry Rich far in his career as a Navy pilot.

DANIEL MERSHON GARRISON
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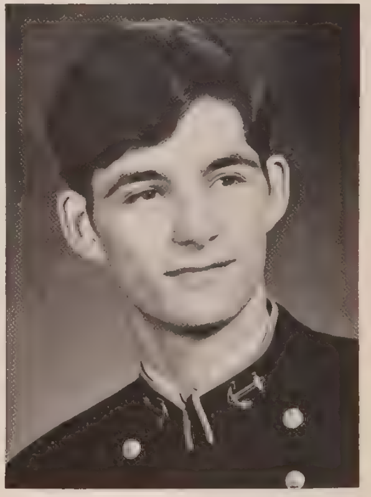
ROBERT CECIL REPP

Being from Texas, Bob naturally caught his share of good natured flack from his classmates. But when it came right down to hard core anything, he was in there jockeying for position. Whether it was the wardroom on Friday nights or "woop hallow" Saturday nights, he was there. Bob graduated from Spring Woods High School in Houston in '70 and was drafted by USNA one month after graduation, before he even learned to button his sleeves. His major at the Academy is electrical engineering. Some people wonder how he gets through that major when he cannot even do homework for Navy wires. The only one sport Bob really enjoys here is battalion lacrosse. Every year, you can hear him whisper as he signs the roster, "Boy, I sure do hope I don't get hurt." Everyone has one classic phrase or nickname that they can best be remembered by like Gravyman or Coal Miner. Bob's identifying phrase was "I'd eat it" and most of the time he would have if he'd been asked.

RICHARD JOHN BRADLEY



DAVID PAUL DUHAMEL

PATRICK JAMES MCKAY

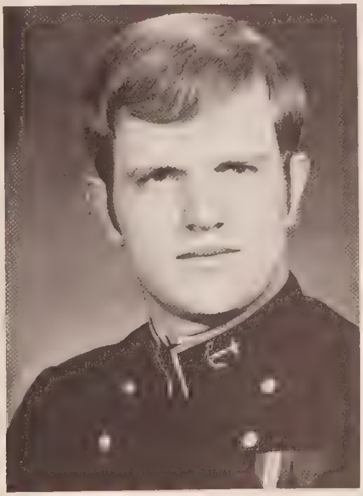
GEORGE GORDON PATTERSON

Sluggo, an Arkansas hog, demonstrated his leadership abilities and fine managerial techniques while serving as Midshipman in charge of underclass wardrooms for two years and as 2/c in charge of unauthorized transportation for unauthorized weekends. While being a staunch advocate of Monday night football, he also showed exemplary fervor for movies throughout the week. Penalty Box, as he is known by his fieldball campatriots, also participated in the 3rd batt football dynasty. Deciding he was tough enough to accept the challenge, he chose to go Corps (Med Corps), and is looking with anxious anticipation toward a rewarding career in the naval service, "till death do them part."

PATRICK JAMES MCKAY

Patrick 'The Hick' came straight from the hills of West Virginia and Paden City High School to the banks of the Severn. Never one to allow academics to interfere with his education, P.J. always found time to be one of the hard core and managed to solve many of the world's problems over a few fire brewed beers while fighting to maintain that magic 2.0. Thanks to a couple of company officers and Honk and Buzz, he is one of the few Mids to wish every year was as good as plebe year. He talked about and participated in dynasties in softball, basketball, and fieldball on the company level. After graduation P.J. looks forward to his Mountain Momma and a few years in the Marine Corps.

GEORGE GORDON PATTERSON



WILLIAM ERNEST COLIGAN

CLAUDE PHILIP GODDARD, JR.

CLAUDE PHILIP GODDARD, JR.

Claude came down out of the wilds of the White Mountains of New Hampshire to try his hand at a naval career beginning at Annapolis. Due to a certain physical shortcoming, he does not worry about service selection but excels in the "French Quarter." Being a devoted rackster, he leads a quiet life at Navy except for final erous. Affectionately known as Chocolate Baby, he is reputed to be a tough adversary in front of a dart board. His idol is Snoopy, alias "Joe Cool," and his favorite quotation is "Look, *SON,* this is my wing . . ." which led to his black N. With his goal at USNA to get long weekends and a career goal to become Naval Attache at the American Embassy in France, his future is quite secure.

WILLIAM ERNEST COLIGAN

Cols, or the Rod as he was sometimes called, came to Crabtown from the coalfields outside of Pittsburg, Pa. After being guided through plebe year by Honk, Buzz & Co., Cols happily entered younster year with the firm conviction that ten hours in the rack each day would preserve his eyes for Navy Air. Cols also discovered the "Circle" one lonely Saturday night during Youngster year, and his social life was off and running. Second class year found Cols a charter member of the Hell's Half-Acre Social Club, and he gladly willed his seat in the company wardroom to some deserving younster. Cols is patiently waiting for June Week '74, and is ready to begin his career as a Naval Aviator with the words of Groucho Marx ever present in his optomistic mind: "Gone today, here tomorrow."

JOSEPH EUGENE BELINSKI

DAVID ARTHUR GOULETTE

RICKEY TED ADAMS

JOSEPH EUGENE BELINSKI

Joe, in NROTC at Miami University, deciding that partying every night was just not his style, and transferred to the disciplined life of USNA. Known as Pathfinder to the guys of the company, he never blazed any trails when it came to the mile run. Always arguing that management was really a tough major, Joe amazed everyone with his twelve hours a day rack sessions youngster year. Employing sound management techniques, he never took much of a strain, and could do anything in a faster, easier way. He will remembered, for a long time, for those "young lovelies" he continously found for his classmates. A determined and intelligent young man, Joe will be a success wherever he goes.

DAVID ARTHUR GOULETTE

Butter, as he is called by his friends on the swim team (although he goes by many other names) has a bright future before him. Although he had ambitions of being a lifeguard in Rhode Island for the rest of his life, this former student, swimmer, and Corvette club member will probably have to settle for what the Navy has in store for him. Pensacola bound, this future airedale is looking for success as a Florida state beach bum.

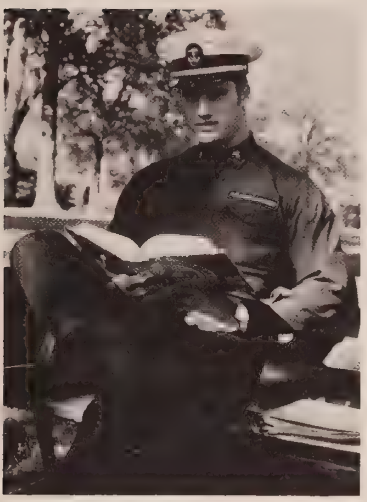
DEREK FRANCIS OFFER

Wurf, as he is called by his classmates, chose the Academy to further his education even though he stated he would never attend another military school after graduating from St. Xavier's in New York. An all-around athlete, Derek lettered in lightweight crew during second class year. He also obtained the distinction of being demoted to general engineering after Navy wires forced him out of ocean engineering. Now he is eager to pursue his career with 522 of his classmates in Pensacola, Florida as a Naval Flight Officer.

RICKEY TED ADAMS

Commonly known as R.T. by his friends and Teddy Bear by others, Rick hails from Hamilton, Ohio. He came to the Academy from Garfield High School, and after much fluctuation, decided to major in general engineering. He is noted as being a man of strong convictions and a better than average arguer. Although not noted for his physical powers, Rick enjoyed many of the contact sports and actively participated in company soccer and football. He was a member of the drum & bugle corps during his plebe year and enjoyed singing in the antiphonal choir. He hopes to enter the Nuclear Power Program upon graduation and his determination and drive should enable him to do a fine job in this field.

DEREK FRANCIS OFFER

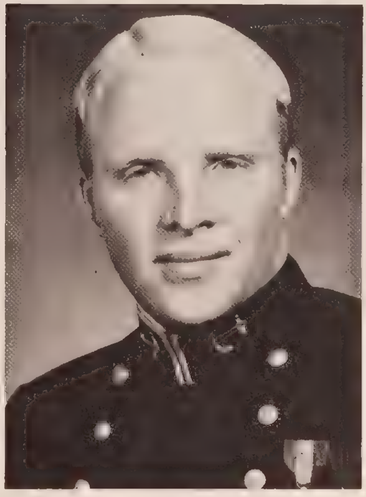


MARK ALLEN MILLIGAN

I was born June 22, 1952, in Montrose, Colorado, a small town of about 140 people, on the Western slope of the Continental Divide in the middle of the Rockies. In '57 my family moved to Ventura, California. Ten fairly happy years followed in the Sunshine State, but there really was something to the old adage in the "Call of the Rockies". My family moved back to Montrose in '67 where I started high school. I played a little football and baseball in my spare time. I drank my first Budweiser beer when I was 17 and really never lost the taste. I was having a good time and really didn't care for college when suddenly I was at USNA. Well, once I start something, I try to finish so I hope to be around in June '74.

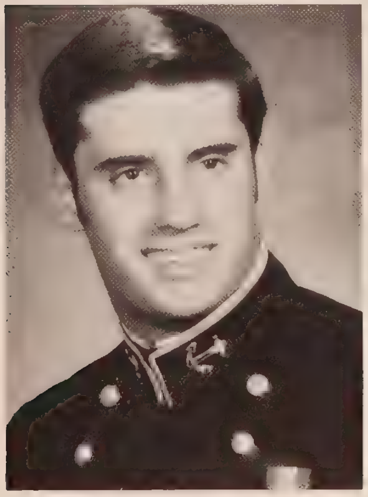
ANTHONY DAVID GIANCATARINO

Hailing from just south of that luxurous city of Philadelphia, The Don of the 30th company will be remembered by one of his many nicknames (Gino, Ant, Rino, "G", Cat, Tony, and "The Midfather"). Gino wouldn't have any trouble getting a job in a meat factory because of his vast experience at laying "top sirlion" in feeding the Big Blue offense. Complaining after every test he took, he always managed to pull his grades out of you know where. Strengthening his control of the Brigade, he conveniently conned his brother into attending the Academy, making him a deal he couldn't refuse, so he could take care of affairs after he left. Although what goes up must come down, what goes down doesn't necessarily have to come back up. Despite this, Anthony is looking forward to the wide and espanding Nuclear Power racket.



MARK ALLEN MILLIGAN

WILLIAM JARMUTH MOORE



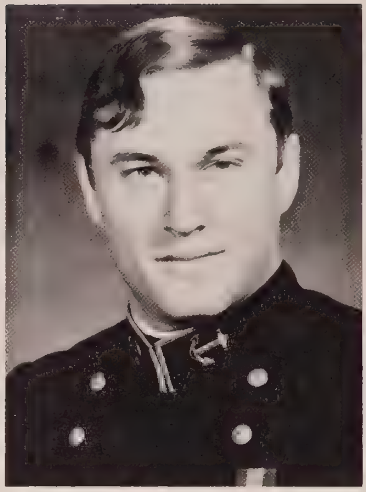
ANTHONY DAVID GIANCATARINO

WILLIAM JARMUTH MOORE

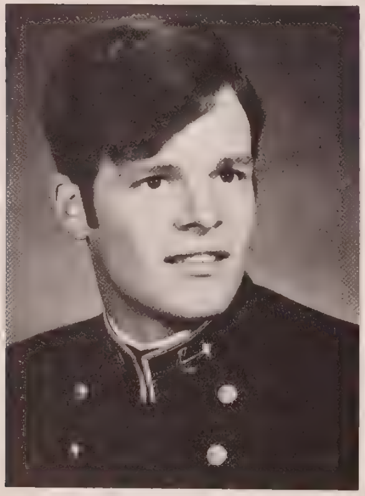
Bill came to the Academy straight out of high school from Mandeville, Louisiana. He found little of what he expected and a lot of what he didn't. After becoming a member of the AC board honor roll plebe year, he has been able to stay clear since. Bill's opinions on the Academy have ranged from passive to violent, but his ideals of the military still remain high despite numerous attempts by the Adminstration to the contrary. Although he will never regret coming here, Bill still believes the Academy looks best in a rear-view mirror.

STANLEY C. WELIEVER

Stan came to Annapolis from Darlington, Indiana, with all the credentials of a full-fledged high school "hot dog." Although he won only one plebe numeral in baseball, Stan still managed to hot dog it for four years in intramurals. Known by his friends as Lifer, Hog Man, Willie, and Stubby, he is probably best remembered for his parties at the Indy 500 and his dedication to the Indiana Pacers. After having a 3.24 through three semesters at Navy, Stan over-indulged in cards, the tube, the rack, and unauthorized weekends. His grades may have fallen, but his morale improved tremendously. Navy Air could be getting a good officer in Stan if they can harness his potential—good luck, Navy Air!!



STEVEN JOHN BUSCH



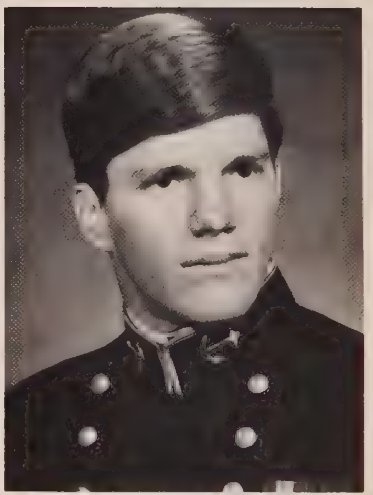
STANLEY C. WELIEVER

STEVEN JOHN BUSCH

Steve came to the Naval Academy, from sunny Southern California, where he majored in oceanography. Though Steve never was an academic whiz, he managed to pull respectable grades with a minimum of effort. After graduation, Steve will return to Southern California and finish his Navy career in style.

ROBERT FUREY KERNAN

Bob comes out of Rickledge, Fla. where he attended Cocoa High School. The high quality education there provided him with the tremendous amount of all around knowledge which is so vital to a person in his major at USNA: general management. Bob was on the swimming team all four years, and as another extra-curricular activity, tight roped that thin line along 2.0 in the academic department. Bob is sure what he is going to do after graduation. He was best known for his hairlessness during certain parts of the year.

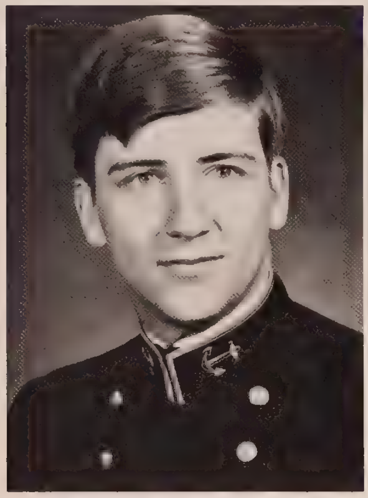


MICHAEL ROGERS KING

ROBERT FUREY KERNAN

MICHAEL ROGERS KING

Mike came to Annapolis with high ambitions, high morals and 18 years as a Navy junior behind him. Four years of Army parties proceeded to change at least one of these. Hailing from Rockford, Illinois, Sawed-Off never got that extra spurt of growth he was hoping for. Plebe summer, the mile run and situps probed to be his bag. Originally a member of the "Hard-Core Wardroom" he had to resign in order to pursue his major in physics. A fanatic when it came to keeping in shape and getting good grades, he accomplished both by many trips around Farragut and many hours under his tensor lamp. the designer of the class crest, his own never left his lock box and he almost had his 'vette made with one seat. He is famous for asking "What's that", love handles, and Baby Ruth, but he will leave Annapolis more a man of the world. Mike's quiet manner and meticulous nature will carry him far in the Nuclear Navy, unless someone wills him their eyes. He will be a welcome asset in any place.



WILLIAM LYNN PARHAM, JR.

N.
562-
GARDEN

ROBERT TIMOTHY SCHNOOR

ROBERT LEE MILLER, JR.

WILLIAM LYNN PARHAM, JR.
Coming from Bellmawr, New Jersey, was a graduate of Triton High School. While at the Academy he majored in Naval Architecture and was one of the top members of Heinz's squad. Bill is looking forward to flying F-4's for the Navy following graduation.

ROBERT TIMOTHY SCHNOOR
"Tim" came to the shores of the Severn from his home near the shores of the Atlantic in Middletown, New Jersey. A realistic optimist, he was never one to let life at USNA get him down. Majoring in oceanography, Tim soon earned the title of Marathon Man because of his habit of academic overloading. After a very short career with plebe football, he switched over to the intramural circuit, playing battalion football, company fieldball and sailing. He includes among his likes Italian food, Tequila, leather, body surfing and Spanish majors, not necessarily in that order. Service selection night saw Tim headed towards the sky and Navy Air. Before heading south to Pensacola, he will be going west to Monterey in search of the sun out there and a degree in meteorology.

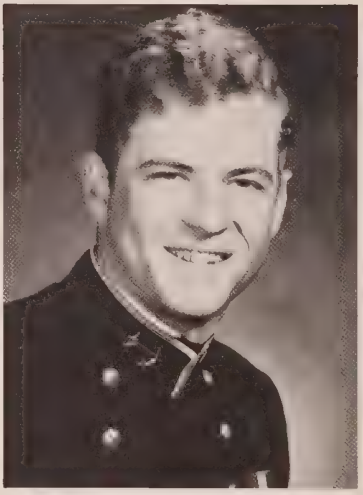
ROBERT LEE MILLER, JR.
Booby, as he is known by his bosum buddies when not catching his daily ration from his classmates, served as chief cook for underclass week night wardroom. For three semesters of academic hand-to-hand in ocean engines, a switch to general engines yielded more time for the tube. He is best known for his stero being stolen June Week of '71. He has participated in lightweight crew since plebe year.

GARY MICHAEL JAEGER

JAMES SHELDON TROTTER

GARY MICHAEL JAEGER

Picking up assorted nicknames such as Yaegs, Mick, and Sack, Gary came to the Academy from the suburbs of Milwaukee. Being an engineering major, he found out that he had to spend a good bit of time studying. However, he was never one to let his studies interfere with Monday night football and a few good movies. Whenever the chance appeared, he was an avid fan of the civic center and the refreshments that went with it. He was a veteran fieldballer on teams whose main goal was not to have a losing season, and during spring and fall he loved to hit the links whenever possible. He'll always be thankful to Honk and Buz for one helluva plebe year. And also thanks to all the folks back in West Virginia. Not sure of his commitment yet, he still is looking for the easiest way to go.



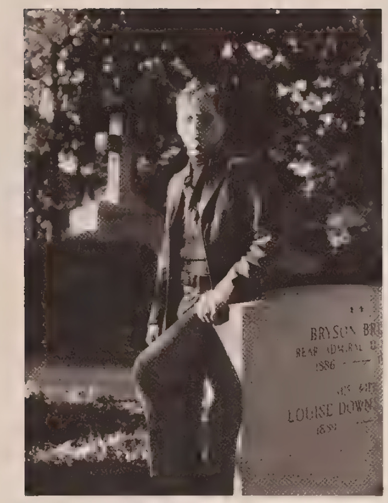
DANA WELLS ROWLAND

JAMES SHELDON TROTTER

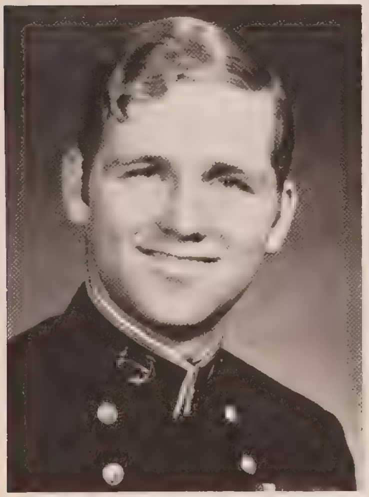
Trots Jimbo, or just plain Jim comes from colorful Colorado where he graduated from Pueblo South High School before reporting to Navy. Though never a stud athlete, he always managed to baffle an opponent in the handball court during a free period. Both a gentleman and scholar, he'll probably be remembered for his scholastic achievements during youngster year while majoring in oceanography. Since Nuclear Power is his service selection, he'll probably play it by ear and end up performing like the best "little men" in the business.

DANA WELLS ROWLAND

Ricochet Rowland came to the Academy from Bowie, Maryland. He is probably best known for his study habits which included being in his room during study hour. Dana has been studying in the bioscience major, and hopes to be accepted at a medical school after graduation. With his determination and drive, Dana should go a long way in the Navy.



CARL DAVID WESTFALL



VERNON CHARLES WILLIAMS

CARL DAVID WESTFALL

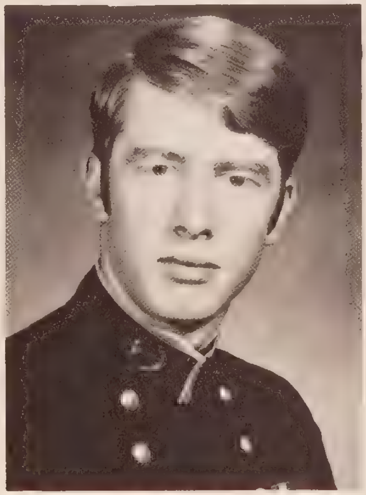
Carl came to Navy from the Green Machine for what he terms "four years of recruiting duty." Although grunts are not known for their stellar academic performance, he miraculously avoided the AC board while becoming involved in the human relations council, the protestant chapel choir, the varsity lightweight crew, and a number of committees concerning the first class year 1974 and the plebe indoctrination system. After graduation, he anticipates a return to the Marine Corps infantry.

NEIL EUGENE RONDORF

Roaring out of the Minnesota hay fields on his tractor, Neil found his way to Canoe U. where he soon showed the stuff Minnesota farmboys are made of . . . Neil took plebe year in stride, never sweating the system and pulling such stunts as carrying on for six weeks for no reason at all. June Week of plebe year found him excelling with the opposite sex when he recorded the shortest blind date in history. He's still wondering why she bolted so fast. Youngster cruise in New Zealand saw the birth of the Mad Mexican, who managed to wipe out the entire bar when he passed out. Lately, Neil has settled down and lives only for the weekend so he can escape in his Betsy. His career goal is to go Nuc Power so he can hotdog a sub around the ocean.

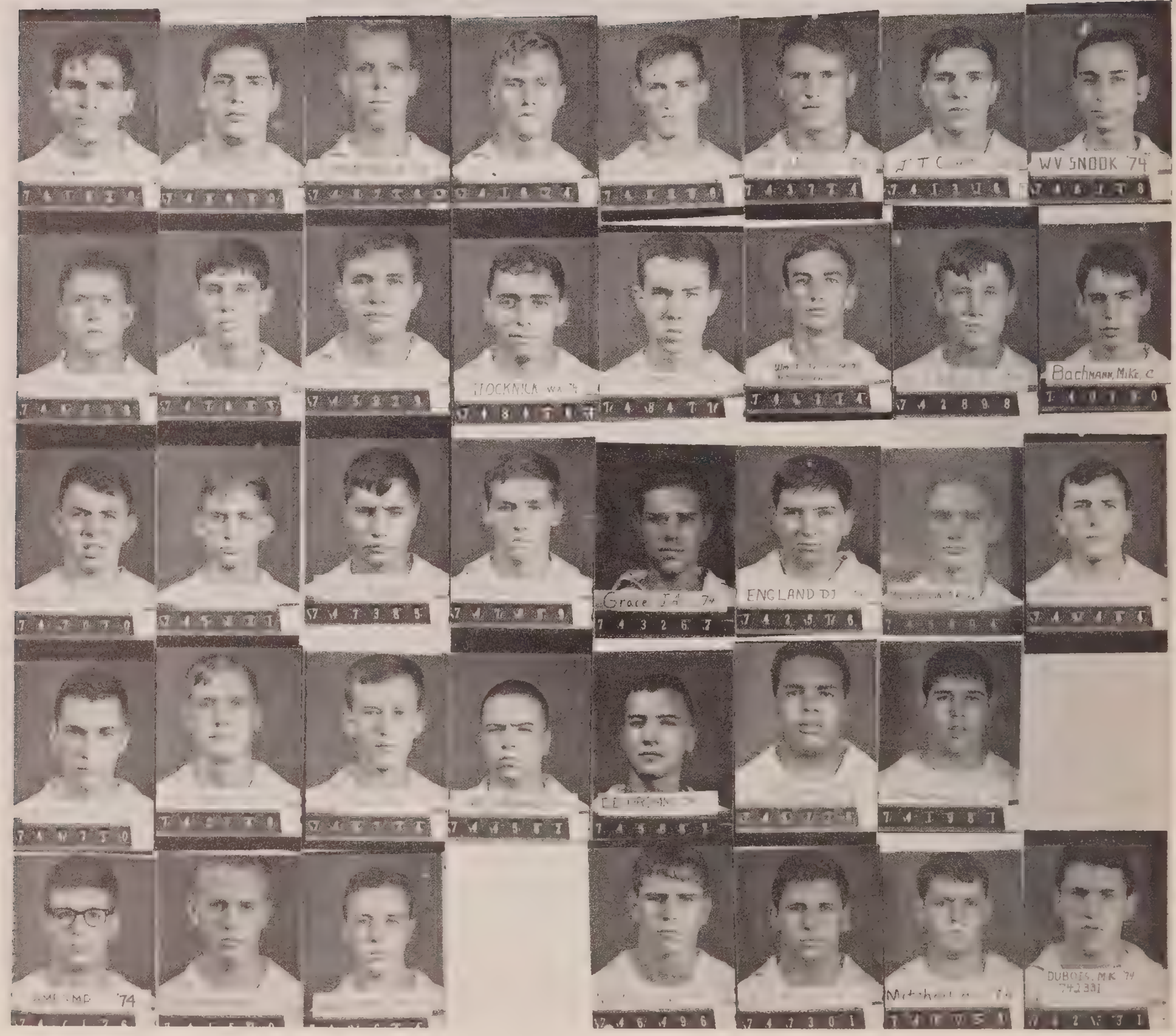
VERNON CHARLES WILLIAMS

Bill Chuck came to the Academy from Monterey Park, California, and his interest in the water extends all the way from his love for scuba diving to his choice of Nuclear Power for a service selection, though he has many other talents as well. He enjoys singing, piano, drama, and bagging it whenever possible. He is probably best known as the proprietor of Bill Chuck's Pharmacy, an institution which helped many of his classmates when they needed a quick prescription refilled. Although Vern was not the athletic type, he did receive honors by being selected as most valuable excused squad member four years in a row! There were many stories about Drifty Vern, but perhaps the most memorable was the time that he threw an anchor over the side . . . unattached at either end! We don't know how far Vern is going in the Navy, but God help the Navy.



NEIL EUGENE RONDORF

Thirty-First Company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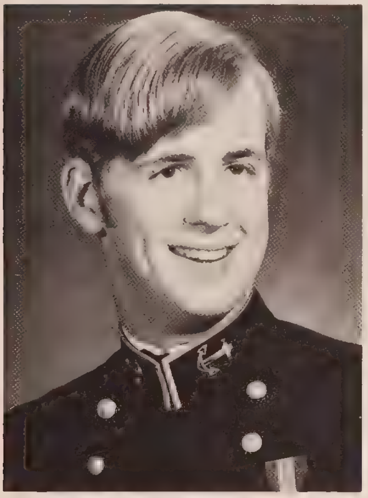
CAPTAIN CHARLES MARSDEN
LOHMAN, USMC

CAPTAIN CHARLES MARSDEN LOHMAN, USMC

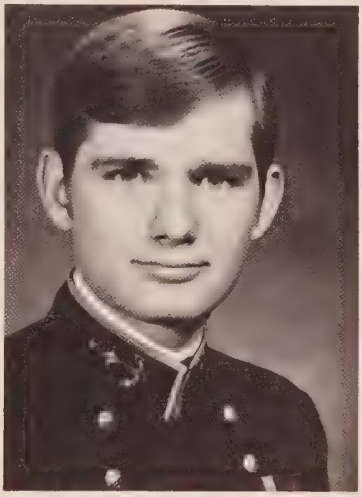
An Air Force Junior, Chuck spent his early days moving around from Brazil to Alabama to the Azores and South Carolina. Under these circumstances he had a hard time calling place home. Luckily the second tour in Alabama lasted long enough for him to complete all four years of high school. His family returned to Brazil for his first three years at the Academy. Chuck was always interested in all types of Sports. The phrase "Jack of all trades, master of none" come to mind. Seriously, at USNA, his favorite sports were lightweight football and swimming. While on vacation, he enjoyed water and snow skiing. His secret desire was to double as a Naval Officer and Gran Pix driver. Chuck was a quiet person, but he went out of his way to make friends with everyone. After the Plebe Detail a few fourth classmen might have wanted to contest this point. His patience in listening to other people's problems and giving helpful advice earned him the title of "Uncle Chuck." At the moment, UDT head the list of preferences.



FREDERIK HOLMES CHRISTENSEN

EDWARD MASON MILLER

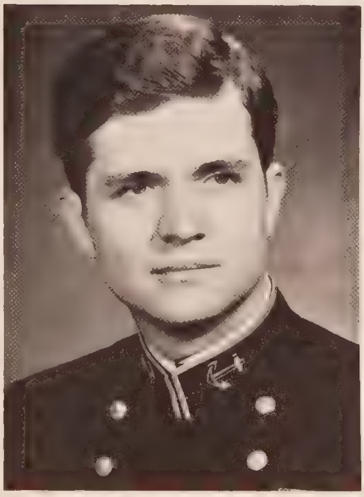
Ed arrived at the Academy after spending three years at college. He gave up the "good life" for the challenge of a naval career. He was the Old Man of the Unholy Three, and could usually be found chasing Eskimos around the hall. He was famous for the unreps in the middle of the week, and could usually be counted on having a couple of brownies on hand. He was fortunate enough to have home within the 7-mile limit, and his house served as the staging ground for many 2/c activities. The highlights of his career at USNA included as a plebe, getting locked in Isherwood Hall, as a 3/c, filling up his car at the Marine Base when the company officer drove up, and spearing the mate in front of the Major as a 2/c. With such a varied and full experience behind him, he is sure to be able to handle any situation with confidence. Thirty-first company will always remember the warmth of his home and kindness of his Mother.



BOYD ALLEN MILDENSTEIN

FREDERIK HOLMES CHRISTENSEN

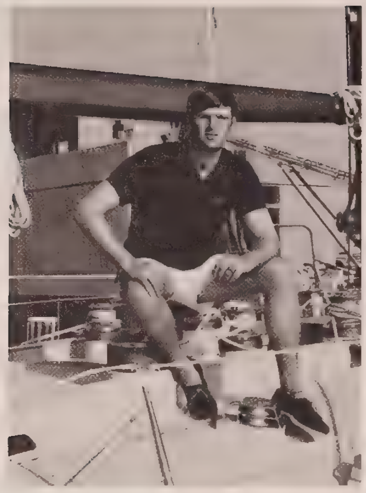
Fred, Erik, Ear Ache, etc . . . a major in oceanography . . . hails from Aiken, South Carolina. Fred has many qualities of a bull major, but he is good with numbers also. Although Erik has about the highest grades in the company, he is constantly worried over the possibility of his flunking out. At parties, "Life-Erik'Son" can usually be spotted in a far corner of the room. Although he can out drink anybody (and just ask him) he usually gets bored and falls asleep before the party starts. His story of the party is usually the best, though he is a very light sleeper, evidently. As our resident Don Juan, he definitely prefers South Carolina chicks because he has been seen with a girl in Navy once in his four years here. Erik is an independent person; when asked for cooperation, he will display his independence by not cooperating. Upon graduation, Fred will tear up the fleet and when he's finished, he'll write a book about it so we'll know what he did.



EDWARD MASON MILLER

BOYD ALLEN MILDENSTEIN

Boyd came from Grant's Pass, Oregon (God's Country), to Crabtown U. His level head, personality, and winning smile were quick to win him many lasting friends. Plebe year, Boyd began his intense quest for knowledge, resulting in his perenially wearing the stars of the Sup's List. He also made his mark in cross-country, first on the plebe team, and later as top man on the batt team, always thinking he would go back to the varsity. But his first love was his studies; he could always be found somewhere with his books. His future views turn toward the Globe and Anchor, and graduating at the top. Wherever he goes, he will surely be an asset and inspiration to those around him.

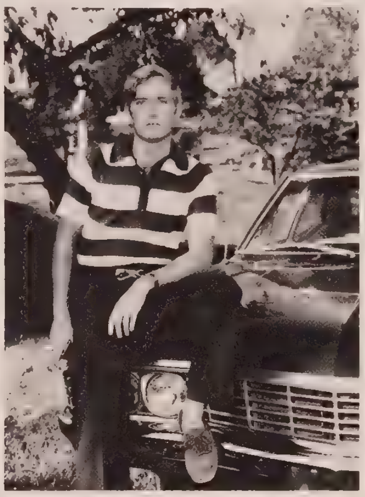


MORGAN PAUL AMES, JR.

Number one in the draft and thus destined for military greatness (?), Morgan came to the uncollege after four years at studliness at King School in Stamford, Conn. An all-league center, he played football until a shoulder injury, before the start of plebe season, prevented him from winning the Heisman Trophy. Morg then took to sailing and heavywieght football all of which he excelled in for the benefit of the TV audience. It was the same case with academics; orginally a math major, he soon sought safety from the Ac-board in Ana-Mana. Morg has four loves: the seas, Nancy Nurse, fast cars, and booze; if he's not with one, you'll find him with at least one of the others. Last (or close to it) in grease, but first in the hearts of his classmates, Morg is destined for Surface Line, where we know he'll succeed.

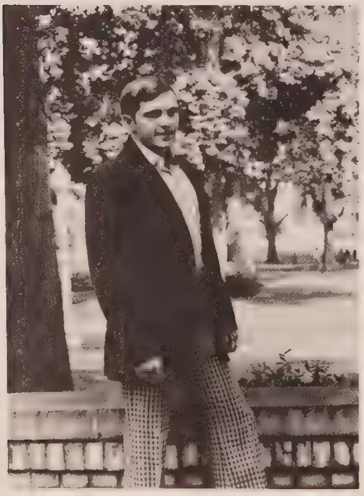
MORGAN PAUL AMES, JR.

ROSS EARL ANDERSON, III



ROSS EARL ANDERSON, III

Skip, who hails from Wilmington, Delaware, came to bannapolis by way of Bullis Prep. He readily took to Academy life, and soon established himself on the Academy's varsity dinghy sailing team. His room, too, always reflected his love for sailing. In fact, one could almost detect a feeling of dampness throughout his room. Another interest of Skip's was girls. He had a way with girls that was quite unlike any of his classmates. Studies, however, were not Skip's bag. He still managed, though, to pull his head out of the sailbag in time for finals every semester. An operations analysis major, study hour would usually find Skip playing Bridge, his string bass, or swapping sea stories with anyone who would listen. Skip's future as a naval officer looks bright, as does his career as a comfortably well-off business executive. Whatever he tries, Skip will surely find a road to success.



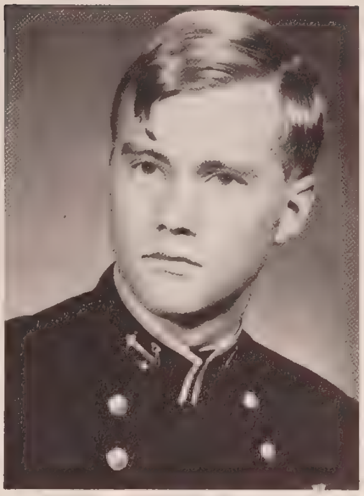
JOHN THOMAS CARTY

From Riverdale, New York, Rico entered the George Bancroft Memorial School for Unfortunate Seafarers with his mind set on success. John went to Fordham Prep, where he carved himself ijto the famous fifth block of granite of Fordham. J.T. was an excellent swimmer in high school and he became the swimming team manager at Navy. John's major at the Academy was political science, where he excelled at shooting the bull. In age, John was about a year younger than anybody, and he therefore became known as Baby Rico. He was a regular at company parties and could usually be spotted in the corner surrounded by girls admiring his cuteness. One of Rico's greatest acheivements was his ability to get good grades, and he seldom went withoug stars. John has a magnetic personality and is liked by all who know him. With these qualities, the fleet should benefit greatly from his presence.

JOHN THOMAS CARTY

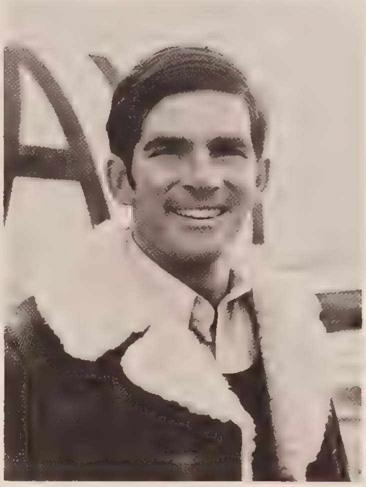
DAVID PHILIP CLITES

Brother Dave hails from the metropolis of Silverton, Oregon, world famous for its bean canneries. Plebe year he exasperated his classmates by validating computers and then doing programs for fun. His amazing knowledge of the probably non-existent at baseball earned him the title D.P. Computer. Mech eng not being quite enough adventurous for him, turned him towards the forbidden world of wires. This qualified him for duty EE EI Prof second class year. Youngster year didn't please him a bit as he filled up his humongus amount of free time taking scuba lessons, Japanese, and amateur radio lessons, and especially reviewing *Chemical Rubber Company's Handbook of Chemistry and Physic* (having memorized it plebe year). Barrin = being blown to smitherines by his root bear brewery, D.P. plans to enter the elysion fields of Nuc Power, after which I'm sure he will bar TV's to all under his command.



DAVID PHILIP CLITES

STEPHEN ANTHONY COX



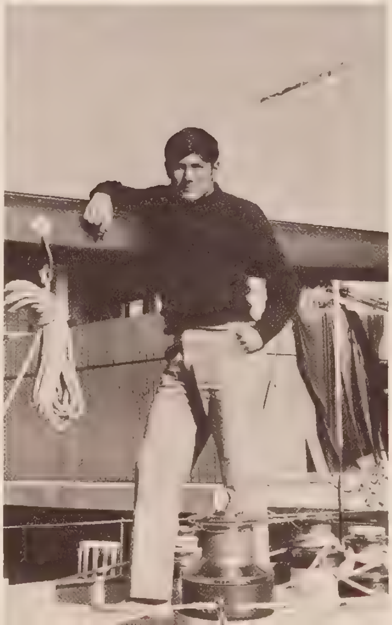
STEPHEN ANTHONY COX

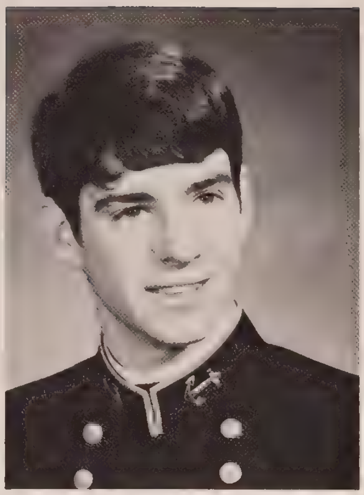
Steve, a typical California boy from San Diego, arrived here recognizing only one state in the union. Maryland, of course, did much to further that opinion. Steve was unknown for the first few days—having had the dubious honor of watch his first night in the hall, and not finding much for several days thereafter. He settled into the swing of things and found life interesting, if not pleasurable. Steve chose Navy based on his mailman's advice. He came in search of knowledge and a Navy career. His search for knowledge lasted all four years, during which he stumbled on naught by 30 years. Hoever, his hunt for a career across the length and breadth of the high seas sank on his 29th consecutive day at seas on youngster curise. The mailman's influence persisted through Steve's time here at Navy. Not an active party man, Coxey looked for the more beautiful things in life—girls. Those he finally met, after sophomore year started to make the far-off east coast much more bearable for the lonely Californian. But after four years in Crabtown, SAC is ready to go anywhere—and he may, if the real Navy cooperates.

ROBERT LEO FRAZIER

ROBERT LEO FRAZIER

Rob spent most of his life and his high school years around Indianola, Iowa, where he mostly racked it and played the guitar. That tradition continued at Navy until he performed one-too-many ear shattering renditions of "Proud Mary", and a rock-hard classmate threatened his life. In between high school and the Academy, Rob spent a year in Georgia as an air controller for the Navy and a year at "Susquehanna Prep," learning what he missed while racking it in high school. His main interests at Navy are Big Brothers of America, The American Society of Mechanical Engineers, sabre fencing, and "big boat" sailing. Rob hopes that his mechanical engineering major will help him build his career in aviation.

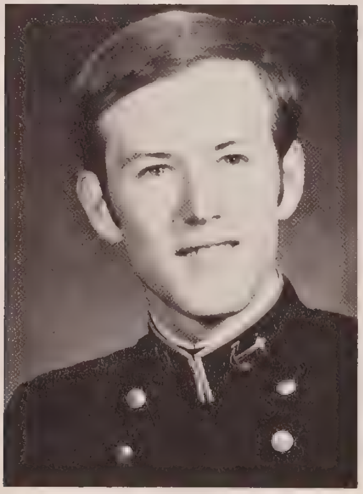




MICHAEL CHARLES BACHMANN

MICHAEL CHARLES BACHMANN

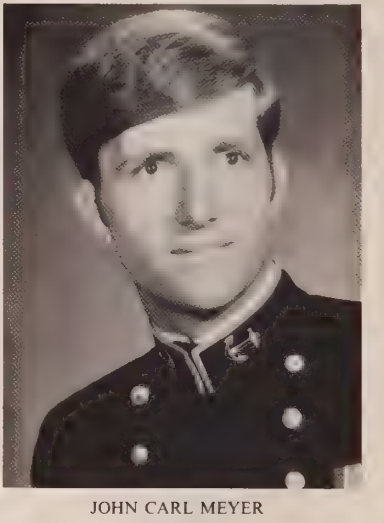
Sweet and innocent Fio, mastermind of the Fibonwacci Sequence plebe year, left the shores of Brentwood, Long Island for the Chesapeake surf. Our company Caruso started his singing career at the Jim Baron School of Performing Arts. Not finding music his cup of tea, he switched to aerospace engineering. He had many ups and downs including one stint as a bare-skinned elevator operator. Being naturally forward and aggressive, he entered the judo and boxing programs to act as a force against New York's evil, should he ever find his way around New York itslef. He initially attracted his classmates attention with his outrageious eupherisms, such as "Ah, Sugah." A self-acclaimed basketball star, Mike proved himself many times. He was best described as "poetry in motion." Thoughts of a girl in Florida gave Mike pleasant memories amid the rigors of academy life. Mike hopes his knowledge from aero will boost him to a soring career in Navy Air.



ROBERT ALLAN PAYNE

ROBERT ALLAN PAYNE

Yo Squared, a Jefferson City, Mo. boy, came to Navy to see the ocean. He found instead the crystal waters of the Severn. An Air Force ROTC cadet, CDR Bob came to Any State U to learn a new trade—Navy Air. Yo conditioned his eyes with 30 hours of rigorous tube each week, and conditioned his mind by memorizing weekly TV schedules. H (Rap) Payne, a midshipman genius, developed many new devices from his horizontal thinking apparatus. He developed the Mk I, Mod I rack, was the inventor of "Food-aid," the *gouge drink,* and co-developer of the water balloon cannon. He was a gunner in the 16th artillery company at Army junior year and succeeded in routing the Woops with perfumed water charges. Yo2, with true genius, found that the slide rule was great for drawing straight lines and even better when used to stir a mean batch of his potent "Fool aid". When Bob leaves here, he will be on his five year mission to seek out and explore new worlds, to boldly go where no Yo has ever gone before.



JOHN CARL MEYER

HERBERT RALPH HAUSE

A product of Saint Peter, Minnesota, Herb cmae to USNA with the hope of finally growing some hair and a desire to see the ocean, any ocean. Known as a guy that "can only take too much," Herb directed his many talents to academics, company sports, and drinkging. He has an affinity for anything that contains alcohol, and also a determination to eat anything the mess hall offers. Never been known to put things off, Herb got all his books, studied for all his exams, and wrote all of his peer grease before plebe summer was over. The Bear is liked by everyone who knows him, and is marked by his own very special sayings, quips, and comments. As his friends and classmates know, Herb's tremendous personality and his willingness to work will get him a long way in whatever career he chooses.

HERBERT RALPH HAUSE

JAMES ANDERSON GRACE

JAMES ANDERSON GRACE

James Amazing Grace, living in Charleston, Md., never ceased to suprize people. Having barely escapted from the hack board plebe year, he placed himself on the Dean's and Supt's lists the next year. Jim fought a running battle with the sub squad, but always managed to have the last laugh before leave. He also had a golden voice, though at times more like sandpaper, with which he atlernately soothed and terrified at Antiphonal Choir. His roommates always marveled at the quantities of chow he could bring back from a weekend. Jim's benefactor however, has probably earned a lifetime commission. Jim, never flustrered, will go as far as the Navy can handle him. Hopefully for Jim, that will be a long time.

JOHN CARL MEYER

Hailing from Spring Lake, N.H., and armed with a certificate from Manasquan High School, John settled down for four brain joggling years at Crab U. Before Merely came to this institution, his main pastimes were surfing and any other mischief he could get himself into at the beach. Beginning in the summer of '70, when he changed his residence to Maryland, he retained his love for surfing, but he channeled his adventurous and wild instincts into company sports where he excelled in football, basketball, and softball. Because of his height and his outgoing personality, he stands out wherever he goes. John became well known quickly during plebe summer as the 36th platoon guidon bearer. A blossoming student of German, Herr Meyer is always ready to put in a good word for the fuhrer. Karen, the girl of John's life, could be seen with him on many a weekend. The cute yellow bug made the distance between them much more bearable. Graduation cannot come too soon for John and Karen.

JOHN ARTHUR McGRAW, II

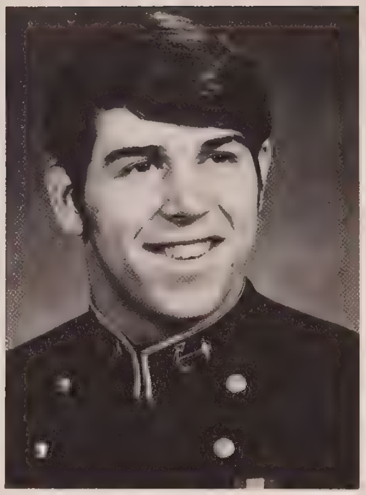
JOHN ARTHUR McGRAW, II

Mugs, from Afton, New York, far away from the City, left his form and went south to become a Middie in the busy metropolis of Annapolis. Mugsy made his mark early as a boxer. He was a champion plebe summer, and won his "N" during plebe year and the Spike Webb award sophomore year. McGraw always had an answer for any problem; beat it into the ground until it wasn't a problem any more. McGraw operated a successful campaign against the butcher shops in Mother B, many times making long locks look short enough to get by. When the air was thick and the wall seemed to be closing in, Mugs would come through and add ventilation arifices, amazing friend and foe alike with his amazing strength and solidarity. Although the bully has pounded many of us for various and sundry reason, we will long think highly of McGraw as we go our own ways.

GARY LEE MERRILL

Gary came to the Academy from Bloomsburg, Penn. As a plebe, he discovered more than others how to beat Navy while running interference for his roommates. He is the only plebe to ever have a single room during the third set. In his youngster year, he finally got into his major. During the afternoons, when most others were wrestling with the rack monster, Gary would be busy trying to get his extraneous work done so that night he could devote his full time and effort to playing bridge. At the beginning of his 2/c year, he took the big step and became engaged. He was able to keep it a secret a month, just waiting for the waters of the Bay to get cold enough. With the added responsiblities of 2/c year, Gary switched his major to the stockmarket while still enjoying cards once in awhile. With bright prospects ahead if the stockmarket doesn't crash, Gary is looking forward to Civilian Line in '79.

GARY LEE MERRILL



WAYNE BRIAN DAMBROSIO

WAYNE BRIAN DAMBROSIO

Born and bred in the shadows of intellectual eminence (MIT, Harvard, and Tufts), "D" chose our illustrious college when he departed the great white ghetto of Somerville, Massachusetts. He turned down scholarships to many promising schools to come to the Eigth Wonder of the World—the only hole ever constructed above the ground. As a student, "D" majored in beating the system. His uncanny ability to find loopholes will be long remembered. The thing which he enjoyed most during his stay was playing football for Navy. Not satisfied with just being a football jock, "D" took up the gentleman's sport of rugby. Due to these facts, Navy and Blue and Gold may never be the same. His motto, which many say pulled him through the rigorous life at Navy, was, "if the minimum wasn't good enough, it wouldn't be the minimum." The Navy is awaiting his arrival with great anticipation.

VINCENT COURTNEY STONE

VINCENT COURTNEY STONE

Stoney, representative from Martinsville, Va., "Sweatshirt Capital of the World," arrived on Mother Bancroft's doorstep too soon to major in his third love, computers, but settled for math instead. However, he kept his sights set on the glorified machines, substituting those courses for as many free electives and math courses as allowed, even to the point of signing up for a course that didn't exist! His highest ideal of shore duty is to return to these sacred halls to instruct future victims in the art of programming. Another of his passions, his music, earned him a reputation as the man with the sounds, as was well proven by the equipment in his room. However, foremost in his mind was the rack, which he most enjoyed on a four hour sting Saturday mornings. He also had a fetish for signs, especially the desk plaque proclaiming him "Foremost expounder on the Mom-Apple Pie theory." He is looking for the Nuclear program (with the help of his good friend, Jack Cloud).

DENNIS JAMES ENGLAND

CHARLES HARRISON RICHNER, JR.

Butch is one of the most extraordinary people ever to come out of the woods of Alaska. He was fast to make his reputation as Mr. Fix-it of the Unholy Three. If he couldn't fix it, he could for sure take it apart for you. During his youngster year, he improved Mother B by installing a TV in the overhead above the sink. His source of supply was the E E Dept's supply room, or anywhere else he could gain access. Teh full impact of his attendance at USNA won't be realized until years after his graduation, when workmen discover his secret supply rooms between the walls of the 7th wing. He never let studying interfere with his college education, or USNA Regulations with his weekend activities. Ekimo is looking forward to NFO flight school and his return to a cooler climate. UNSA won't be the same without him, or for that matter, neither will the wiring in the 7th Wing.

CHARLES HARRISON RICHNER, JR.

CHARLES ELDRIDGE PRIMM

CHARLES ELDRIDGE PRIMM

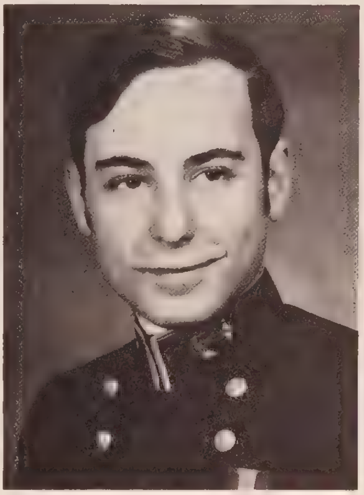
Buck sacrificed the fast women and beautiful horses of Kentucky, and left the tobacco fields of Hopkinsville to see the world from the hallowed halls of Mother B. He was so surprised that he drifted through diffy-ques for two semesters on a strong Boyle wind. Needing relief from his woes, Chuck joined the Bears (not to be confused with the Uns), and became a jiving member of the Boone Temptations and became a Buck. With all these activities, Buck even managed to play basketball, Kentucky style, and football with the PFL. He managed to overcome profs and his ECA's to earn a respectable cupe. Chuck found a diversion from his oceanography major by going inland to Colorado, where the Bucks and Bars were most abundant, and by keeping in touch with someone at the University of Kentucky. Unfortunately, Buck will be far from Colorado and Kentucky, but finding more good times as the world traveler, plans on being a Naval Aviator.

DENNIS JAMES ENGLAND

Dennis, Arky, Atro—you call it, and he'd probably answer. Hailing from "Bla-ville" (Blytheville on the signs), Dennis found his nook in Navy as a collecter of nicknames. The Duke, with his southern charm, makes everyone feel at home. Many nights would find him telling stories at the Mate's desk to a captivated audience, or singing songs with makeshift mikes with the Bucks. Our Razorback knew more about Arkansas football than dear old Rick knew about Navy ball. Each Autumn saw Dennis suffer or rejoice as the Hogs won or lost. Dennis excelled in athletics and taught Mugs, our brigade champ, everything he knew in nightly sessions. Dennis, occasionally known as Mark Spitz, has good reason to hope none of his ships ever sink. He was one of 16's Colorado Blues Gang, and played in the famous "Cactus Bowl." Graduation will find him leaving his high flying career as a buck for one in the Navy Air.

WILLIAM VINCENT SNOOK

Koons came down to Navy from Upper Darby, Pa. After spending 18 years in the Marine Corps, plebe life was nothing new to Bill, who already knew how to buck the system. Due to his small mass, he was easily affected by wind currents and became an aero major to investigate his own flight properties. Koons teamed up with "D" and formed an elite acting company, the Seventh Wing Players. As Bruno the Super Sluth, Bill captured the hearts of the Brigade. Bill captained the swimming specialty team Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 1515 in the smaller pool. He was a killer on the soccer field and as a fieldballer, being consistently called for excessive roughness. But he was a kind-hearted soul deep inside. After four years of preparation, Koons Ford is ready for the fleet and whatever it has in store. But is the fleet ready for Bill? Stepladders on the bridge?



WILLIAM VINCENT SNOOK

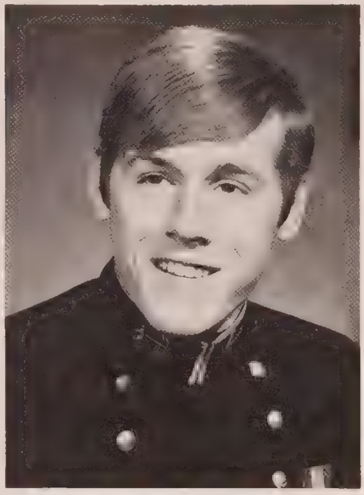
JOHN GORDON TEIXEIRA

JOHN GORDON TEIXEIRA

Few people could pronounce Gordon's last name through his years at our college. Tex was happiest with a bat or ball in his hands, and through his four years, he pursued that interest as a Navy baseball player. Coming from Hiealeah, Fla. Texuhn left the sun and fun and headed for our retreat from life here in Maryland. Tex was smart-not smart enough to leave, but smart enough, to stay and beat the Navy: his black N youngster year was the only setback in his four year daily conflict with Mother B. Because of his intellectual curiosity, Tex found himself always doing research in fluid dynamics in his off-time, using any and all parties for his lab. Navy may not have much in store for Tex, but you can be sure he has plenty in store for them.

JOEL ALEXANDER ROBB

Hailing from the mountains of West Virginia, Joe was no hillbilly, knowing the English language both backwards and forwards. Joe minored in mechanical engineering while majoring in party management. His utilization of special liberty led many in the company to believe he ahd his own key to the gates. Rink Tudu could often be seen giving fatherly advice to 16's lovesick bears. A good athlete, Joe often had difficulty convincing opponents of his lightweight status. One of 16's best dressed, Little Aer could always be found sporting a pair of his favorite "Big Murph's." Never at a loss for expressions, Joe always seemed to come up with a nickname for everybody. Rinky soon became known for his fine taste in females—any female. Those who knew Joe never knew a dull moment or a quiet one, either, for that matter. Graduation will find Joe giving up his funfilled life as a Midshipman for a fun-filled life as an officer.



JOHN JOSEPH SHEEHAN, III

WALTER ANTHONY STOCKNICK, JR.

Ba-er, Skip, Thkippy, another of 16's nickname herds, came to Navy U. from West Pittston, Penn. One would have to think that Skip would have been 16's Mr. Cool, had he been in an environment where he could really "let his hair down." The company's authority on rock music, Skip could almost always be found listening to his many sounds or reading Rolling Stone. A good athlete, Ba-er distinguished himself in both sophomore and junior years as the best wrestler on 16's champ basketball team. Next to girls and parties, Easy Rider's love was his Triumph motorcycle, which he rode in numerous successful raids on D.C. and the surrounding area. A management jock, Skip never let studying get in the way of rest, recreation, or pizza cooking. Graduation will probably see Skip trade his cycle for a Phantom and on to a career in Navy Air.

JOEL ALEXANDER ROBB

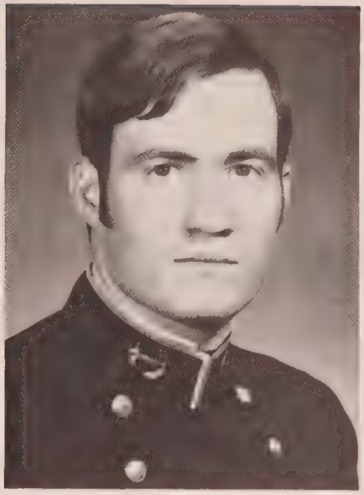
JOHN JOSEPH SHEEHAN, III

It was only a short hop from Fairfax, Virginia for Cashly to come to his chosen party school. Where he concentrated his efforts, he excelled, never missing a party while walking that thin line with the academic board. Most of Caj's serious work was done Saturday nights at Ho Jo's in the company of his departed roommates and "various friends from D.C. area. Protramid was Jack's professional awakening. He was born to fly, but that summer he discovered the "O" clubs and beaches of the East coast, which will be long remembered. A gentleman, ladies man, and party man, but most of all, an easy going, friendly guy who loves flying and will certainly have a successful career, Jack will always be remembered by his friend.

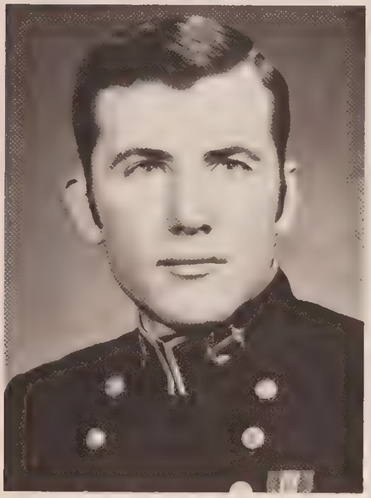
WALTER ANTHONY STOCKNICK, JR.

DAVID ROBERT TOPOLEWSKI

More commonly known as Top or Si to his friends, Dave left the land of Elgin, Illinois to enlist in the Navy. Starting out with a desire to see the world, Dave soon found himself surrounded by the grey walls of Naps. Determined to excel in everything he dsd, Dave was soon standing amongst his classmates, pledging the next four years of his life to the United States Naval Academy. Plebe year comearounds enabled Top to become the author of the now famous "101 Polack Party Jokes." One who is not accustomed to saying much, Dave could be found on Sundays making much noise in the choir section. During the weekendays, Top could be found toppling across the gymnastics mats in Macdonough Hall. Dave is now *anxiously* awaiting graduation, so that he can radiate some of the intelligence that he has gathered from general engineering.



DAVID ROBERT TOPOLEWSKI

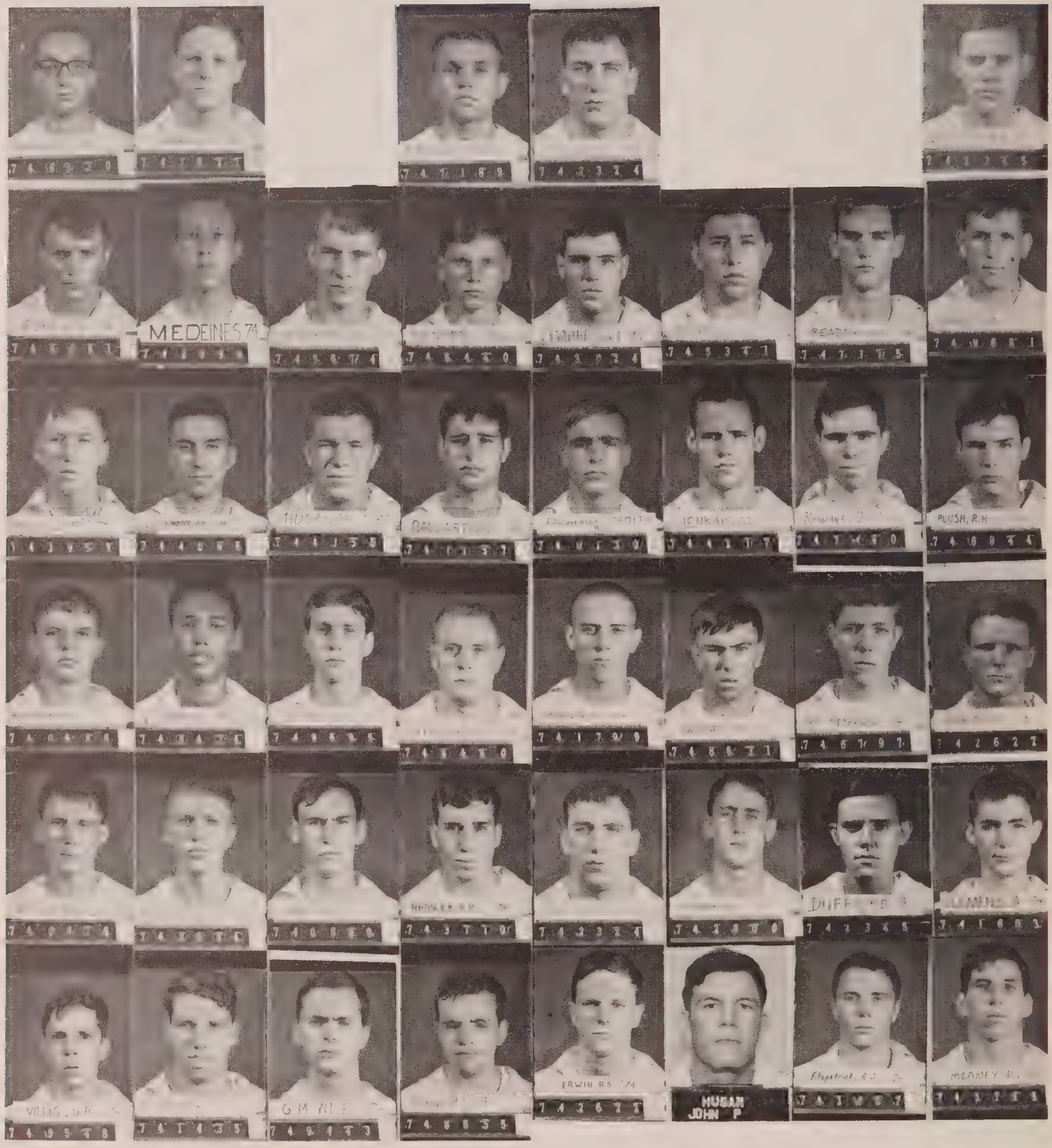


DONALD MARTIN WILHELM

DONALD MARTIN WILHELM

Donnie came all the way from Santa Clara, California to complete the unholy three—Eskimo, Mils and Worm—and to join the Navy. He was drafted in January of plebe year, but artfully dodge Uncle Sam's request by remaining on the banks of the Severn in obscurity. Donnie, being a California boy, had trouble adjusting to beautiful Maryland. He found the solution just before his junior year started, when Ronnie moved to Crabtown. Once the big switch was made, Donnie almost disappeared from our university, but hung around long enough to go to school and collect his pay. Worm is weird; he honors the numbers 31 and 21 like we honor the goat. They have something to do with all the letters he wrote freshman and sophomore years. All he does now is wear his civvies in Crabtown. A biography of Donnie is half Ronnie, and when they hit the fleet, watch out!

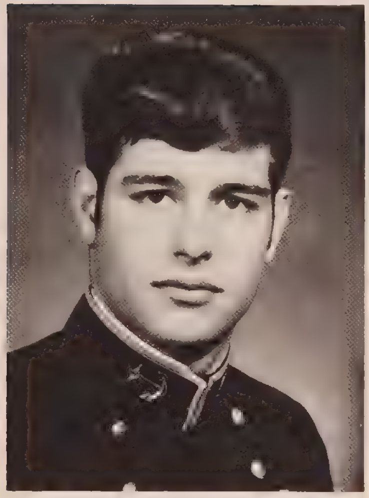
Thirty-Second Company


MEDEINES 74
JENKINS
PLUSH, R.H
DUFF
ERWIN RS '74
HUSAR
JOHN P
MEANEY

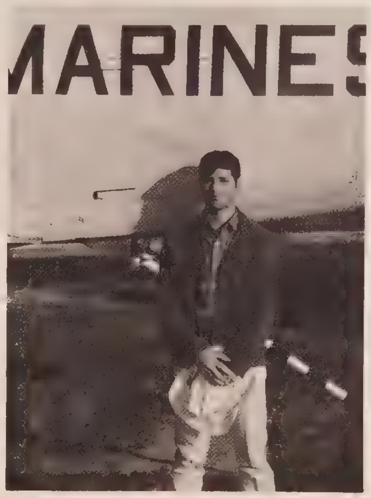
LIEUTENANT WILLIAM ALBERT
FARNSWORTH, JR., USN

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM ALBERT FARNSWORTH, JR., USN

"Farns" is a son of Gardner, Massachusetts, as his accent readily attests. After graduation from his hometown high school he spent a year at Bullis School and then began his career as a Naval Officer. During plebe year, he tried his skill at plebe crew, but the next year he found his real talents in battalion football and company fieldball. Bill has the phenomenal ability to listen to a radio, write a letter, read a book, and study, all at once. Since a visit to Japan after second class summer, he has set his mind to returning there someday as a destroyerman. Bill is one of those hardy sailors who really loves the sea. Well respected by all of his classmates, he is deserving of the best of everything.



DOUGLAS DON BALLARD

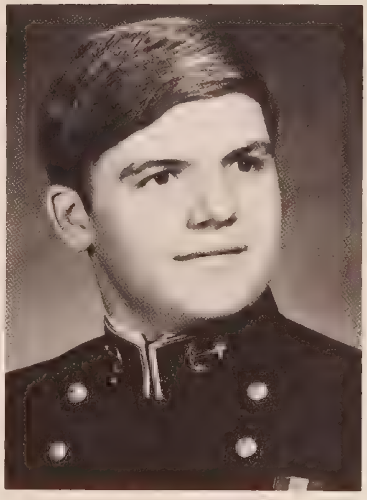


DOUGLAS DON BALLARD

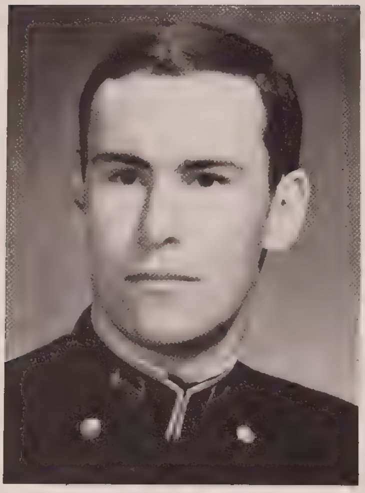
Doug Always wanted to be a naval officer, then came to the Academy and decided on Marine Green. Coming from Forest Grove, Oregon, he made sure that everyone was well indoctrinated on that fact, as well as anything of possible interest from that state. Never having too many problems with Academy life, Doug's major project was to find a girl, and when Karen came along, it was just a big downhill slide to graduation. Not one to get overly excited about sports, Doug still excelled at everything he tried, and was particularly prominent on the company soccer team. Being the quiet type, Doug was able to devote most of his time to history and Louis L'Amour, but was the type that when he spoke, people listened. The Marine Corps will have no complaints with Doug.

MARK ALLAN BLAHNIK

Mark came to the Naval Academy from Ashland, Wisconsin. The Blob always managed to keep everyone loose in the company when things got tough. Somehow or another, he always managed to stay on top of everything. One thing he was always up on was his rack time. Blob was the company's undisputed rack king, never letting a free moment go to waste. Another favorite hideout of his was the steerage, where he could be found on almost any night, about an hour before bed, for his night's snack. Outside the walls of USNA, Blob spent much of his time working on his "mellow yellow machine." He was always up for a rally, and on Saturday nights, was usually leading them. As first class year rolled around, Blob's leadership potential was exemplified by his position on the Brigade staff. Whatever his service selection turns out to be, there is no doubt Mark will make the most of it and shine brightly.



MARK ALLAN BLAHNIK

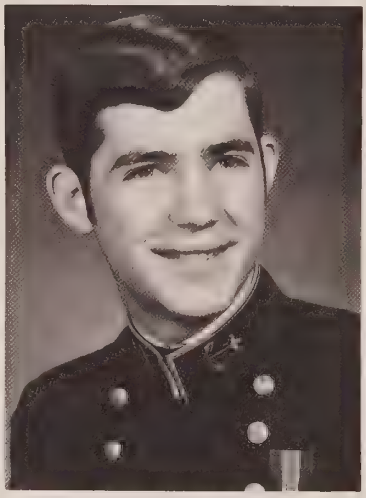


WILLIAM ANDREW BENNETT, JR.

WILLIAM ANDREW BENNETT, JR.

Bill, commonly known as Bernoulli, comes from Hicksville, New York. Bounoulli's first year was spent hiding at the boathouse to avoid wrath of those above. The next two years he still spent most of his spare time at the boathouse in the turkey boat. He spent whatever time was left in cultivating hair and in the rack. Bill also flirted with the academic board several times, but never quite made it. First class summer, Bill used his leave to earn his airborne wings. Arriving back at USNA in the fall, he kept a shorter haircut and gave up crew for the vigors of company soccer. No plans for marriage, but if the Marine Corps wants him to have a wife they'll issue him one (let's see how long that one lasts). Bill was one of the few who went Corps.

FRANK WILLIAM CHABZA



EVAN ALAN CLEMENS

EVAN ALAN CLEMENS

Born in San Antonio, Texas, and having spent most of his pre-Academy years in that vast territory, Evan has the distinction of being the only one of three Texans that started plebe year in the old Ninth Company to see graduation day, 1974. He claims to owe his longevity to a decision in September of second class year (when faced with continuing for an uncertain length of time as a "wires" jock) in which he chose the "graduation option" via a degree in general engineering. Originally nicknamed Lemon by his second class squad members plebe year, he surfaced after first-class cruise as Fireball. Following that pleasure cruise in Hawaii (compliments of Admiral Rickover), he succeeded in making it to service selection night without getting "tapped" by Hymie's boys. He is presently awaiting his July 8, 1974 flight class with great expectations as a big step towards getting his "own" F-14. As Co-Editor-in-Chief, he has spent many hours of his "study-time" 'Bag'-ing it.

ALBERT McKELL HASSLER, II

ALBERT McKELL HASSLER, II

Al came to the Naval Academy from the beautiful country of upstate New York. The Hustler, as he was known to his friends, never came away from a card game or a bet without a little extra money in his pocket. Hustler never was one to sweat the small stuff, and most weekends he could be found cruising in his vette. Second class year was Hustler's most memorable, mainly because of a certain blind date at Hood College. First class year he could be found at Hood, finally enjoying some of the finer things in life. After graduation, Florida will be the home for another Navy pilot. In five years, look for the Hustler in Sweden.

DONALD RICKY HODGES

FRANK WILLIAM CHABZA

Frank came to the Academy from a high school in New York City and most Mids tried to find out if this was a blessing or a curse. One could always find him looking for the thing that he thought was most valuable . . . THE GOUGE. His greatest contribution to Navy swimming during his three years was that he kept Piano Man away from the rest of the swimmers. Not one to let studies get in the way of his education, he made sure that he watched all the assigned ETV during the day, the afternoon, the evening and the night, . . . Frank's deep love for the Navy will ensure that he has a fruitful naval career.

BRIAN DAVID FITZPATRICK

BRIAN DAVID FITZPATRICK

Fitz came to the shores of the Severn a sprouting 17 years old, barely out of high school. He hails from Elizabeth, New Jersey, and spent many long hours during plebe summer thinking of how to get upperclass privileges. Fitzy was quick to distinguish himself on the athletic field as a member of the plebe soccer team. In academics, well, Fitzy at least showed up for classes. Brian was known for never letting this part of Academy life get him down. Down . . . , actually, that's where Fitz spent much of his time—down and out on his rack. Outside the Academy walls, Fitzy made himself quite a hit in McLean, Virginia. As yet, no one has quite figured out what Fitzy stumbled upon in McLean, but I'm sure that whatever it is he'll be able to handle it. In some of Brian's more lighter moments, he made himself a big hit with the Georgetown boys in blue, especially during his notorious fire drills in a certain "mobile". Brian's many unique qualities should carry him a long way after graduation. As for right now, well, he'll just settle for a good rally.

DANIEL ALOYSIUS DRISCOLL, JR.

DANIEL ALOYSIUS DRISCOLL, JR.

Danny came to USNA from sunny San Francisco, bringing with him a pair of football cleats, and the determination to succeed . . . With all his hard work, Dan had no trouble making his name known. After being elected captain of the plebe team, he had three more years as a hard nosed linebacker. Off the field, Danny also made the grade as he proved by wearing stars the majority of his stay at the Academy. Once outside the walls, Danny distinguished himself by always having a place to go, and a way to get there. Part owner of the famous Shady Grove and sole owner of that notorious TRG, Dan was always ready for a rally. Being the outgoing type who accomplishes what is expected of him, Dan will have no problems in his future. He will be remembered most for his athletic abilities, good nature, and California dreamin'.

DONALD RICKY HODGES

Aardvark entered the boring Academy life 19 days out of an outstanding high school career in the great state of Iowa, the metropolis of West Des Moines! "Freshman" year proved to be full of trouble and many athletics. Aardvark could be found hiding from certain fuming second class on the soccer field with the plebe team, (a totally new sport to this gent), or on the track in the field house, or even on Thompson Field. Rick even went so far as to join the YP Squadron after his varsity/plebe sports ended. Second class year, Ricky met his match and fell for an old friend who pretended to be his sister. Oh, Pam! First class year they continued, and she even moved to Maryland to help Vark entertain the guys on Friday and Saturday nights. Presently, they plan to lock horns in June, unless the derelicts prove to be a greater influence. The future will probably find him changing diapers and spending as much time at home as possible. Subs and air are bidding for his presence in their ranks, but we shall see who makes the best offer. In either case, what good is an M.E. degree?

CHRIS LEWIS MADDIX

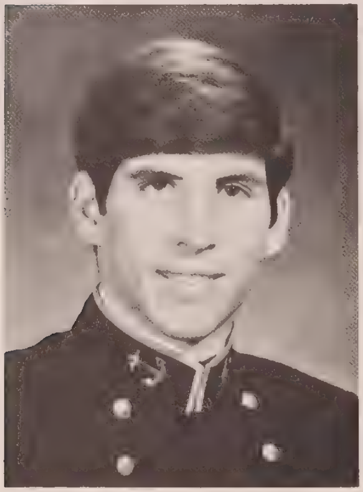
CHRIS LEWIS MADDIX

The only way to get through this life is to enjoy everything you do, one day at a time. I do exactly that.

DAVID CHARLES FISCHER

DAVID CHARLES FISCHER

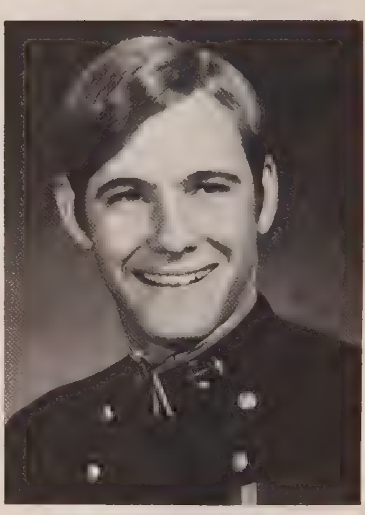
Born and raised in Freeport, New York, he is the product of surbaban New York City. Graduating from Baldwin High School, in 1970 he entered the U.S. Naval Academy. Originally majoring in aerospace engineering, he found his interests lay more in the sciences than in the engineering field and as a result, changed his major to mathmatics. His activities at the Naval Academy include various intramural sports (e.g., batt cross country, lacrosse, and lighweight football), entertainment committee for the Ring Dance, and a member of the American Society of Naval Engineers. He is very interested in the Naval Flight Program, and hopes to see it in the near future, without his glasses.



PATRICK JAMES MEANEY

PATRICK JAMES MEANEY

Pat traveled cross country to come to the Naval Academy from downtown Baltimore. Making that perilous trip all by himself, we immediately knew he was bad. Standing at 6'1½" and weighing a brutal 158, Bones was a stick of dynamite. Pat didn't waste much time exploding onto the lacrosse field and becoming one of Navy's top scorers? Well, even if he did hit the pole most of the time, he sure was tough on defense. Halfway through his career at Navy, Bones got his hands on a pretty nice cycle, which kept him busy for a couple of months each year. From that point on, he had only one ambition--to jump the Grand Canyon. His roommate's keeper and an all-around good guy, Bones will be long remembered in all our hearts.



MARK LAWRENCE McDERMOTT

STEPHEN THOMAS LANDRY

Steve left one of the homes of the Pacific Fleet—San Diego—behind when he came to face USNA, but he brought with him a karate gi and a guitar. He soon found out what wires was all about, and usually stayed up at night with the other company owls. It was a great four years for him from plebe year selling "Smooge's Subs" to first class year as company sub-commander. Surface Line, a certain fiancee', and great new experiences in Japan are in his future.

STEPHEN THOMAS LANDRY

GEORGE DUBOIS JENKINS

George D. Jenkins grew up in Copake, New York, graduating from Rocliff Jansen Central School, he came straight to the Academy. Here at Bancroft Hall, George played plebe football and sang in the Protestant choir until academics started a steep downhill run. An analytical management major, he divides his time between Jesus, Marty, and the books, playing batt football and fieldball in intramurals. Service selection is still uncertain, but pointing towards Navy Air or Marine Corps.

GEORGE DUBOIS JENKINS

MARK LAWRENCE McDERMOTT

Mac McDermott has been known by many names, but throughout his four years at the Naval Academy, his best moments were spent as one of the Derelicts. Spending his free time as a devoted scholar of the rack and as a BAC bagger, Raliff also found time to keep a seat hot in the wardroom. Mac's better days were spent with a gusto in hand, a Marlboro, and preferably in Colorado. A classic realist, Mac is anticipating the day of flying high (one way or another).

MARK MILLER PLASKET

MARK MILLER PLASKET

Whether conning YP's in Annapolis Harbor or scouting the local lovelies at varsity tea fights, Mark is always in command of the situation. Coming from Salem, New Jersey with a real desire to become a navla officer, his professional attitude has earned him the name of Gunge. His knowledge of the sea sure came in handy during curises for showing European lovelies his ships. When not at the computer center, Mark can be found pursuing his marine engineering major. Surface Line will be even finer, with the addition of Mark in June.

MARK DEAN PETERSEN

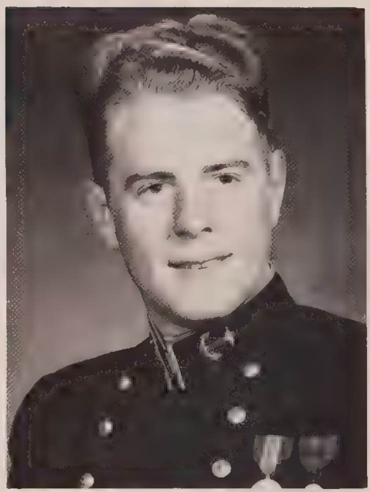
Out of the blue of the western sky, Pete came all of the way from Portland, Oregon's northwest beauty to Severn's smelly shores. Spending plebe year in the dark, he slashed and puffed his way through a second fun-filled edition of Navy, and soon found himself adjusting to the thought of "only seven more!" Pete excelled in poly sci-type bull slinging, as well as the necessary evils of wires and advanced trivia. Pete found time to blow yet another horn for M.M. in NA-10 and was the outstanding pivot man on the roomo nerfball team. All this while computing frantically the figures for banks and Porsches. Mixing it up with sharp pledges and dumb youngsters. Pete ventured forth to challenge the Chauvenet clowns once more in hopes of eventually being both silent and deep. Regardless of which area Pete decides to grace the Navy in while completing his 5 year plan, he is sure to add an insatiable wit and an undeniable knack for success to everything he does.

MARK DEAN PETERSEN

WILLIAM FRANCIS READDY

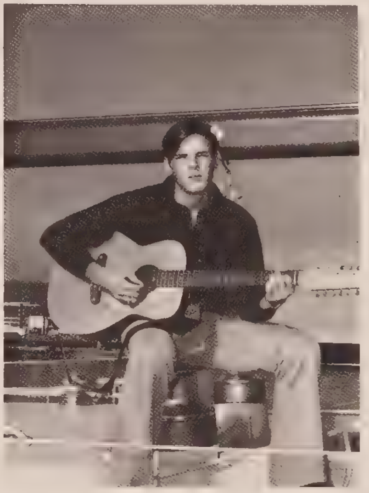
WILLIAM FRANCIS READDY

From the moment he touched down at Canoe U., Wee-Wee was right on course. For one of the more avid proponents of Smooge's Subs, what could go better with a sandwich than a cold frosty . . . possibly a Black "N" and a title of "E.D. Readdy?" Surviving the rigors of being an aero major, Readdy cruised through a youngster year of friendly hall encounters with Heavy Irving, smelly plants, and TAD in the rack as a Nasal Aviator. Sailing from Bermuda to juniordom, Bill realized the folly of the auto, and was set on flying with Buckwheat whenever there was a hocky game or a Bopper around. After a few weeks on a French ship and much consideration, he soon joined the Porsche Club of America. What better way could the President of AIAA choose to fly on the ground? Heading to Pensacola and the moon, Bill promises to be the kind of brilliant skypilot that would jangle the armor of anybody's Popsy.



JOHN WILLIAM STEVENS

RICHARD HAMILTON PLUSH



RICHARD HAMILTON PLUSH

Stopping over for four years from nearby Arlington, Virginia, Plusher quickly developed a rapport with extra-company activities. Undaunted by the threats of a mud-thick squad leader who threatened to cut his ear off before snowfall plebe year, Dick found himself a place on plebe lightweight crew and in the Drum and Bugle Corps. When not going one-on-one with the computer, this operations analysis major proved to be one of the Academy's most avid musicians. Usually keeping the company in the dark as to his whereabouts, he always enjoyed sittin' in with a warm guitar in the NA-10 rock and dance bands or hoisting chute on a Luders yawl. Commanding one of the Academy's most successful Drum and Bugle Corps, Plusher still found time to be the 1974 *Lucky Bag's* Advertising and Circulation Editor. One of the seemingly few bachelors left in the company, this aspiring aviator looks forward to exploring the real meaning of freedom.

MARK STEVEN SMITH

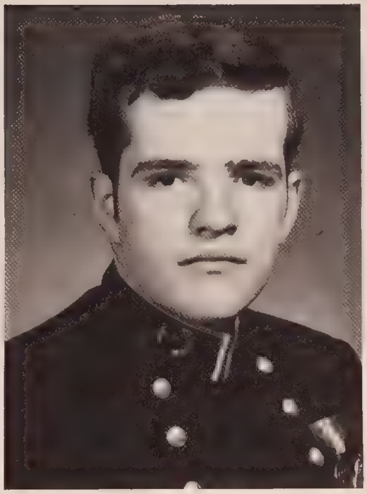
MARK STEVEN SMITH

Mark came to the Academy with a smile and a tennis racket from Atlanta, Georgia. Mark breezed through his four years of academics. He took great pride in "beating Navy" that way. In the Hall, Mark was always up to something mischievous. He was well known for a surprise, unproved "penny a 'tack". At times it got so bad, that he started to take late evening showers . . . usually against his own will. On the courts at Navy, Mark distinguished himself for four years as one of Navy's outstanding tennis studs, while wearing three N stars. Outside the Academy walls, Mark was a big hit at the local taverns; Fort Meade was sometimes known as his home away from home on Fridays. The young lovelies keep chasing, but as yet, none have succeeded in catching his eye. Mark plans on making Navy Air his home after graduation.

JOSEPH EUGENE SWEENEY, JR.

JOHN WILLIAM STEVENS

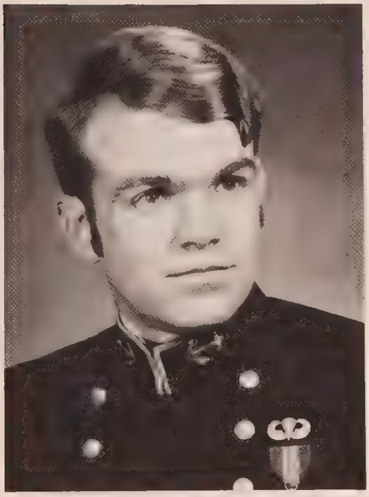
John didn't have to come very far to get to Canoe U. from his home in Washington, D.C., but he is surely going to go far in the Surface Navy; in fact, we're sure that the world is going to hear the name John Stevens a great deal in the future. Although he'll be on top of the water most of the time, he'll get below the surface now and then as an avid scuba diver. He'll start his career on a destroyer out of Yokosuka, Japan, but someday he wants to top that off with a tour as CNO. He managed to take time out of his O.A. major for photography, gourmet cooking, and Mary, but not equal time, and definitely not in that order.



MICHAEL IRVING TURNER

MICHAEL IRVING TURNER

Mike Heavy Irving Turner will best be remembered as a smoker who never bought a cigarette in his life. A joiner of numerous and various clubs and organizations, he was not out to sit and watch four years drag by, but rather took an active role in the Brigade. Track manager, WRNV DJ, NAFAC, and a member in good standing of the Derelicts took up much of his time, but this Oregon liberal still found time to pull down grades bad enough to make him a rider of the waves for the next five years.



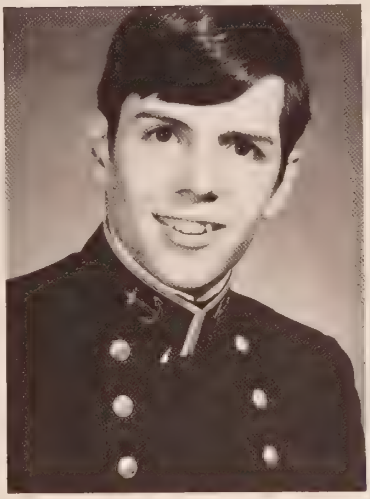
ROBERT MARSTON REED

ROBERT MARSTON REED

This Arvada, Colorado boy overcame a violent repulsion to eastern weather to adjust himself to life in the big N.A. Distinguishing himself in his French-German major (to include further in depth navigation studies), Bob still found time to drive to Virginia and points south and those too short weekends. After a brief stage appearance with the masqueraders, Bob decided to try jumping out of airplanes, and has enjoyed a few all-too-brief descents from perfectly good ones. The Marines have found another good man in '74, for Bob plans to pilot a Phantom for the Corps.

JOSEPH EUGENE SWEENEY, JR.

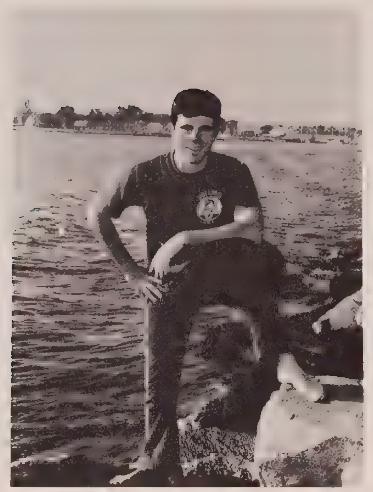
Joe came to the Academy with an ice hockey stick in his hand. He hails from Buzzards Bay, Mass. Once Joe was settled in the hall, he set out to break every academic curve at USNA. The Engineering department had a hard time keeping in step with him. But Joe's excellence did not end there. On the ice, Joe had 4 great seasons. Socially, Joe was no slouch either. He always kept jumping around. His dream girl has not been born yet. Joe made his real mark here at USNA in some of his lighter moments. He fell in with a group of rowdies sometimes called the Derelicts. They had a special place in the hearts of the Georgetown gendarmes for their antics there. After graduation, Joe plans on spending as little time as possible at sea, and as much time as he can swing in a Navy bird in the sky.



GIBSON ROBERT WILLIS

GIBSON ROBERT WILLIS

Gibson, who came to the Academy from Wallingford, Connecticut, answers to any of a dozen nicknames. Long hours in the weight room paid off when he graduated from low jumper to high jumper. He has spent most of his afternoons with the track team ever since. Strictly a gouge man, Gib is well known for the records he set for greatest number of A-cuts and most efficient use of free periods. Graduation would have found Gib heading for a front seat at Pensacola but for the failure of his first class eye exam. So he paid a visit to Admiral Rickover, and in spite of his oceanography handicap, became a Nuke. Always looking ahead, Gibson plans to keep an eye on General Electric and Westinghouse.



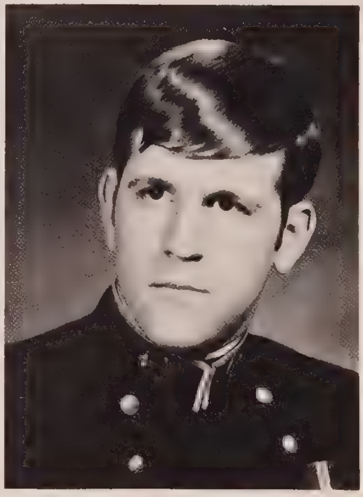
CHRISTOPHER JOHN ROWAN

Carle's Place lost another regular when Chris left Long Island's sometimes sunny shores for Annapolis. That epic distance was bridged in many ways, however, from the elemental (hitching) to the luxurious (VW). Rodo (as usual, names have been changed to protect the innocent) dabbled in grease paint at Mahan Hall and in Russian here and there. He even did a stint in the Catholic choir, until the Supreme Court decreed that he should lose his voice Sunday mornings. Some rare urging found him finding himself on the outside of perfectly good airplanes, and the call of the Corps was awakened in him. A year later, he became one of the few, and took a TBS out of Quantico. Maybe it was that tank ride during 2/c summer . . .

CHRISTOPHER JOHN ROWAN

GEORGE MICHAEL YACUS

Yac just didn't know what he wanted to be when he grew up, so after high school he packed his bags and joined the boys at Canoe U. Although he commuted to his home in Warren, N.J. during his leaved periods, USNA kept him locked up for a good part of four years. Realizing the situation, Yac kept from getting bored by putting his finger into every pie he could find. When class politics weren't keeping him busy, you could find George infiltrating the air waves on WRNV or playing in the band at those notorious Sunday afternoon mixers. Pretty girls, cold beer and good music are the finer things in life claims Yac, and he tries not to let studing political science interfere with them. Navy Line looks mighty fine, and with his friendly personality and desire to excel, the fleet will be getting a Navy good deal.



GEORGE MICHAEL YACUS

HARRY EMANUEL YEISER, III

HARRY EMANUEL YEISER, III

With a round trip ticket in hand, Rusty (Dusty Randy, Skip, Ace, Horny) left Syracuse, New York in the summer of 1970, to become a short timer at the Academy. But while looking through college catalogues, second class year crept up on him, and Rusty was "sold" on Navy. All of this, though, did, whether it was academics, athletics, aptitude, or whatever, he always strove to be best, and he did go unrewarded. Much time spent in classrooms earned Rusty a class standing that even "number one" would be proud of. Wearing glasses to "look distinguished" will keep Rusty from becoming a pilot, but he may yet be giving directions to the likes of Hat Trick and others who practice mutual respect. But whatever Virg decides on to undertake in the Navy, he is sure to do a good job and make his country proud of him and his moustache.

GEHRIG MACK WILES

Having wanted to come to Annapolis since junior high school, Gehrig got his chance in the summer of 1970. The transition from the civilian world of Mount Holly, North Carolina did not prove too difficult, but USNA became a hard task-master during the first two academic years. About 2nd class year, much hard work and perserverance paid off and the end was in sight. While pursuing his German major with great zeal, there was always time for a game of football or lending a freindly ear. Wiley, as he was called to his acquaintances, stayed all 4 years, learned many things not to be found in books and went on. He seldom complained as he loved the school and what it stood for.

GEHRIG MACK WILES

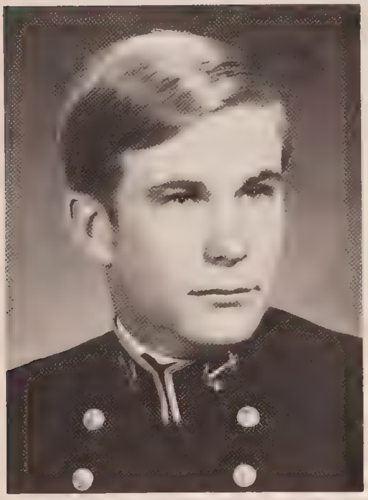
Thirty-Third Company

RICE
DAVID A.
BARLOW, WILLIAM
740517
742009
743780
746468
743271
745739

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WILLIAM JUSTUS TOWNSEND

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WILLIAM JUSTUS TOWNSEND

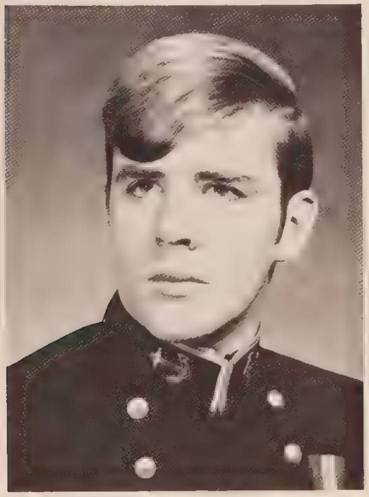
"Willie" came to the Academy via Coronado High School and Bayden Prep School of San Diego. As one of the starting eleven on the Coronado squad for three years, he gained much experience which helped him win a starting berth on the plebe team. "Willie" went on to play varsity ball, but the struggle with the "Skinny" Department became too much, and he was forced to give up his favorite sport and spent the extra time with the books. When not studying, most of the weekends found him dragging. Although a hard worker, "Willie" always leaves plenty of time for fun. As a result, he'll certainly be a welcome addition wherever he goes.



JAMES DOUGLAS BARRETT

JAMES DOUGLAS BARRETT

Jim came to us from the West, and matured into one of the best known guys in our class. The only sheepherder most of us had ever met, this Santa Rosa native found increasing responsibility and work as we approached graduation. Jim has many sides, though, and his forays with tape player and camera, added to a wanderlust for new ground, have made him see the world in ways we never will. Probably the East coast's expert on the Frisco sound and anything from the Fillmore in particular, Jim feels most at home in a music shop. He seems to break as many records as he listens to, being a big addition to the swim team, while not wishing to cut his hair, has left Jim in sort of a quandry. But, whatever his service choice, Jim takes great cool with him.



RICHARD MICHAEL COSTIGAN

Dick came to the Naval Academy with wings on his heels and stars in his eyes. After youngster boxing knocked the stars out of his eyes and "Navy good deals" clipped the wings off his heels, Dick settled down to an average life of a midshipman. However, leave it to Dick to think up a few new variations besides the usual attempt at growing long hair and getting dates with as many girls as possible. These variations include screwing his roommates with big paps and frequent run-ins with his company officer, the least of these being a literal one with his motorcycle. However, Dick survived all that Navy could throw at him by answering with a quick smile, a ready wit, and when all else failed, a hasty retreat to the sanctity of the habitat of the Mole Man, so that he could live to drive a boat another day.

RICHARD MICHAEL COSTIGAN

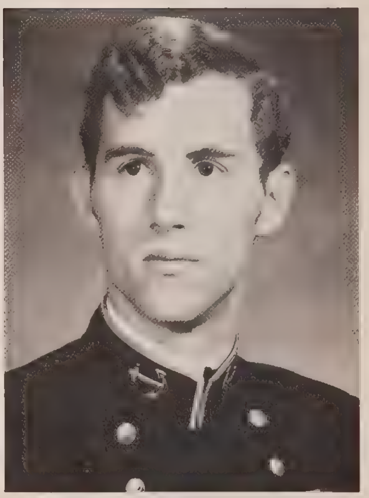
CHRISTOPHER FREDERICK VIRTUE

Chris came to USNA with the rest of the NAPS Mafia, staked out his plot and set up shop. A native New Joisian, he knows the area phone numbers and vital statistics like the back of his hand. Chris has found it necessary to temper his social life by going out to trample the turf with the mighty mites each fall and then, to recover from his winter hangover, he pops a coupla Darvons takes his crab net (?) out to the varsity lacrosse field and earns his second letter of the year. Chris learned early not to let grades get him down while sports beat him up. He could always be found recovering from either in his "Shaft" wardroom. Being a practical man who knows hair isn't everything and loving the spartan life, Chris is waiting for the Corps to grab him . . . that is to say, the Supply Corps.

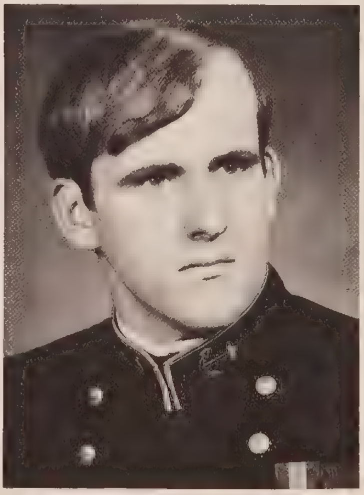
TODD DAVIS LOWE

TODD DAVIS LOWE

Todd merely drifted through Annapolis, never encountering many difficulties with academics. However, when problems did arise, he found the best way to overcome them was by sleeping. More interested in his classmates' homework and problems than his own, Thad always had a helping hand. As a member of the sailing squadron and skipper of his own yawl, Todd's naval victories were few, but his undying comradeship with his XO, Bud Weiser, made him and his crew never care too much for the race's outcome! Prior to going to sea with the greyhounds, Todd will have a temporary billet in the eighth wing barber shop.



CHARLES HOOMES BEALE, III



EDWARD CRAIG CRUMLEY, JR.

EDWARD CRAIG CRUMLEY, JR.

Another old timer, Craig was acclaimed as 33's answer to hair: he soon found himself cutting more than he could ever grow, in between trying to keep up with the studs and slashes all around him. Launching all out into academics, he became an observer of the intuitively obvious and whatever all-stars the computer could stick him with at registration . . . O.O.D's looked Craig up to brighten an otherwise dull day. Eagle dug sports, daring what others were smart enough not to try. The end of each day presented him with miles of tapes, records, and stereo stuff to get lost in. Having no steady girl to distract him, Craig intends to join the Surface Line people, finish up in oceanography, and find more country, good times, and the right chick along the way.

CHRISTOPHER FREDRICK VIRTUE

JAMES RAYMOND NOONAN

Noons, the Milford Citizen, was the sole member of his "gang" to enter the Academy. Jim was a natural for the Navy and displayed his leadership talents early. Always one to get the ball rolling, Jim earned the title of the organizer for the infamous company parties. His personal appearance was an inspiration to us all, and he was the only man who could get a 5 o'clock shadow between quarters and 1st period class. The envy of us all, Jim got more letters and packages than anyone. His guitar picking is the life of any party. Jim will be a talented addition to the naval service.

JAMES RAYMOND NOONAN

CHARLES HOOMES BEALE, III

Coming to the Academy so he could grow his hair, Chuck affectionately gained the nickname, Woodstock. Finding it hard to concentrate on studies, Chas would always be found with a coke in one hand and the sports page in the other. Chuck's natural athletic abilities always dazzled his opponents as he made cuts on the field and on the way to class. Returning to his home at Quantico upon graduation, Charlie will be joining the ranks of "a few good men".

WILLIAM DWIGHT MAYO

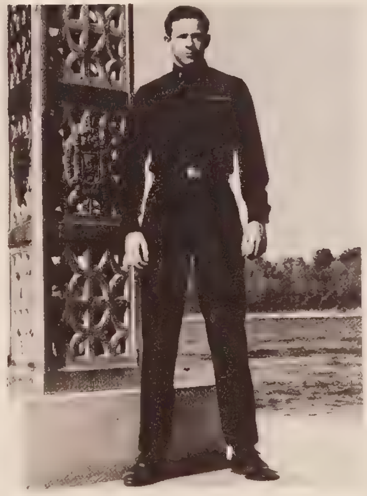
WILLIAM DWIGHT MAYO

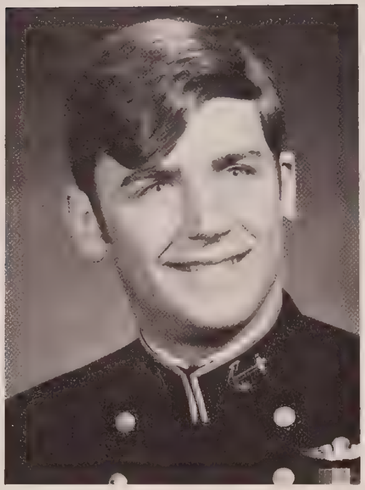
Bill, having been raised in the farm belt of Illinois, was well prepared for the hustle and bustle of big city life offered by Annapolis. Bill quickly adapted to "the system", and established himself as a true leader respected by all. Despite a stellar high school athletic career, a chronic shoulder problem caused Bill to choose the intramural pipeline over varsity. Bill's talents, however, were not limited to athletics. As an accomplished musician, Thor's song writing and guitar playing abilities always made him the number one attraction at the late night sing-alongs. Bill's enthusiastic interest in the academic program earned him a permanent bench in the sick bay hall of fame. His two great loves while at the Academy were his hair and his hometown honey. An ardent admirer of Jacques Cousteau, Bill mastered the oceanography curriculum, while barely passing second class swimming. Upon graduation, Bill will make all of his talents available to the naval service.

MARC ANDREW FALKENSTEIN

MARC ANDREW FALKENSTEIN

Fargo Malkenstein, the Midshipman, was one of those individuals who never said anything, if only because he had nothing to say. As an ocean engineer during his undergraduate days, he could be seen commuting to and from Gibson Hall with a slide rule in his back pocket, a smile on his face, and few books. He also attended classes in Michelob and Chevy Halls, where he learned the fundamentals of academic theory resulting in his discovery of the 'low yield semester' 'and' the minimum involvement day. The Los Angeles County limits were just outside the Yard, so going home twice a year was never any problem. When asked why a Regimental Crow wore chukka boots to class and had short hair, he calmly replied: "Surface Line is like that."

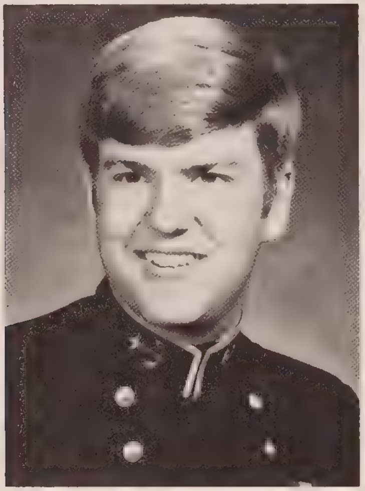




STEPHEN WARREN HILL

STEPHEN WARREN HILL

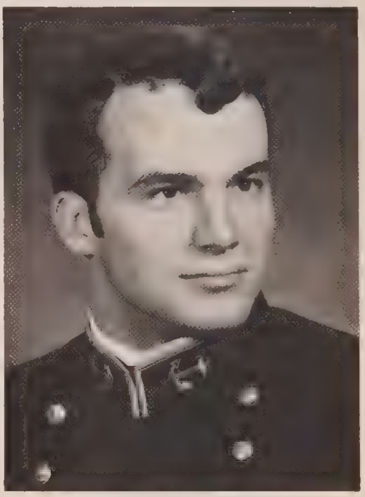
Leaving Harrisburg, Pa. and tunafish casserole, Steve came to USNA with one goal in mind . . . Navy Air in Pensacola. He was a natural for aerospace engineering, and could often be seen studying turbulent flow across the boundary of his sheets and pillow. Yes, the life of a Midshipman was very demanding, as Steve spent many a midnight hour burning the JP5 to finish an "outstanding" letter to Grove City. Steve was a swimmer in high school and continued his athletic prowess on the plebe team. One year was enough though . . . "too much work" . . . and soon he settled in the defensive backfield on the company heavies. Claiming he would rather die than drive a boat, Navy Air can be assured of gaining another red-hot jet pilot.



JAMES MICHAEL KELLY

JAMES MICHAEL KELLY

Mike is the third of us to come from North Carolina. The son of a Marine Corps officer, this Beaufort native has always been close to the sea. Annapolis was then a logical place to start his career. Mike's major is double E, and like most of this rare breed, he probably spends more time on his classmates' wires than he does on his own. Like many others, he has had inroads with the physical ed department, but contributes much in company sports. Mike is both the hunter and the hunted when it comes to women, but his favorite shape is his guitar's. Easygoing, ready to party, the Pillsburgy Doughby regularly makes it to Tripodi's on Friday nights. After graduation, this Tarheel is going to migrate to Florida to find out what the skies of Pensacola are like.



TIMOTHY YORK GORDER

THOMAS ROBERT McCLELLAN

Bob was always a big man on campus. The son of an Academy grad, T.R. found USNA much to his liking. He preyed upon (and sometimes to) the aero department. However, Bobby's true love was the tube and, as a member of the varsity wardroom team, he could often be found in with the late show crowd. Bob came to us from Arlington, Virginia and he knew D.C. as only a true native could, leading many forays into the labrynths of Georgetown. Always ready to help make a good time better, Anville Hands added luster to intramurals, especially heavyweight football. Bob's plans include Pensacola, as he intends to fly the friendly ships of Navy, in P-3's, S-3's or just by himself

THOMAS ROBERT McCLELLAN

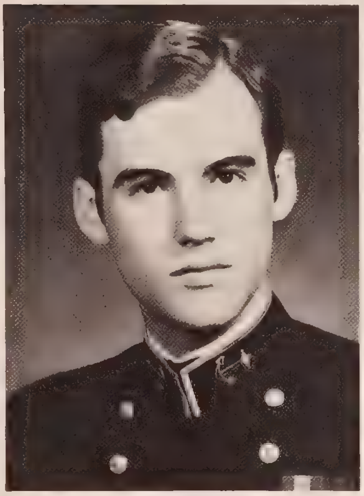
RICHARD DOUGLAS LAWS

Hailing from San Diego, the first thing Rick did after graduation from high school was skate merrily off to the other coast, and he's been skating and coasting ever since, even though he still makes grades good enough to put his roommate in a foul mood every four weeks. Besides being interested in antiphonal choir, handball, swimming, lightweight football, girls, and guitar playing, Maggot is an avid Bible beater and is active in OCF and company Bible study. Majoring in math, his ability to think logically and keep his temper even under the most trying circumstances will undoubtedly prove to be his most admired and valuable traits.

RICHARD DOUGLAS LAWS

TIMOTHY YORK GORDER

Like many service juniors, Tim can call any place home. An Army brat by birth (his dad was a West Pointer), Tim came to us from Fort Knox, Kentucky. All soon found out, though, Winchester, Massachusetts, is Tim's true territory. Tim had big hopes for the Big Blue, but the end of the year saw him out with the rest of the company engaged in intramural teams, sailing, and scuba diving. True to his heritage, Tim answered waderlust by slinging a pack on his back, and many a weekend was spent just being on the road. Always catching the girls' eyes, Tim found several to his liking, and his trips to the West will soon become legend. Planning to go to Pensacola after a brief tour at sea, Tim has a great future ahead of him, and has left all of us with great memories.



PRESTON WARHAM EASLEY, JR.

PRESTON WARHAM EASLEY, JR.

Preston, a man of many talents, hails from the only major city in the USA, LA. He quickly made a name for himself at the Boat School. With an immeasurable knowledge of things political, he enjoyed the satisfaction of telling firsties who their Senators were, and often beat "the great ones" at baseball. The ferocity of his legal minded pen was exceeded only by the "mean" racquet he swung for batt. tennis and his partiality towards a certain female singer with a high voice. Pres had his ups and downs at Navy, but whether as Secretary of the Navy or Governor of California, he will rise to bigger and better things. It turned out that the first three years at Navy were just a prelude to his ascent to academic stardom first class year

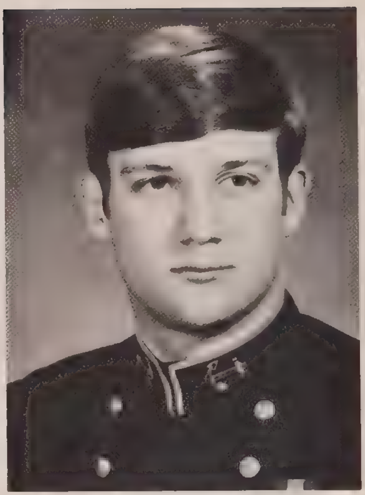
KARL WARREN MECK

KARL WARREN MECK

Out of the land of coal and steel, Karl rolled into USNA with a short stopover at Bullis Prep. Quick to pick up a new name, 4.0 (for his accomplishments in the applied strength test) found his true calling at Navy. Keeping one step ahead of the academic department, Karl has found time to devote to his favorite pastime, racking out. Only a pretty face or a fast bike could pull this "moleman" out of the rack, and since there aren't too many faces and only one bike, everyone knows where to find him. Whether found in a suit of leather or service dress blue, Karl will be an outstanding addition to the greyhound fleet. (A warning to the wise though, if you find 4.0 at a party, make sure somebody keeps track of his shoes.)

WARREN MICHAEL HIGH

Mike is known as the managerial magician from Middletown, Pennsylvania. Mike found that Navy football was not to his liking, so he turned his prowess toward company athletics. As a three year letterman on the company heavies, he earned the respect of his teammates and earned the nickname "Butkus". Mike is an Anaman major and is famous for his natural ability to organize. Socially, he slipped the noose youngster year and has been looking to get wired ever since. On weekends, Mike can be found patronizing Ned Kelly's or cruising the streets of Harrisburg. After seeking adventure on the infamous circle. Mike found thrills as a charter member of the Brockington road racing team. Mike High's easygoing nature has made his stay at USNA enjoyable for all who know him. His ability to set a goal and reach it has distinguished him among his peers. The Navy will find an outstanding addition to Mike High, come graduation.



WARREN MICHAEL HIGH

CHRISTOPHER SCOTT NIGON

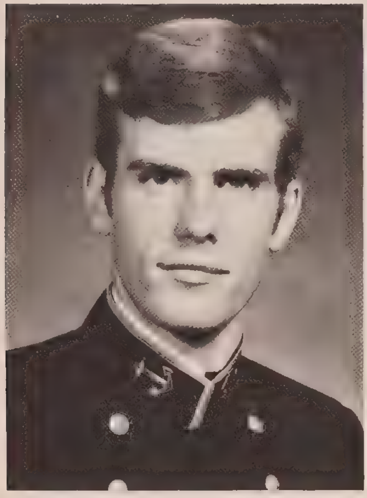
CHRISTOPHER SCOTT NIGON

Nitro came to USNA, hailing from the Steel City of Pittsburg. He came seeking a position on the Navy football team, but finally decided to devote his athletic ability to track. He majored in political science with a major emphasis in Spanish. Nitro can usually be seen "pounding the iron", either at the Field House or in the Grande Lounge of New Ken. He is famous in 33 for his many hair-raising experiences. Among them are his trips looking for action and adventure on the Circle, riding with Grumpy Brockinton in a Demolition Derby, fighting invisible men in the bushes, or warding off old timers from Egypt. After graduation, Chris plans to go the "five and out route", and then become a street man back in the 'Burgh! However, during his five year service, Chris will prove to be a great asset to the Navy. Anyone who has known Chris during his stay at Annapolis has been able to call him friend, and really mean it.

BRADFORD LEE MOORE

BRADFORD LEE MOORE

Turning in his water skiis for a rifle, the Cuda came to USNA from the sunny skies of Pensacola, Flordia. He had minor difficulties adjusting to the climate, but this must have been his only problem at the Academy, as he easily mastered academics and everything else he confronted. Brad's poetry was only appreciated by a select few–the few who didn't get to hear it. When not studying or working out Cuda could be found under the hood of a VW or playing the part of a regular Don Juan. Nuclear Power School will probably be too easy for him after all the hard work he did here. The submarine corps ought to be able to use someone like Cuda.



JAMES RANDALL KRAMER

ANTHONY FOLEY PHELPS

Tony's the old man of the company, as three years of college left him ready to start plebe year. A native of Vienna, Virginia, Tony's the son of an Academy grad with an unparalleled knowledge of Georgetown night spots. Ancient as he is, Tony is an expert on women; he's tried them all. A frustrated second storyman, who could have made a stupendous get-away driver also, Tony has learned how to scuba dive and found his place in the air jumping from planes. Striving to improve himself is Tony's thing, and he has tackled academics and athletics with a vengeance; he may get knocked silly, but he always comes back for more. This famous man's kool-aid parties, respector of religion, lover of W.C. Fields and all he represents, leans towards the Marines for his service selection. Whoever gets him had best get ready for good stories and an occasional good gas.

FREDERIC ANDREW PETRIE, III

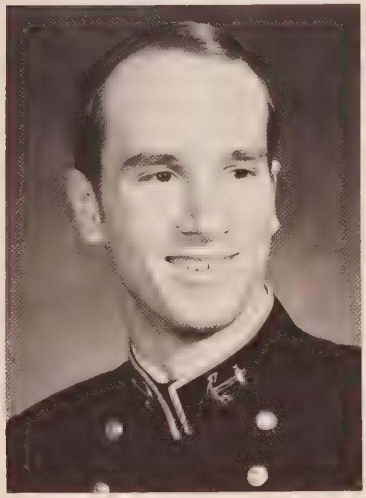
JAMES RANDALL KRAMER

Another Florida native, Jim and his brother Jeff raised eyebrows with their decision to come to Navy. Jim's face (when it's not his twin's) is well known in track circles. Flash, via cross country, indoor and outdoor track, is shooting for a record number of N's and stars. Jim's much more than a "jock" though; while his room is known as gouge central, Flash is the source of many practical jokes, much fun, and an always bright-eyed look at the world. Handy with words, Jim has a way with the girls, as well as with 54-A's. The Flash has hair that refuses to grow. His decision to go Corps may bother a few, but there is always a chance that the Surface Navy will gain another promising man. Whatever he does, Jim will set the pace much like he has done here.

ANTHONY FOLEY PHELPS

FREDERIC ANDREW PETRIE, III

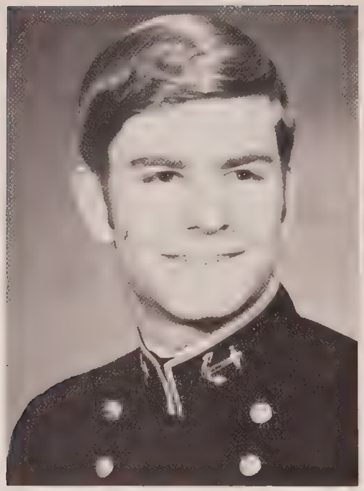
Fast Freddie missed his true calling as a D.J. when he came to the Academy from the booming metropolis of Morgantown, N.C. As a member of the "Jive Five", he will always be remembered for his imitation of "Captain Charlie". His natural creative ability lended itself to the bull he encountered in Sampson, but getting through wires was a different story. More than once Fitz thought he would join the ranks of Dal and Heck, but always seemed to pull it out. Playing soccer plebe summer led him into a manager's job with the varsity. Fritz should still be "flying high" when he graduated, as he plans to go Navy Air.



RICHARD ALLEN WILSON

RICHARD ALLEN WILSON

Fuzzy arrived at USNA from the sprawling metropolis of Ruston, Louisiana, keeping up the family tradition coming clad in his distinctive cowboy boots. Son of a member of the Class of '45, Rick knew what to expect out of the Academy, but not out of his new roommates. After causing a few near suicides among them with the sounds of Johnny Cash, Buck Owens, and Porter Waggoner,the 33rd co. Brylcream rep finally found a roommate with a similar red neck tastes in the sawedoff half pint Texan, Sea Dog. While his hometown friends were going off to places like LSU to,become All-Americans, Rick spent time in the handball courts, where he soon developed into a terror, using his landy 6'3" frame to his advantage. His semester-end academic sprints always kept him out of the clutches of the AC Board, and even provided him with gravy. Upon graduation, Rick will grab his navigation kit and maneuvering boards and get underway with the greyhounds.



JOHN RUSSELL STEPHENS

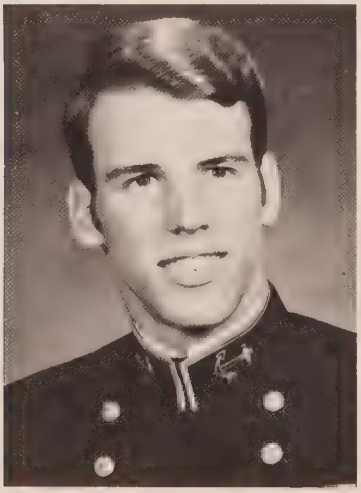
JOHN RUSSELL STEPHENS

Out of the land of oil wells, cattle, and world championship football came a not-so-tall Texan. Upon leaving his home in the all Texas town of Irving, home of the Irving Cowboys (often referred to as the Dallas Cowboys), Rusty found himself on the not always sunny banks of the Severn. However, because of his relationship with Jesus Christ, he could enjoy life even in Bancroft Hall. He immediately set out to change things by attacking all tasks with enthusiasm, and few can recall ever seeing him without a smile. It appears that his goal is to prove that the adjective "big", which is normally found before the world "Texan", does not necessarily refer to one's physical size, but may also pertain to other characteristics. In Rusty's case it might pertain to his heart, for it seems that he has no enemies, but rather that everyone is his friend. Flying under the waves in Admiral Rickover's Navy, the sawed-off half-pint Texas Sea Dog will definitely be a welcomed asset to the service.

ROBERT EDWARD McMILLIN

ROBERT EDWARD McMILLIN

Bob left Sebring, Florida as a character out of "semi-tough". A star football, basketball, and baseball player, the Mic turned his talents to company teams, adding quite a few points to the color competitions each year. Academically Bob was a paradox; the only member of the TV tribe to stand out with his QPR, he has perhaps the most native intelligence of any of us. Plebe year Bob found by-times in North Carolina, but the girls of southern Florida soon kept him home. Still pretty, Bob never found any lasting attachments. . .nor plans too far into the future. Bob graduates one of a few good men— analytical management major, who plans to spend the next five years on the true big blue, Navy Air.



LELAND HUBERT WARD

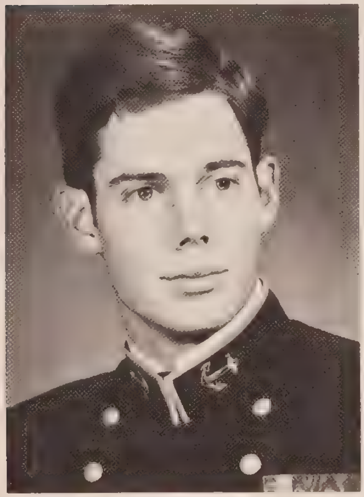
LELAND HUBERT WARD

As an Air Force brat, Nick comes to us by way of points west. Known by the infamous quote "What you just said, sir?", this "gent" did, to the amazement of all, survive the trials of plebe year. Living in Taiwan for a year and a half left some Chinese in his blood; therefore, long in ambition and short in brains, Drifty attempted a dual major in Chinese and Aerospace Engineering. One long, tortuous, bone-crushing semester convinced him that pilots don't need to know how to use chopsticks. However, "chop sticks" he did—karate was the *only* way he could slash out. Even with his Air Force background, he turned out to be a great sailor, and spent a great deal of his time sailing around the bay when he wasn't drifting around the "campus". Always ready with a smile and an encouraging word, Nick will be a welcome addition to ranks of the Airedales.

THOMAS JAMES PINKL

An outstanding high school athlete and student body leader, Tom came to the Academy from a small town in Wisconsin. Wishing to quickly shed everyone's Dairy Farm Boy image of him, he took to the football field and track to earn himself a name. An untimely knee operation hampered Tom's ambitions for awhile, but his steadfast determination, coupled with his amazing athletic abilities, soon earned him a spot on Navy's varsity football squad. Aside from sports, Tom was always the center of study hour antics. His fast wit and undying sense of humor made him the king of 33rd company comedy. Regardless of the circumstance, Tom inevitably had the "deal of a lifetime" for some lucky individual. An avid fan of W.C. Fields, rock and roll, and Prof Wolfe, Tom developed the knack of always being one up on the other guy . . . except Coach Forzano!!

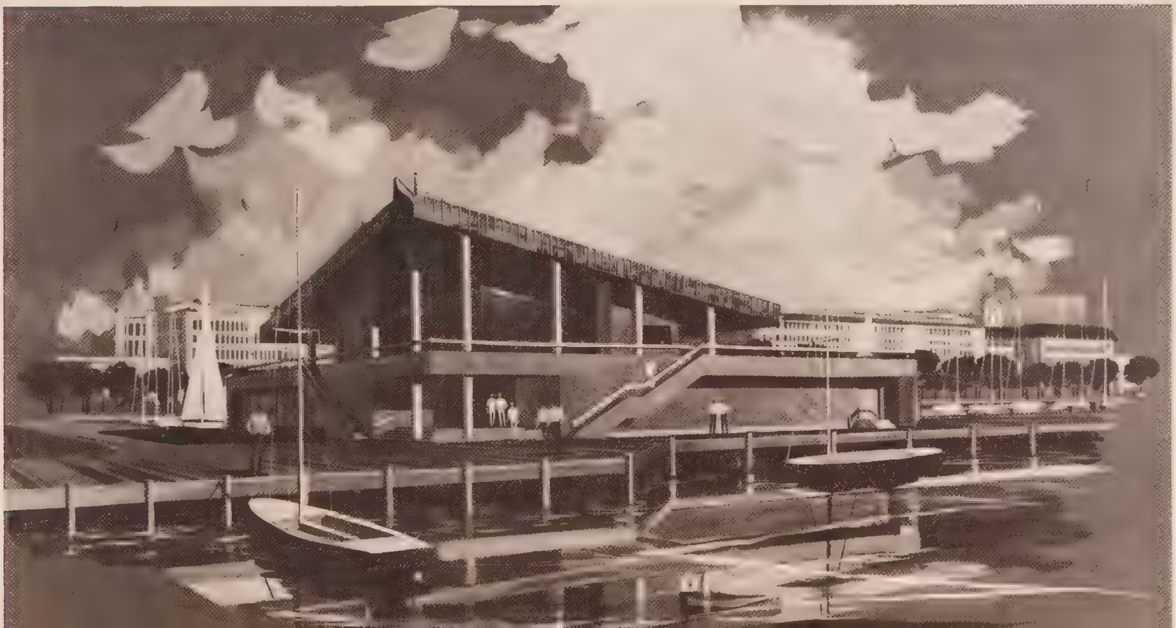
THOMAS JAMES PINKL



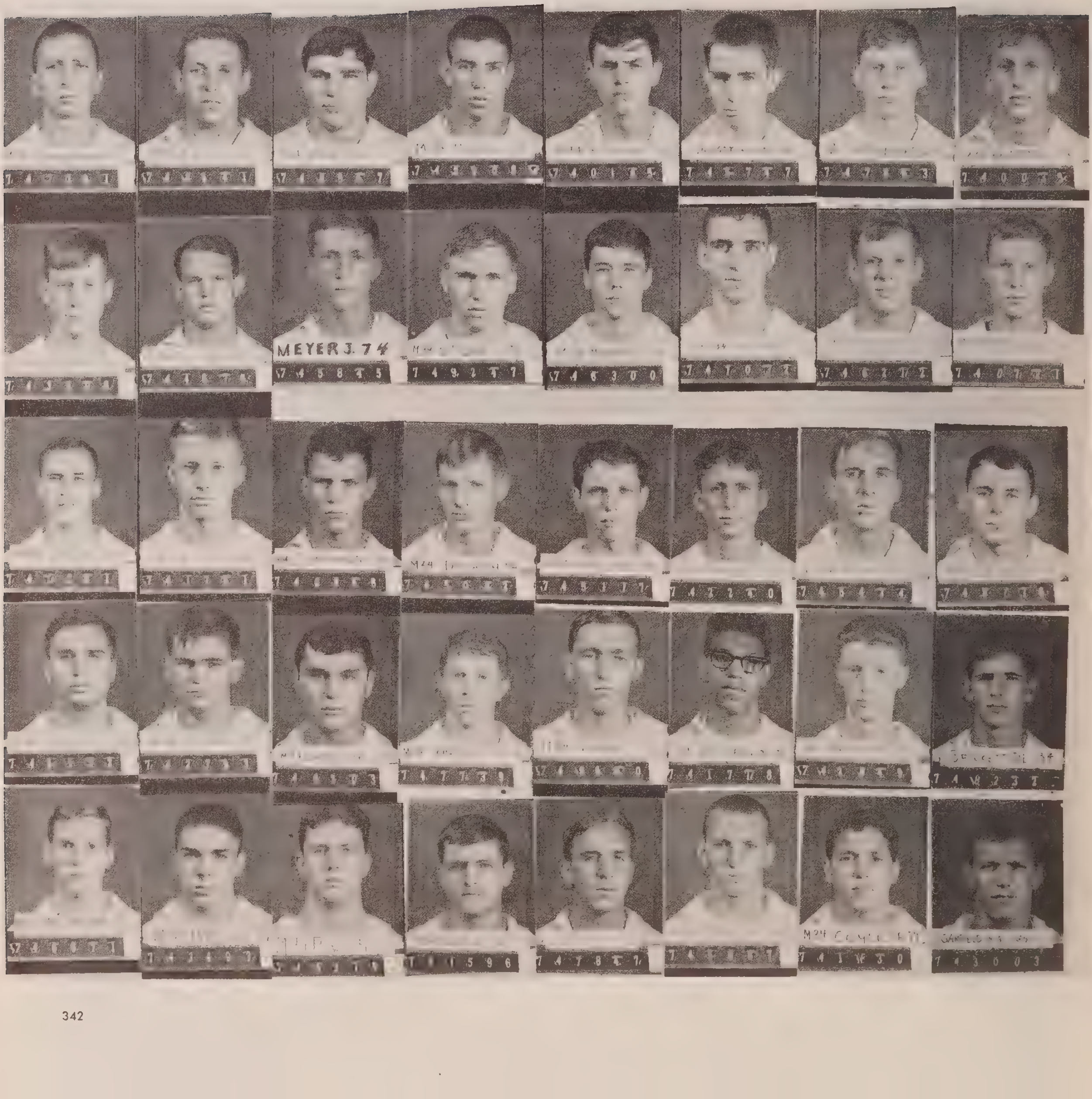
DEAN ALEXANDER VIDAL

DEAN ALEXANDER VIDAL

The Fiddle blew in from the cold slopes of Pinebush, New York. His slipstick wizzardry amazed friend and foe alike. Somewhat of an astronaut, he spent his first three years orbiting USNA on cloud nine in his purple shorts. He landed just in time to pick up his three stripes and become one of the heavies on the regimental staff. He'll be going straight to grad school from here. On his exchange cruise to Canada, he showed everybody how to spend four days at sea on a two month cruise. In his best nomadic form, Fiddle drifted in high gear this past summer, covering the entire North American continent. Home is where you hang your hat, right? Success will surely follow this engineering genius, who swears that he's a poet at heart.



Thirty-Fourth Company



LIEUTENANT
ELROY ALLEN MCALEXANDER

Skip came right out of Mayetta High into the Naval Academy. He brought his abundant athletic abilities and put them to use in the intramural programs. He was a leader in cross-country, light-weight football, and softball. In the academic field of endeavor, Skip could really knock-em dead in bull, but could never get his head into studying the more scientific courses. Not having to study skinny and math, he always had time to bring happiness to the young ladies of the area. After each busy Saturday night, he could always be found teaching Sunday school. The thing that he will be remembered most for, however, is his capacity to be a friend and help anybody out whenever help is needed. His personality and determination will insure him success in his bright future.

LIEUTENANT
ELROY ALLEN MCALEXANDER

RICHARD ALLEN ADAMS

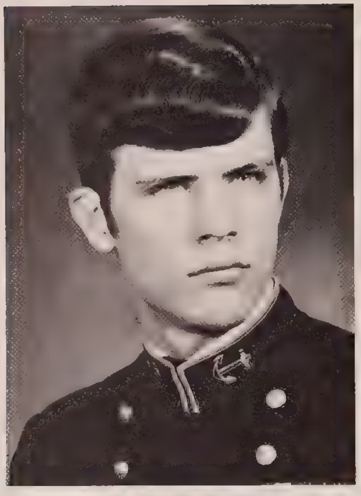
RICHARD ALLEN ADAMS

Arriving at the gates of the hallowed halls of the Naval Academy from Denville, New Jersey, Dick was already caught up in the Midshipman syndrome of counting the days until his first leave and his return home to Jayne. The tall New Jerseyan made himself famous among his classmates with his plebe summer visit to Mr. Lamb's oyster feast, and the prophets knew that was just a beginning for many more exciting evenings in Annapolis. Planning on taking to the skies as a Naval Flight Officer in June, and at the same time taking his partner in life, his One And Only from back home, Dick is the first of his family to wear the Navy blue. A mathematics major, he has excelled at the Academy both in academics and athletics. He has thrived in the Academy's strict atmosphere, and has been able to turn some of its potentially dismal moments into bright times, both for himself and his classmates. A man of many assets and tremendous ideals, Dick has planned for himself a bright future, and the Navy has gained an outstanding officer.

CHARLES ROY BOMBERGER

CHARLES ROY BOMBERGER

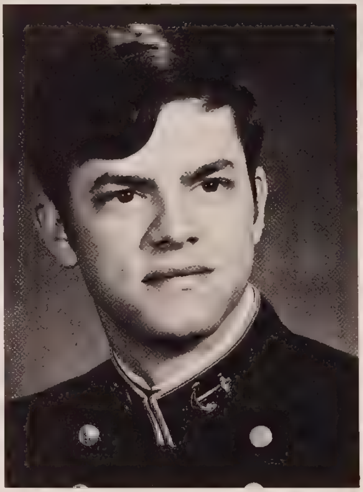
Realizing that there is ALWAYS some humor in every situation, Charles spent his four years at the Academy looking for the good side of life. Grades were never a serious threat to his pursuits, and he could always be counted in when the activities involved work or, even more so, entertainment. Not soon to be forgotten will be the Major's office; burning the midnight oil; summer; the foreboding nemesis of the Math Dept.; and most of all, the lasting friendships based on common suffering, redass, and good times. The future looks to Nuclear Power and Bubblehead, Ltd., and, hopefully, happiness and contentment in life and love.



CHARLES TRAVIS BRANNON

CHARLES TRAVIS BRANNON

A devoted Southerner, Travis came to Annapolis from the city of the Nashville Cats, deep in the heart of Tennessee. Travis, the disciplined person he was, had no trouble fitting into the system, where he has excelled since the first day of plebe summer. A sports enthusiast and a varsity letter winner in his youngster year, Travis can be found on the rifle team, he is one of the best shots the Navy team has seen in years. Someday, just as he is Navy's best rifle shot, he will be Navy's best fighter pilot. Flying is not the only thing Travis' heart is set on. During the fall of youngster year, an outside interest came into his life from Nashville. Debbie, a lovely southern belle, and Travis make a great team with a great future ahead of them. As an aerospace engineer, Travis is usually found burning the midnight oil. When Travis arrives in Pensacola in July, the Navy will be getting a truly professional officer and gentlemen, and the society will be getting a couple whose warmth and friendship will be appreciated wherever they go.



EDDIE JEFFERSON ANGEL

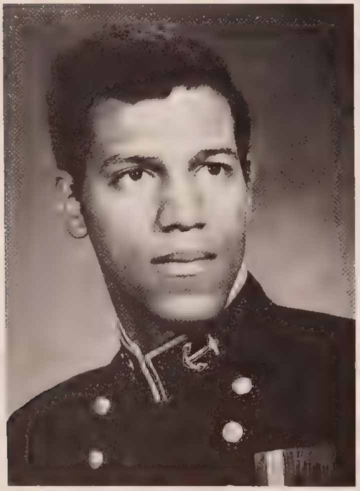
EDDIE JEFFERSON ANGEL

–Jacksonville, Alabama
–guitar
haircuts, Ltd.
–3.2
–found a liberal education

JOHN HENRY LERSCH, JR.

We are not great men:
Our tombstone shall be our only
monument.
Sme fail to recognize this and
strive toward medicoraty;
Some cringe at the truth and become
derelicts;
SOME REALIZE REALITY BUT HOPE FOR
Utopia;

And some do all three.



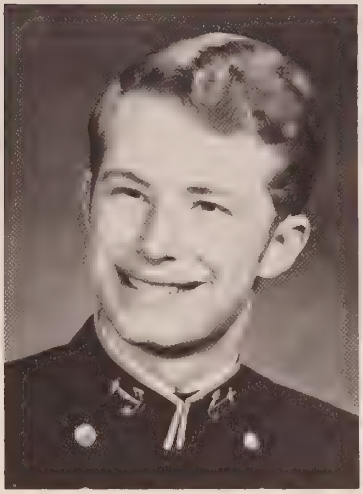
OWEN DARRELL CORPIN

OWEN DARRELL CORPIN

O.D. hit Crabtown in late June 1970, straight from a super-small town in upstate New York. He quickly established his academic base in Luce Hall, not having the courage to face the bananas the engineering majors were handing out. For three years he fought a running gun battle with the pad monster and, although he claims a tie for the last year, other sources say the racks won hands down. Although O.D. will not be remembered as being particularly religious, there is the matter of a P.W. case tried in a kangaroo court that had him giving thanks to the gods that there was not a blade in the razor. Swimming was never one of O.D.'s strong points. After nearly drowning on several occasions, he hung up his trunks and retired from the pool. A devout pessimist, O.D. leaves the Academy with these words: "I prepared for the worst . . . but that still wasn't good enough."

DOUGLAS PHILIP COOK

Doug came to USNA after getting a preview of the good deals to come at NAPS where beer, scotch, cars, and broads flowed like a spring thaw. Three months after the shock of reality hit him, Doug decided that the only recourse was to rewrite the reg. book. This time it would contain chapters on painting fieldhouse roofs, slipping through barbed wire, and rack stuffing. Being an anamanna engineer, he perfected the art of sleep learning, carrying a 2.5 CUM throughout. Believing himself to be the reincarnated 'midnight Cowboy' from New York, Doug was the foremost lover among the 34th company troubadors. His exploits were not without cost though. Learning his lesson the first time, Doug insured his second engagement ring for double it's value. Doug, an avid believer in those immortal words, "Surface Line WAS mighty fine," will fly high come September '74.



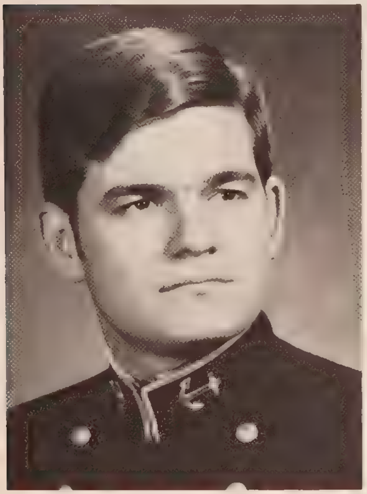
DOUGLAS PHILIP COOK

JOHN HERNY LERSCH, JR.

RODNEY LOUIS SAMS

Rod is just a good ol' hill-billy from West Virginia, whose restless spirit and ambition earned him a couple of Black N's early in his naval career. He came to the Academy from NAPS, armed with a bowling ball and a desire to strike it rich, utilizing the family business. Succeeding in that and other misdemeanors, Rod also made the physicists of the world eat their words by proving that a ROCK CAN FLOAT for forty minutes and make way too. Being "just a little feller" with a Bull Halsey attitude and having no one-and-only to tie him down, he set out to slay those whe were left behind. Although being known for holding a grudge or two, Rod was a square shooter, and beloved by all those who knew him well. We can only predict success for Rod in the future. One thing is certain in Rod's life—He will never have to worry about ducking for low ceilings!

RODNEY LOUIS SAMS



STEVEN FRANKLIN FIRKS

STEVEN FRANKLIN FIRKS

The Dodd-Sams bunch . . . Scot Powel . . . Turkey . . . Maj. Wuerpel . . . These are the memories that Steve would like to forget about his first three years at USNA. He hailed from North Florissant, Missouri, where he excelled in music and academics. At the Naval Academy, Steve continued his musical interests by singing in the protestant chapel choir and the glee club. But academic excellence is another question. Steve amassed that magic 2.00 CQPR at the halfway mark in his career at Navy, and got it up to a 2.5 by graduation! Navy Air will get a fine young man who really knows about the most important things in life. (And he isn't telling anyone.)

DAVID RALPH LIPINSKI

DAVID RALPH LIPINSKI

The King of the Polske came to Annapolis from the booming prairie metropolis of Cicero, Illinois, with his eyes filled with stars and his head filled with dreams. Though the stars are gone, the dreams are still alive, many of them already realized. Lip can look back at his years at USNA as a kaleidoscope of hard work and horseplay. Plebe year . . . rates, running, checking cauliflower soup, beating Army. A great youngster cruise "Down Under". Youngster year new privileges, liberty, dragging, two fierce mile runs. A wild second class summer of travel and parties. Second class year . . . sailing, subs, new rings, a ring dance, June Week and the beginning of a final year at Navy. First class year . . . a cruise to Japan and Guam, thoughts of graduation, service selection, yawls, cars, cosmic rays. June Week . . . hats in the air, and it's all over! With four years of memories, never to be forgotten, Dave will begin a new career as an officer of the United States Navy.

WILLIAM ALLAN HALL

Sheepdog came to Annapolis from the landlocked, Midwest town of Hudson, Ohio. A new found acquaintance with the wind and spray bred a special interest in sailing. Academics were never a problem once he learned to read through six inches of hair, but his real education came as junior partner in the "Cave". Dedicated to making the Academy a more livable institution, the antics of the Sheepdog, the Cooker, and Lip will long serve as an inspiration to all those who feel opressed by "the system". Now, happily married to a pretty little girl from Virginia, Bill may eventually settle down and pursue the straight life, but odds run against it. After graduation, he is bound for San Diego, preferably in Navy Blue.

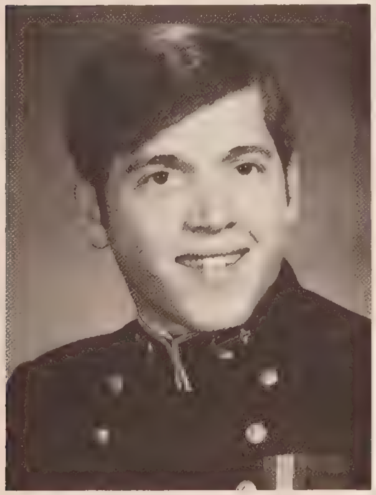
WILLIAM ALLAN HALL

GRANVILLE MARTIN SEMMES, III
BORN TO FLY

GRANVILLE MARTIN SEMMES, III

GARY ANTHONY KOHLER

CHARLES ANTHONY MILETICH


THEODORE ALAN COYLE

GARY ANTHONY KOHLER

Gare has sworn not to let achievement get in his way. Although he is usually looking up at a 2.0, no one can say he doesn't have fun. When he is not trying to maintain 158, you won't catch him when he is out nights. As one of "three", he will remember a snowstorm, but not the trip back; 20,000 in L.S. & B; the Anchor Bell; a playground parking lot . . . ad infinitum. He will be remembered for his haircuts, his hair, a .45, his luck (golden), and his wit. If he does nothing else after departing our respected country club, he will surely add a little variety and excitement to Navy Air.

CHARLES ANTHONY MILETICH

Known by his friends as Bumbtown, Tich, and sometimes Bubble-Head, Charlie came to USNA after four years at Brother Rice High School in Chicago, and one year at Gunnery Prep in Washington, Connecticut. Charlie is a double major; that is, the first half of each year he majors in varsity football, while the second half he majors in mechanical engineering. Besides his majors, his favorite activities are driving his vette, drinking with his Buds, and dating a beautiful gal from Chicago. He looks forward one day to a fine career in the Navy.

RODNEY ALLEN GARFIELD

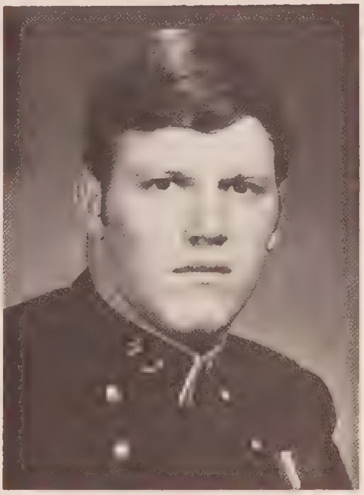
Rod, better known to his buddies as Gar came to the Naval Academy from the beer capital of the world, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. While here at the Naval Academy, he was a member of the varsity football team for three years and spent many an afternoon on the practice field. He was also a member of an elite group known as the Hogs! Rallying is one of his favorite extra curricular activities, and is always ready for a good party. Upon graduation, Rod will probably enter Navy Air.

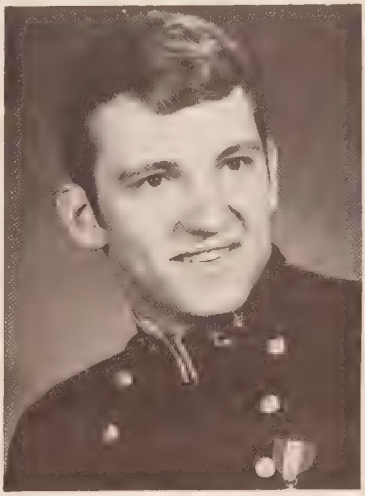
RANDY ANDREW MIKAL

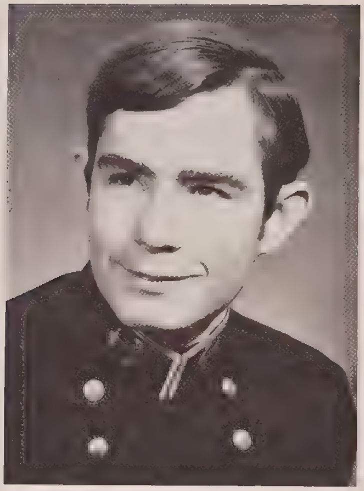
Cruising through the granite gates of the Boat School made Elmhurst, Illinois, and York Community High School, distant shores for Randy. There were NEW HORIZONS lying ahead . . . an operations analysis major, 3 years of varsity football, 3 varsity football letters, a win over Army (N*73), an original member of the Hogs (Mick, Max, Leo, Jumbo, Gar, Tego, & Elli), 34th Co. Culture, a roommate named Gar, friends (Gary, Tich, Teddy, Munnso, Sparky) the Pines, hot ham's, Mother B (and all her hassles), formations ala-many, 6-n days, youngster afternoons, the rack, homework, late lights, exhaustion, bells, mail, a love letter, weekend liberty, seasonal holidays, family and friends, returns, the dark ages, lonely days, lonelier nites, June Week, GRADUATION!, Navy Air and Joanie . . . and many more memories . . . Cruising again, out through those granite gates, leaving more distant shores behind. Randy seeks those NEW HORIZONS lying ahead.

THEODORE ALAN COYLE

"There is a part of me that wants to write, a part that wants to theorize, a part that wants to sculpt, a part that wants to teach . . . To force myself into a single role, to decide to be just one thing in life, would kill large parts of me. Rather, I recognize that I live now and only now, and I will do what I want to do *this* moment, and not what I decide was best for me *yesterday.*"


RODNEY ALLEN GARFIELD


RANDY ANDREW MIKAL



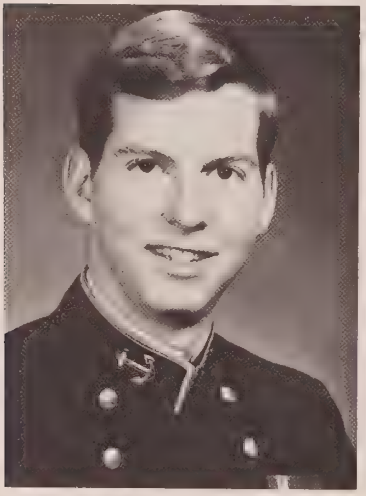
MICHAEL JOSEPH MCMONAGLE

MICHAEL JOSEPH MCMONAGLE

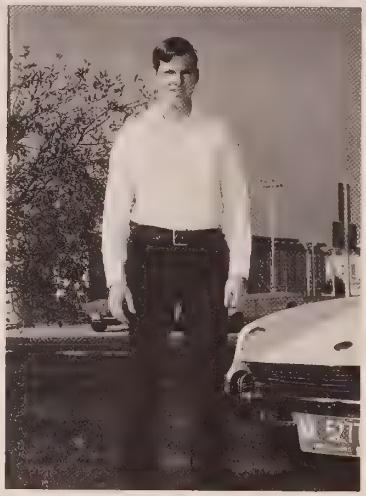
Mike, who comes from Philadephia, is the youngest member of the company. He participated in the karate club, Brigade boxing, and company basketball. But, he also likes to just go out and run. He is a math major, and has managed to keep his cum above a 3.0, without any excessive concern. He plans to go to Nuclear Surface Line, and after that, he is not sure. But his quiet sense of humor, good-naturedness, and determination should fare him well.

LARRY WILLIAM SCHOFIELD

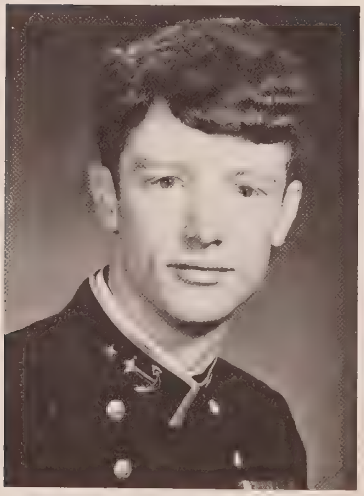
"I now want to know all things under the sun, and the moon, too. For all things are beautiful in themselves, and become more beautiful when known to man. Knowledge is life with wings."



MICHAEL WILLIAM PACZAN



ROBERT JOSEPH QUARANTO



ROBERT WILLIAM FOLTYN

MICHAEL WILLIAM PACZAN

Mike looks forward to continuing his education after graduation. His academics have high priority, and he can often be seen in the hall on weekends studying. He dedicates himself to using his full potential and to taking advantages of his educational opportunities, feeling that being well educated is the key to success. In athletics, he has tried just about everything from track to lightweight football, and enjoys the wide variation. He plans on a challenging Navy career in Nuc Power, and hopes to go to graduate school sometime in the future.

ROBERT WILLIAM FOLTYN

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman . . . We have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph."

-Thomas Paine, December 1776

LARRY WILLIAM SCHOFIELD

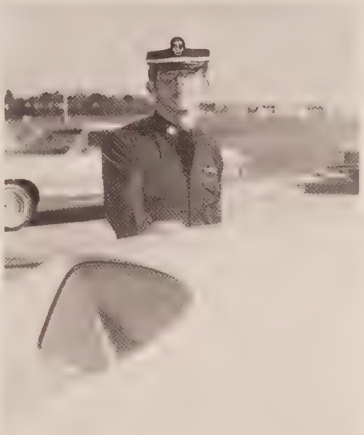
RICHARD VINCENT VIVERITO

RICHARD VINCENT VIVERITO

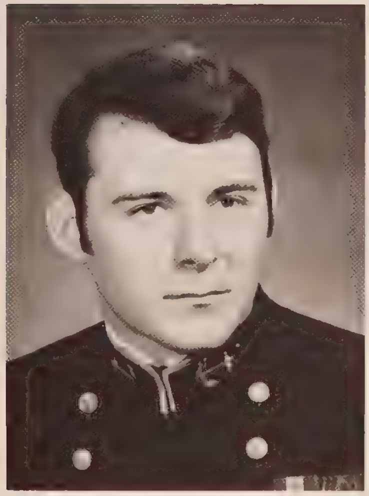
Rich wandered to Annapolis straight out of good old "Lindy" High. Leaving a proud family and someone special at home, Rich soon found himself caught up in the inescapable routine and accountability at Navy. Living for the weekends and the next time he could see Donna helped things along. After a season of T-tables with the plebe football and wrestling teams, Rich retired to company sports. Free insults were his specialty. A never ending volume of stories concerning his old gang of friends seems to lend some truth to the rumor that Rich was indeed one of the extras in "West Side Story." He hasn't quite decided on what branch of the Navy he will enter yet, but his future plans are sure to include his beautiful June bride.

ROBERT JOSEPH QUARANTO

Bob strolled quite innocently into the Academy one hot summer day straight out of high school in Huntington, New York. Being an economics major, he quickly learned the economics of comparative advantage in avoiding such nasties as sub squads and form 2's, and making good on such Navy good deals as long weekends. As a direct result of those weekends, he is perhaps best known for "giving away" his car and heading off to S.M. College. Now looking forward to seeing much more ports in his mod squad DE, Bob leaves Navy U. with little regrets and high hopes for many continued good times and exciting new experiences.



DAVID LEE SPICKETT, JR



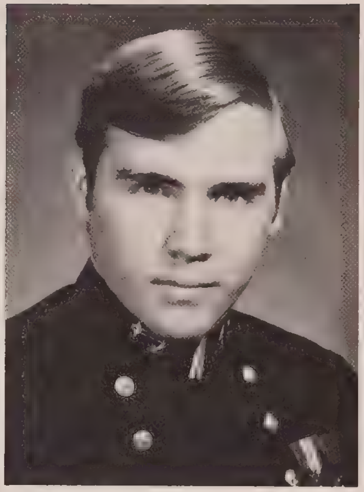
CLAUDE DEAN SWAIM

DAVID LEE SPICKETT, JR.

With . . .
History–Mayflower Van, Ennui, Young Life, "Last marriage," death, renaissance.
Rememberance–boxing, medusa, Sydney, 1830, mules, white golves, AFA, finals, days, whiskey sours, days, rings, days, car, 158 lbs, Good bye.
Expectation–flight.
Affinity–Flot, Jane, Rich, Dick, Donna, Christine, Sparky, Larry, Gary
Countenance–parents
Remorse–"progress"
Eternity -Grand-Father
Devotion–Finding vesper's
Allegence–Faith
Regret–

CLAUDE DEAN SWAIM

The fast-paced life of USNA was quite a switch from the calm surrounding Dino enjoyed back home in Hamptonville, N.C. However, the transition was made rather easily and he never let Navy change his easy-going nature. Academics were never a great burden, and Mother B never interfered with his education if he could help it. Being a math major, the Redneck managed to arrange his schedule to include a minimum of study time and to stress such areas as T.V., spades, Risk, etc. After graduation, you'll find Dean flying high above the ocean blue, winging his way upward.



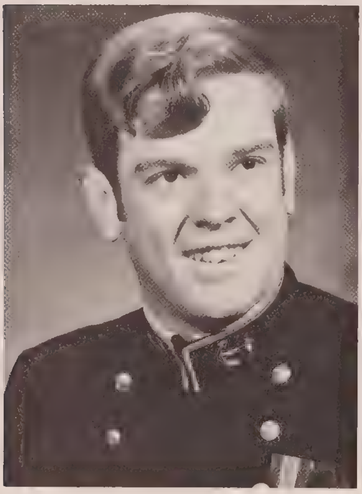
STEVEN THOMAS WEIR

STEVEN THOMAS WEIR

Jersey came from the swamp between New York and Philth-a-delphia, and proud of it! . . . kept his same girl, Barb (Dizzy) . . . home leave spent with Barb and the guys, Pat and Ed, at "Packy's" . . . at USNA, the Shaft, Dean, Charly, Bob, Turkey, Snort Sh—and our resident Black Panther, O.D. . . . came here to play soccer and found out there was more, much more! . . . played for Navy, biggest thrill ever . . . had much trouble in the academic field . . . continually reaching for that high standard, a 2.00 . . . service selection: whatever is left (gladly) . . . Camaro Kid, Celtic . . . Only the beginning!

THOMAS ALBERT PRUSS

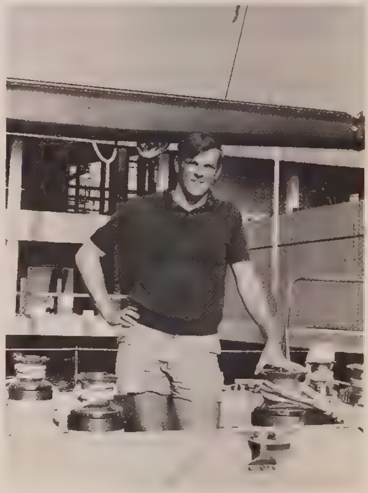
Academics . . . fun . . . bricks . . . statics . . . again . . . wires . . . again . . . varsity basketball . . . Midland, Michigan . . . AC boards . . . ED . . . thermo . . . solids . . . haircuts . . . AC board . . . Navy Air . . . yes . . . no . . . the end . . . Navy Line.



LARRY JOHN MUNNS

LARRY JOHN MUNNS

Larry came to USNA from San Antonio. Although he's a transplanted Texan, hailing originally from Minneapolis, Minnesota, his heart is still in the heart of Texas, 'cuz that's where Beth, his OAO, is. One of the few company clowns, Larry is seldom seen without a grin. Truly the only person to really work at being a dirt-ball, never letting studies or any reasonable facsimile thereof, get in the way of having fun. Lare is an aero major, but keeps it a secret, for fear of marring his image. At the Academy, Larry has been very busy, probably the first of '74 to have a collision at sea, for which he's been tagged Captain Crunch. Even though he likes to play bumper cars with the yawls, he has held command of his own ship since his 3/c year. Golden Throat is also active in the glee club and choir, and is a potential All-American fieldball goalie. The "B" of "L, S, and B", Larry is a confirmed VA-man, hoping to fly upon graduation. He will long be remembered by his easy going attitude and showing Chuck how to live.



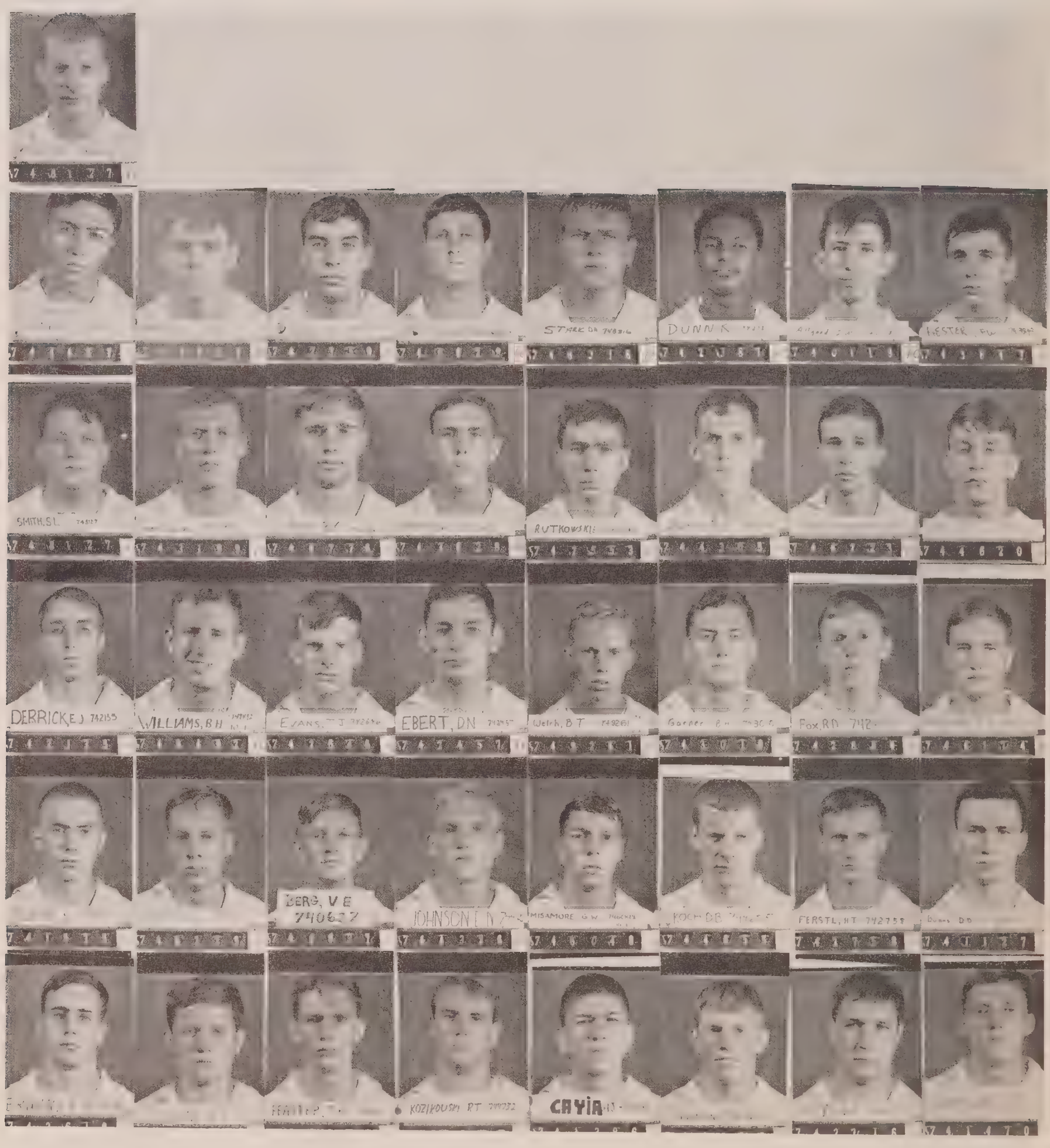
CHRISTOPHER ROBERT HIKADE

Chris (HIK) gave up a lucrative scholarship at Penn in exchange for Navy life. A graduate of Brien McMahon High in Norwalk, Connecticut, he started plebe year with the same thought in mind as most—to see what Navy life is all about. The end of plebe summer found Chris beginning the long trek upward through the ranks of Navy soccer. After a long struggle, he finally achieved the N* which meant so much to him. Off the soccer field, Chris's efforts were directed in other areas. Throughout his four years at Navy, he managed to maintain above a 3.0 accum. However, studying was limited to weekdays. Weekends were spent making P-tracks on the Washington raceway with Hawk, his "petite femme croustillante." Unquestionably, if Chris can escape the ensnaring net of womanly charm, he will make one of the finest bachelor-aviators the Navy has ever known.

CHRISTOPHER ROBERT HIKADE

THOMAS ALBERT PRUSS

Thirty-Fifth Company


STARK DA
DUNN K
LESTER
SMITH, S.L.
RUTKOWSKI
DERRICK, E.J 742155
WILLIAMS, B.H
EVANS, T J
EBERT, D.N
Welch, B.T
Garner
Fox, R.D 742
BERG, V E
740627
JOHNSON
MISAMORE G.W.
KOCH D.B
FERSTL, R.T 742758
KOZIKOWSKI R.T
CAYIA

LIEUTENANT ROBERT GILLEM LUCAS

LIEUTENANT ROBERT GILLEM LUCAS

Luke as he is popularly known came to the Navy straight from the ranks of South High School in Springfield, Ohio. His background education there must have been pretty fine, for Luke was never one to have difficulty in his academics. Many a night Luke could be found assisting his classmates with their insolvable problems. Not only is he an outstanding student he performed in varsity cross country, and heavyweight crew. Although not one of the frontrunners, his tremendous personality, and determined effort contributed not only to the team but to many of the team members. His preference is nuclear power submarines, and it seems only natural to say, that wherever this guy goes, he'll be a success both to himself and to the people with whom he shall come in contact.

VERNON BERG

Tripping a light fantastic across stage and screen Copy Berg has been seen everywhere since his arrival except his own company area, and the academic classroom. His name appears on the *Log*, the new *Drag's Handbook*, art and printing club posters, several T-shirts, various Beat Army buttons, several Christmas Dinner programs, and the centerfolds of *Paint and Powder* '71 (which he swears is not a self-portrait) and the new drag's handbook, *What's A Nice Girl Like You Doing In A Place Like This?* Anywhere you do not see the name Copy Berg, you can probably hear it, singing in the chapel choir, touring with the glee club, whirling across the stage in a masquerader's musical comedy, or speaking before anyone who will listen in English or French. So, how does he get away with all this? Just ask him and he'll tell you: "It's not that a dancing bear dances well, it's that a dancing bear dances at all. And it's not that a Midshipman can draw, write, or sing well, it's that a Midshipman can draw, write, or sing at all!" USNA isn't faced with that kinda' thing very often.

VERNON BERG

DANIEL ALLEN BURNS

DANIEL ALLEN BURNS

Dan Burns came to the Academy with the following purposes in mind: to letter in varsity swimming sub-squad, to become plebe year ED company commander, and to graduate (in that order). Overcoming almost insurmountable obstacles (especially with respect to his latter goal) he was victorious. Constantly amazing to his classmates, was his ability to get in his required 30 hours a week—in the pad—and to still remain outside the grasp of the academic board. As a confirmed flamer during his early years, he was finally mellowed by the Class of 77, who convinced him that his mere super-human efforts to square them away would not suffice. After a thoughtful conversation with Admiral Rickover, the Immortal Stump (a nickname given in obvious reference to his perfectly formed body) deciced that Surface Line would be mighty fine. As much as he likes that Navy stuff, line just might be fine.

ALFRED JOSEPH CAYIA, III

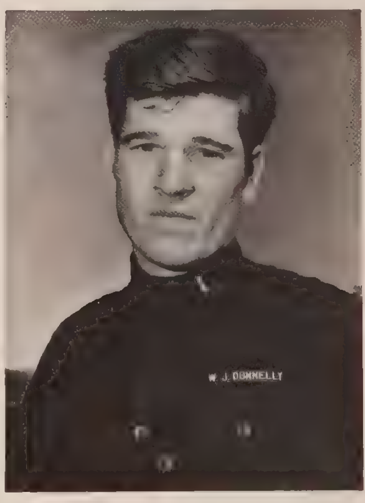
ALFRED JOSEPH CAYIA, III
An old stump jumper from way back, Fred (or A.J.) gave up a carefree life of hunting, fishing, and skiing and came to Uncle Sam's Canoe Club on the Severn after high school. During his stay at USNA, he was known for his good luck in choosing profs, and was active in many ECA's, (probably too many!) Fred was a four time brigade fencing champion (which must be some kind of record), and member of the Varsity fencing team. His true desire was to be a ski bum, and he probably would have done better on a ski team if Navy had had one. Study hours found him buried in German books while free periods were spent doing research in the rack. Leave periods always sent him flying those friendly skies to Manistique, a small town in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. He soon realized that Thomas Wolfe was right; "You can't go home again." If all goes well, graduation should send him somewhere between here and there on the Ventura Highway, in search of the yellow brick road, or 20,00 leagues under the sea.

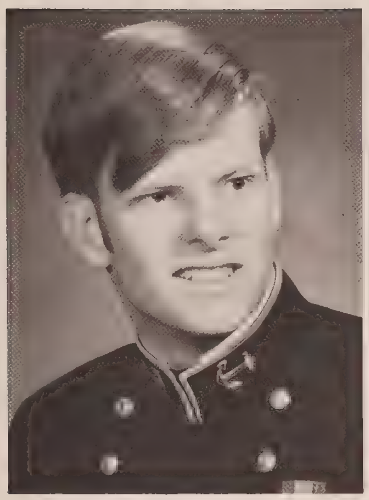
EMORY JOSEPH DERRICK
Joe came to the Academy from the small town of Woodruff, S.C. Seldom seen by his classmates during the evening study hours, Joe could usually be found in the library working on wores. He found that being an electrical engineering major took more time than he had anticipated. The chapel choir, glee club, and golf had to be given a lower number on his priority list. Since coming to the Academy, Joe has experienced the abundant life that a Christian can have because of his growing, personal relationship with Jesus Christ. It is Joe's hopes that in the years after graduation, he can establish himself before his men and fellow officers, and that Christ will always have first place in his life.

EMORY JOSEPH DERRICK

WILLIAM JAMES DONNELLY

WILLIAM JAMES DONNELLY
From New Orleans, Willie breezed through the Academy in five years in a slow but determined southern approach. Although the only Midshipman to flunk Literature of the Sea, his afternoons find him on a YP dreaming of the day he'll get something bigger to work with. Although majoring in systems engineering, Willie enjoys Military History and he often can be found late at night absorbed in Patton or Rommel, his heroes.





THOMAS JOSEPH EVANS

THOMAS JOSEPH EVANS

Becoming a member of Mother B's Mickey Mouse Club after spending most of his life in Ramsey, N.H., T.J. had hopes of playing ball for Navy. After trying out for basketball and baseball and becoming an instant success in neither of them, his interests quickly changed to that of survival, as he sweated through plebe year. This attitude was soon changed due mainly to two months spent on an LPD and his love for the parties and card games. Life became bearable at good ol' USNA, thanks given, mainly to a close knit group of friends and a long string of luck at the Friday night get togethers that payed for those long distance phone calls to his OAO in Florida. Forsaking Navy Air to become a member of the men in green, T has hopes that this will better his chances for flying the plane of his choice.

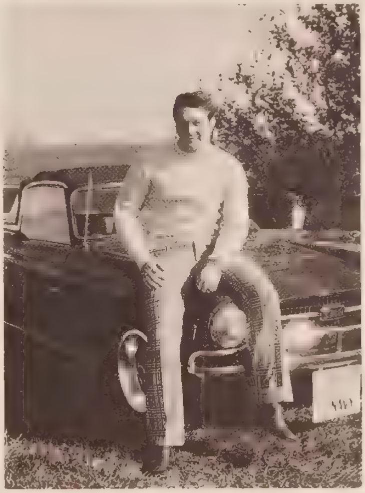
THOMAS KENNETH FEASTER

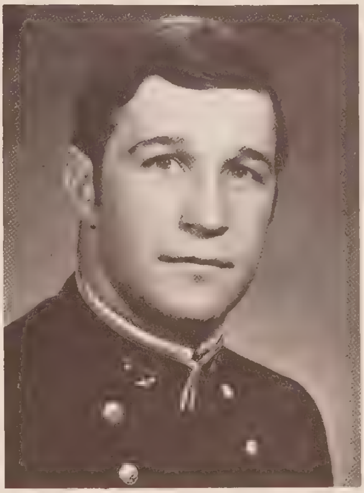
Having been tricked onto the wrong bus as he started out for college, Tom found himself facing the awesome spectacle of Mother B vice the ivy covered columns of Cornell's admin building. Not recognizing the difference at first, he has been making the same sort of sound decision ever since. Majoring in oceanography, Feast soon found the wisdom in the Academy maxim, "an ounce of gouge is worth a pound of knowledge," and found himself collecting many ounces and very few pounds. Leaving the ordered education of the Academy and moving on to the broader, less ordered education of life, Feast intends to major in Patricia and minor in Navy Air. Of all things, Tom will probably be best recalled for his philosophical statement on life at Navy: "All we ever do around here is wait till we're tired enough to go to sleep." Because of his efforts to help his classmates, Feast's room often resembled a classroom rather than his home??

THOMAS KENNETH FEASTER

WILLIAM ROBERT FEIG

Bill came south leaving the snow and slopes of Webster, Massachusetts. He left Bartlett High School as "all stud" in everything; however, that changed fast. He rowed varsity crew for two years, and then became a member of the intramural jet set. At the same time, he was trying to keep out of the grasps of the AC board; then general engineering appeared on the horizon and Bill quickly grabbed it. You could always find him with a football in his hands, studying his eyelids, or going somewhere in his TR6. After graduation, you will find him and that special someone at home flying the friendly skies of Florida.





WILLIAM ROBERT FEIG

WILLIAM DAVIS HARVARD

Just a poor, dumb little boy from south Georgia who didn't know any better. Harv soon caught on to the military life and toted his rifle with the best of them. After serving a long bout with the Bear and Uncle Harry, he went on to earn a youngster year varsity letter in the rack. Majoring in the debate team, with a passing interest in political science, the weekends found Harv bringing home trophies from as far away as Kansas or New York City. During the week both Sampson Hall in the afternoons and his room in the night found him hard at work. Excelling in both eating and drinking (anything!), Harv's quick wit and slow drawl always made him a standout at any party. Even so, his success with the girls never did bring him much of a prize for consistency. After graduation, it looks like a slow boat out of Pearl is W.D.'s reward for putting in his time here at Mother B.

WILLIAM DAVIS HARVARD

RONALD EMILE JOHNS

RONALD EMILE JOHNS

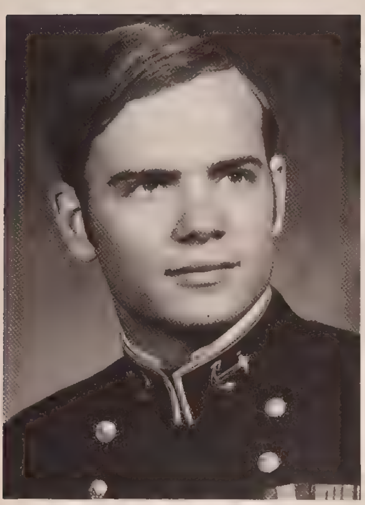
Ron, or Reject to most, came from the big city of Flint, Michigan, where his OAO has been since the beginning. For the first two years, his real home away from home was the pool, but then during 2/c year he became one of the "unjocks". With his marine engineering major he did alright as long as he didn't have to spell "inything". Still being a swimmer at heart and thinking of marriage after graduation, what better way could he go than to duck under it all in a sub.

ROGER DICKERMAN FOX

ROGER DICKERMAN FOX

Roger Grelber Fox was a gift from the port city of Central New York, Oswego. Always willing to lend a helping word, Roger was there to make your lighter moments into lead balloons or kick you when you were down. His ability to make friends with just a few words left his classmates gaping in envious astonishment. Truly a man whose speaking could enrage the soothed beast. Roger was always there to dispel minor disagreements (usually his own). An oceanography major by "no choice", Roger managed to get by as evidenced by this entry in the graduation class. Active in intramural track and cross country, he was one of the few who never sweated PE tests, except those in an aquatic environment. We remember him best for his advice, "Never help a cross-eyed aardvark cross the road by itself at Utica and West third streets, on the 8th of November, wearing a blue tweed, double breasted patent suede sock, if his name is trefaricously displayed on the (card, pg 73).:

JAMES KEVIN MORAN



GARY WAYNE ANDERSEN

CHRISTOPHER KENNEDY KLEIN

RAYMOND THOMAS KOZIKOWSKI, JR.

GARY WAYNE ANDERSEN

Gary, or Turk as he is commonly known, after graduating from Garrett High School in Charleston, S.C., attended Marion Institute before coming to the Academy. After a stiff pace for two and a half years, Gary decided to slow down to a more reasonable pace with the "five year plan." He then had time to play a little guitar (very little), and to do the things he was a little more adept at, such as play football. He showed this ability when he led the 19th company heavyweight football team to the Brigade championships. After being cultivated into academic proficiency by his roommates, he attained the position of 6th batt cdr., where he stayed until his three roommates again bailed him out before he was able to report the Gremlins in the batt. After graduation, Gary will join his sidekicks down in Pensacola where he plans to fly (a plane).

CHRISTOPHER KENNEDY KLEIN

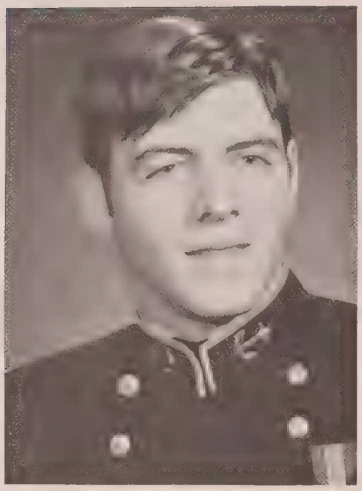
Chris Klein, known as either C.K. or Kleno, led the youngster water fight team to an undefeated season as a third class and was up for All-Brigade honors until second class year rolled around. C.K. comes from a small town in southern Illinois that I'm sure "you all have never heard of." He seems to spend most of his time squeaking by fluids, deciding on cars, and writing Dianne. He participated in many company sports such as soccer, football, and basketball. Being the anchor man on the company subsquad swimming relay team, Chris looks forward to a career in intelligence far, far away from those sleek new DLG's.

RAYMOND THOMAS KOZIKOWSKI, JR.

Better known as Koz, Ray came to Annapolis from Kensington, Conn. Koz began his career at Navy as a marine engineering major, but luckily bailed out before it was too late. In what he describes as his best move while at USNA, Ray jumped from marine engineering into such an unlikely major as international security affairs. As a plebe, Koz was a member of the plebe crew team but he decided to call it quits before his varsity career could ever get started for academic reasons. Not standing high enough in the class to get his first choice of service selection, civilian line, it looks like NFO will be the way he goes.

JAMES KEVIN MORAN

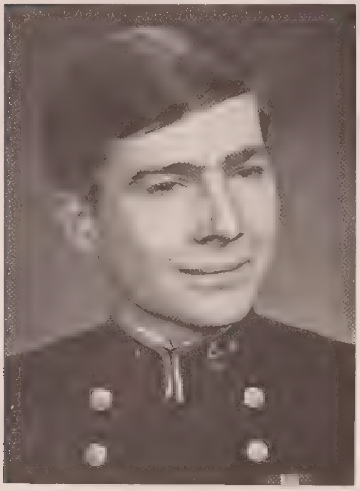
Kevin (Bugs) hails from Huntington, Long Island, and became very impressed with USNA while he was being recruited for lacrosse. He was impressed enough to turn down a scholarship offer from Johns Hopkins, and his favorite line throughout the next four years was, "Why did I do it?" Bugs wasn't unhappy about everything, however; he loved Christmas, summer, and Linda. Kevin spent much of his time studying, which his oceanography major required, but he was never too busy to tell any listener a story about his pre-Academy adventures. After plebe year, Kevin decided to hang up his lacrosse stick forever and became his rolly-polly, jolly self that everyone knows. After graduation, you'll find Bugs in the front seat, and his roommate Koz in the back seat of a F-14, zipping around the wild blue yonder.



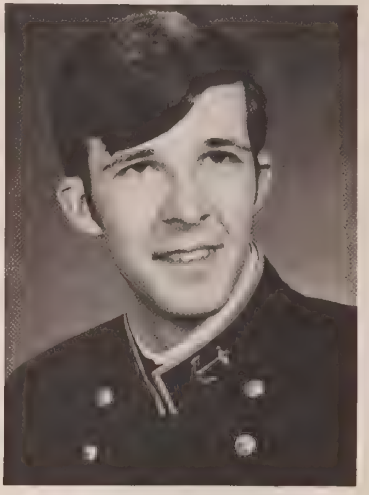
DAVID BRIAN ONEILL

DAVID BRIAN ONEILL

Dave came from Massachusetts, but left his heart in California. Each summer leave he was always off to the warm, southern California beaches. Plebe year, the Sweat was going good until he ran into the Bear. From then on it was different. Swimming had its ups and downs, as did the aptitude and interpretation of the regs. The question was, "is it my time or theirs? If it's mine, I'll do it. If it's theirs, I'll sweat it." He always liked the girls, but they didn't always feel the same about him. The only thing that ties him down now is Navy Air and weekend libs. He has an affinity for people to jokingly dump on him but someday he'll wedge someone really good. His fruit personality would always let it slide bye.



EDWARD JOSEPH RUTKOWSKI, JR.



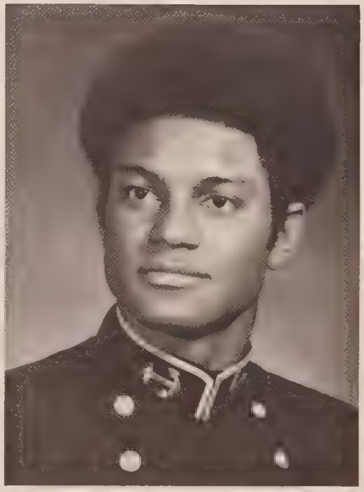
JERRY LYNN MOTHERSHEAD

EDWARD JOSEPH RUTKOWSKI, JR.

A little guy from Philadelphia, Ruts was always known for his academic ability. After validating 10 courses, he went on to stand near the top of his class. Never one to study, however, he spent his evenings either reading or directing clandestine operations from his room, Damage Control Central, a good preparation for a career with the Silent Service.

KENNETH DUWAYNE DUNN

Known as the founder of the infamous El Dorado Social Club, Kid strolled in from Louisville, by way of Valley station, Ky. Really digging the system at Bancroft, he signed his seven year, nocut contract with little remorse. Always looking for the good times, Ken nevertheless was a good guy. A sportsman in every sense, he was nicknamed Creampuff for obvious reasons. Surface or Civilian Line should find a very competent young man in its future



KENNETH DUWAYNE DUNN

JERRY LYNN MOTHERSHEAD

Mutha came to the Academy from Farmington, Missouri, straight out of the Midwest of the 50's. A member of the varsity ED squad his frosh year, excelling with honors, Jerry managed to validate that extracurricular sport in the ensuring years, and took an active interest in such areas as Sleep I and II, Advanced Rack, and Basic Moviewatching. A colleague of experiences from Mutha's past reveal a broken guitar string (high E), two gallons of saltwater, an unmade but well-used bed, and a set of hair clippers. A physics major and trident scholar, Jerry will be a back seat driver for the jet jackeys in a short while.

BRADLEY ARTHUR STEPHAN

BRADLEY ARTHUR STEPHAN

Coming to the Navy from the wilds of northwest Washington (state), Boo immediately established a name for himself as an outstanding athlete and a scholar without equal. He was so scholarly, as a matter of fact, that the academic department decided to give him an extra year in these hallowed hall to really show his stuff, unfortunately enough for Bradley. He adjusted without trouble, however, and continued his life in Bancroft, dreaming of his TR-6 and a certain gal back home, while playing that game known as Navy football and running track. Confident of reaching the magic 2.0, Boo has set his sights on flying Phantoms for the Marine Corps, and has been practicing by zooming around the hall in his red and gold USMC sweatshirt. He'll make a good pilot, too, as long as he can avoid mountains and other solid objects. Good luck, Bradley.

JOHN MICHAEL TROMBA

An ardent disciple of Murphy's Law, John decended upon Annapolis from Syracuse, New York, from the pan to the fire, so to speak. Motivated by a keen sense of survival, he soon developed a nose for the gouge which was to sustain him until his eventual graduation. Should trivia become an asset, all else being equal, John is sure to succeed.

JOHN MICHAEL TROMBA

BRYAN TIMOTHY WELCH

BRYAN TIMOTHY WELCH

Bryan was born and transferred from Port Hueneme, California. He ran through his days at USNA on the cross-country and track teams and LOVED IT! In '74 he plans to graduate to Mechanics School in Memphis, prior to entering the Pensacola Pipeline. Hopefully, the IGEP flyboys will save some gas for him.

Thirty-Sixth Company

MATHENY A L '74
N. BOSTICK

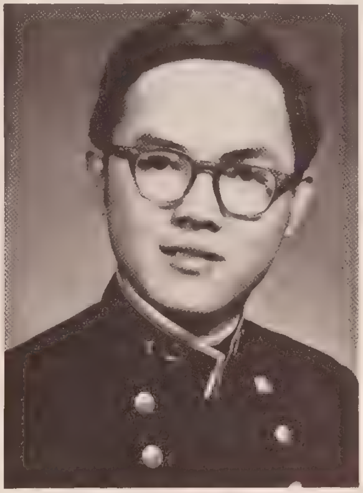
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
NICHOLAS THOMAS DARAMUS, JR.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
NICHOLAS THOMAS DARAMUS, JR.

This native Buckeye was gifted with a good sense of humor. One could hear "Nickie-Boo's" laugh from a distance of three corridors, two alleys, and one wing. A mainstay of the company sports squads, Nick could always be seen whipping up that old spirit. Although gymnastics was not his sport, Nick finally mastered number three on the blue trampoline, after three long years of practice. Nick never had much trouble with the academics, or with having a good time. Many of those good times were connected with his out-in-town church party and "Mom." After graudation, Nick plans to go Navy Air and see the world from a bird's eye view.

JAMES MARCELLUS LEARY

HENRI WILLIAM NAEGER, JR.



TRAN MINH TRUC

JAMES MARCELLUS LEARY

Jim (or Lears) hails from Irish Catholic South Buffalo, New York. Jim and Navy hit it off right away, as he tried to bag as much as possible. Jim, always above 3.0, only had one problem at the Academy: swimming. Second class year brought about a big change in Lears, as he fell in love. Lears could never be found on weekends, as he always was with Bunny, and on his "magical weekends." Batt football was his second love. Every fall he could be found on the gridiron, trying to destroy anything that got in his way. We know that Lears will be a success at anything he does.

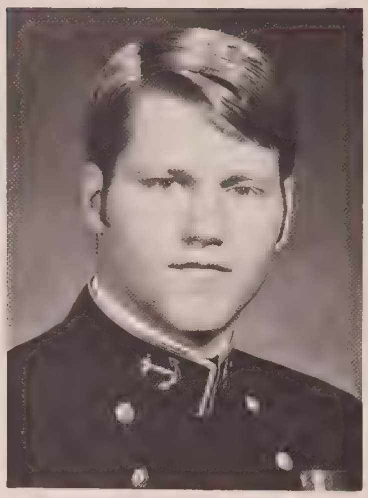
HENRI WILLIAM NAEGER, JR.

Henri 'Naegs Naeger, better known as Superbod, came to the Belly Button Academy from St. Genevieve, Missouri. Already disciplined from a strict Catholic background, Superbod Naeger was just a little crazy. No matter what happens, though, or whereever he goes, he will always have his strong back.

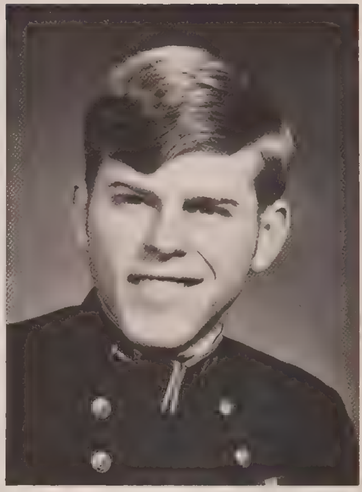
TRAN MINH TRUC

Truc was the first man in history to come to the quiet banks of the Severn from South Vietnam. He majored in electrical engineering and minored in history (almost). He never let the war at home destroy his sense of humor or his love of fun. Often seen in the company of the CNO and the Commandant, he was one Truc with much pull. He made the road through Annapolis just a little easier for all his classmates, especially financially. He hopes someday to use his education and training to build a strong Vietnam, based on the principles of equality of man and freedom. Be successful, Truc!

DENNIS NICK BOSTICH



EARL LOUIS BYERS, II



MICHAEL PATRICK DONLON

DENNIS NICK BOSTICH

Alias the Dago, Greasner, Spic, the Surf and Just about anything else one can think of, he's perhaps best known for his conduct on and off the road. On the road, neither windshield, telephone pole, nor fence, have been able to slow him down. Off the road, his hit and run tactics with the girls, as well as his leading subversivies in the areas of illegal cannon firing, going over the wall, and excessive drinking, have made Dago and Big Huge a constant source of amazement.

MICHAEL PATRICK DONLON

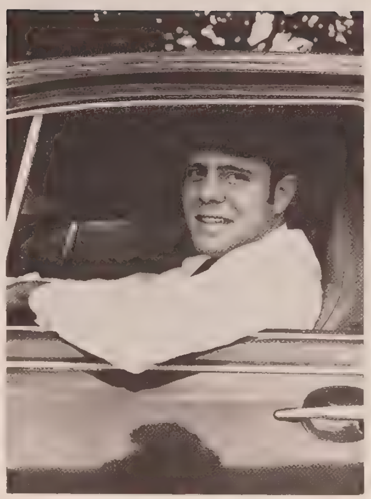
A Navy junior, Mike was destined to become a naval officer and showed why during his tenure at the Academy. He earned his reputation as a dedicated, hard worker by putting countless hours into his academic effort long after most of his classmates had hit the rack. After a shakey start and one visit of the AC board, he proved his capabilities in the classroom as he had already proven them on the athletic field and in the professional arena. But Dogger was not all spit and polish. After another slow start in still another area of concentration, while expanding his horizons to cope with the rigors of being a senior, he consistently began coming up with adorable honeys, weekend after weekend. Looked to as a fair and honest leader, Dogger was awarded company commander's stripes twice. Post graduation will find Dog riding the bridge of the fastest destroyer in the Navy.

EARL LOUIS BYERS, II

Hocks came to the Western shores of Maryland straight from the rolling hills from "where the West begins," Fort Worth, Texas. As a management major at the University of Navy, Earl accepted many additional duties to enhance his skills as a competent manager and leader of men. He also acquired the name Forth Worth Fats for his practical application of probability and statistics. He was never one to turn down a good poker game. Hocks was active in many of the afternoon festivities around the year. Earl competed in plebe football, water polo, fieldball, the weight training program, and excuse squad at Navy. In the PT department, Hocks soon became known as the Whale, as he floated across Coach Higgin's seas with little trouble. Earl will soon become the Navy's first flying whale as he heads for Pensacola in January.

GARY ALAN HINES

Traveling all of thirty miles from College Park, Maryland to be sworn in at Annapolis, I ripped off the government a grand total of 68 cents for expenses. I think that was the first of a never ending series of Navy good deals. Because I attended the illustrious University of Maryland (better known to my California friends as the UCLA of the East) for a semester before I came to Navy, I became a staunch supporter of Maryland basketball during the winter and Washington Redskin football during the fall. Because the "buddies" were deeply concerned with my loyalties, they were always first to inform me of any loss to either team. Sometimes before the games were even over! Amen!



THOMAS MITCHELL JENNINGS

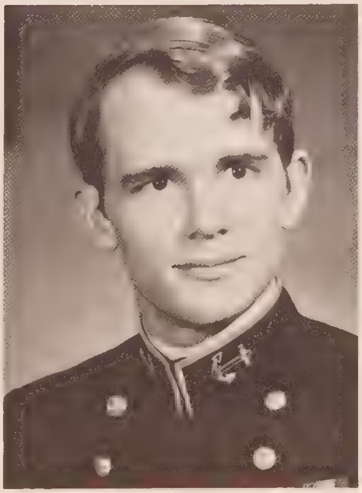
Back in the summer of '70, Jens paddled out from Muriutt Island to surf to Australia, but wiped out on the Crabtown pipeline only to swim into plebe year. Raked by grease, Jen's struggled into youngster year minus his tan and always taling about Maryland weather. The struggles continued in his academics, his love life and his morning breakfast of daquaris, but never undermined his search for a good time. No party is complete without his antics and his stories, or the tricks he's learned talking to horses. The big surf board in the sea is looking forward to receiving another rider for five.

JOHN MARK HUBITSKY

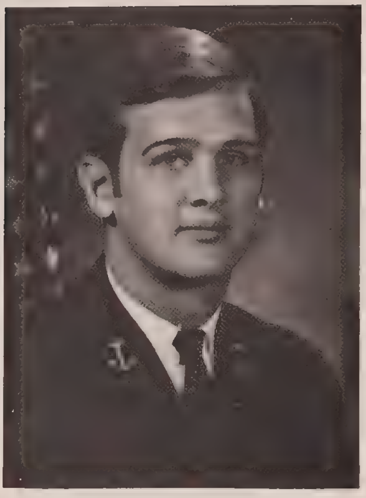
GARY ALAN HINES

JOHN MARK HUBITSKY

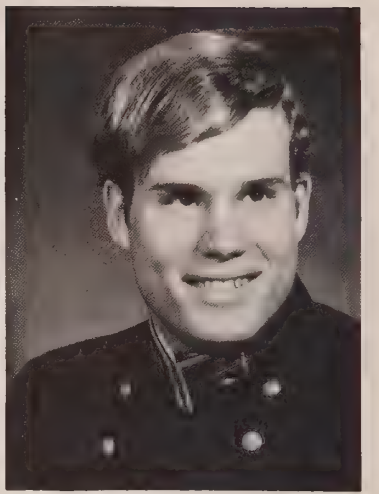
John Mark the San Francisco Kid Hubitsky actually lived in Philadelphia most of his life. His long middle name tells you where his "heart" and mind were when they were not engrossed in the daily routine at USNA. At La Salle College High School in Philadelphia, he was interested in humanities and government, so while at Annapolis he pursued a degree in political science. While on the Severn, he was the lead singer in a famous (or should I say infamous) rock band—"Santana" will never be the same again! A member of the Brigade hop committee, ring dance committee, and masqueraders, he also played intramural basketball and softball, and had a great liking for swimming. Upon graduation, USNA's dental department's headgear and hardware will be removed and John will be guarding San Francisco's Golden Gate with the hardware of a Navy AFS.



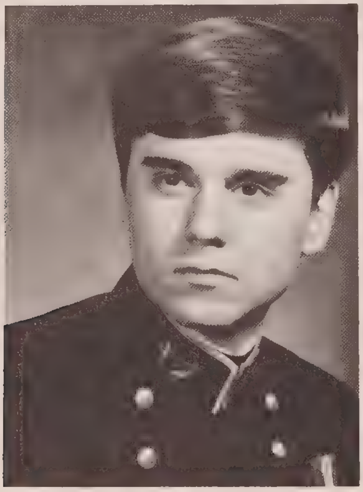
THOMAS MITCHELL JENNINGS



HAROLD JOSEPH LOERCH, JR.



RICHARD JOHN KRANZ, III



PETER MICHAEL KUSHNER

HAROLD JOSEPH LOERCH, JR.

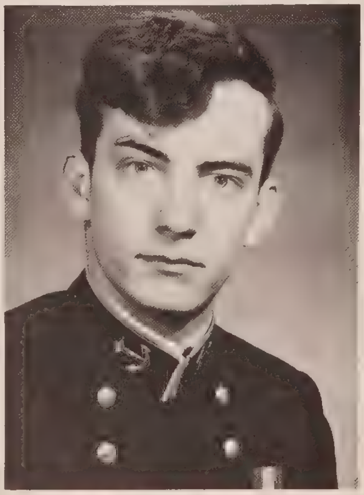
Larry came to USNA after a tour at NAPS. Being an old salt, Larry had no trouple at all plebe year. Larry showed his athletic versatility by wrestling varsity at very weight from 167 up to and including unlimited. Being a well rounded Midshipman, academics proved to be no problem with Larry, His main challenge here at USNA has been keeping his roommate out of trouble, which he was not very successful in doing.

MICHAEL JOHN EBERSOLE

Mike came to the Academy right out of high school from either Bethesda, Md. or Lancaster, Pa., truly a man without a city. Mike got a little mixed up and didn't get secured plebe year. But, this was taken care of by the graduation of the class of '72. Being an academic wiz, Mike spent most of his spare time on various intramural teams. Ebbs won a varsity letter his youngster year as a member of the ED squad. Ebbs liked Annapolis so much he was pinned to the Bay. There will always be a warm spot in his heart for some of his own classmates and his buddies from '72.

PETER MICHAEL KUSHNER

Pete came here from the shores of Lake Erie, straight out of high school, full of stories about the Polish Club, Ukrainian Club and all the good times to be had in Rossford. He didn't have too much trouble adjusting to the Academy, and rode it through plebe year fairly easy. During his upperclass years, he ran the wardroom for his classmates. He was able to convert radios into TVs, and the smell of popcorn was always leaking into the hall from his room. If he was ever needed, you knew where he'd be during his free periods: in the rack. He logged as many hours in the rack as anyone in the company. Although he rarely cracked a book, he kept his grades above the magic 2.0. Upon graduation, Pete plans to go Navy Air; they will be getting a fine officer.



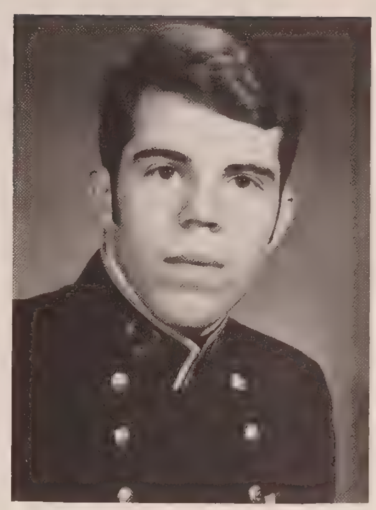
MICHAEL JOHN EBERSOLE

RICHARD JOHN KRANZ, III

Hailing from Sunnyvale, California, Rick soon found that Navy was quite a change from the easy going life he was accustomed to. Fortunately though, this did not deter him form his prefered life style. Never one to really sweat grades, Rick discovered that his QPR reflected his nonchalant attitude. Seemingly out of character with this nonchalant attitude. Rick is a fierce competitor. Although recruited for football, Rick saw the light and channeled his athletic abilities toward rowing crew, much to the relief of the football coaches. He could usually be found rowing a small shell down the mighty Severn every afternoon from September thru June. His devotion to crew payed off when he managed to make the varsity boat youngster year. Whatever his calling turns out to be, it will bring a very welcome relief from the joys to be found at USNA.

DAVID LEE LESTER

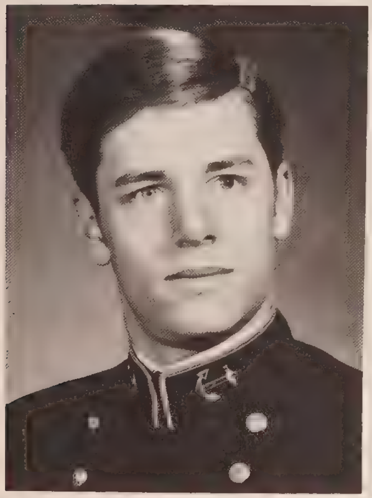
D. L. came to the Academy from a forgettable little town in the heart of the Bluegrass country after a short stay at Morehead State University. After the long, hot summer, Dave settled into the swing of things, and, with the help of a convenient broken wrist, managed to survive plebe year with only a minor hit in the QPR department. It was an omen of things to come. In his free time, he could be found haunting the photo club lab, in the squash courts or running intricate pass patterns for the company football team. Occasionally, he even tried studying. The Nuclear Navy and Michele comprise Dave's hopes for the future.



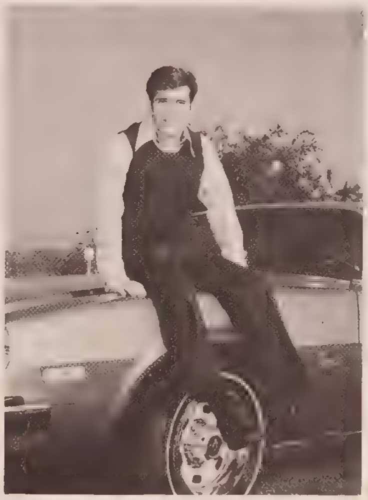
ALLEN LYNN MATHENY

MICHAEL PAUL OLSON

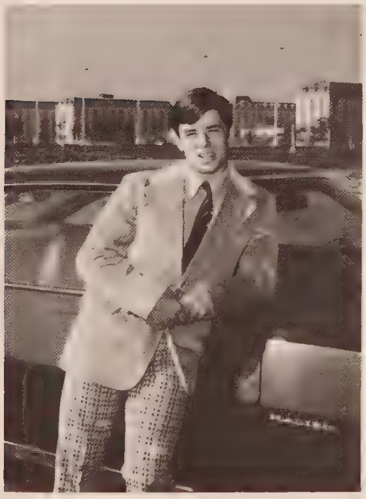
Mike came directly to the Academy from Virginia Beach, where he was a stellar scholar and athlete. As a self-acclaimed (and proven) mathematical genius with a consistent 4.0, he was the most frequent member of the company on the Sup's list and Dean's list. After a year on the squash team, Mike decided to hit the books. The results were a minor concussion and a terror on the intramural scene in tennis, squash, and lightweights. During his free time, Mike could be found studying or dreaming of Hawaii. Whenever a leave approached, Mike grabbed his slip stick and watched the happiness factor grow exponentially, usually ending early with ops info. His other past times included guitar playing, singing (if you could call it that), and photography. Mike's dedication and scorn of engineer's rough approximation and physicist's idealisms will stand him in good stead during his career in the Supply Corps.



DAVID LEE LESTER



MICHAEL PAUL OLSON



ALLEN LYNN MATHENY

Big Al, from Lincoln, Nebraska, came to USNA directly from high school. As a member in good standing of the all-nighter study club, Al could not be deterred by the academic department from his goal of being selected for the Nuclear Power Program. Considering Al's small stature, his hearty appetite in the wardroom will long be remembered as truly amazing. As for intramurals, he enjoyed boxing and track most. His gutsy spirit and desire for doing a job well will surely make him an outstanding addition.

DAVID LOGAN OMARA, JR.

DAVID LOGAN OMARA, JR.

Chee Zit came to United States Boat School from out of the billowing smoke of the Pittsburgh suburbs in about the same confused state as the rest of us that hot summer day four years ago. A man dedicated to the preposition that nothing adverse in life should be taken too seriously, Chee found his mettle put to the test with the rigors of plebe year. As a frosh, Dave had the distinct pleasure of dining with such personalbe gentlemen as J.D., Nit Wit, Lion, Fish, and the like. Nevertheless, he came out of "The Longest Year" still smiling and optomistic about his career at Navy. Famous for his bouts with academics. Chee won many nailbiting games of "Escape the AC Board". His flare for stylish apparel mode the O'Mara-Peerless Clothing Store relationship one of the truly all-time great love stories of Annapolis. Disdaining any Surface Line on the sea of matrimony, Chee asks nature only for enough reserves to get him to Pensacola, where he'll scope out the beaches and the Friendly Skies of Navy Air.

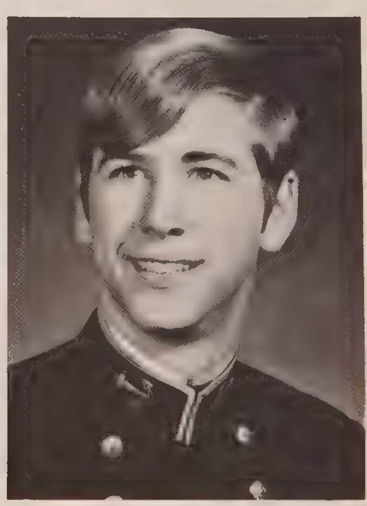
THOMAS RICHARD MORSE

Tom steamed into Annapolis on the deck of a YP after a year of NROTC at the University of Illinois. A man of many talents and interests, Tom enjoyed the salt breeze in his face from the YP's and the wind in his hair from his cornette. A dedicated professional, Tom always displayed a fervent approach to whatever he did, which indicates he will do well in his career in Nuclear Power. In between bouts with his rack, Tom found time to glow brilliantly in Mechanical Engineering, plus take a few side trips to Glen Burnie to relax and unwind.

LOUIS FIELD MORRIS

Lou dirfted into the supposed warm arms of Mother B from nearby Chesapeake City, Maryland, only to find the arms were not so warm. Somehow, Lou managed to survive several close brushes with the academic department, but normally lost to the pad monster whenever close combat occurred. A company intramural letterman, Lou shined in lightweights and fast pitch. He also caused a magical gleam to appear on the finger of a certain young miss, early in his second class year. If ever studying does not ruin his eyes, Lou hopes to take his oceanography major and his long locks and put them to good use . . . in Naval Air.

THOMAS RICHARD MORSE

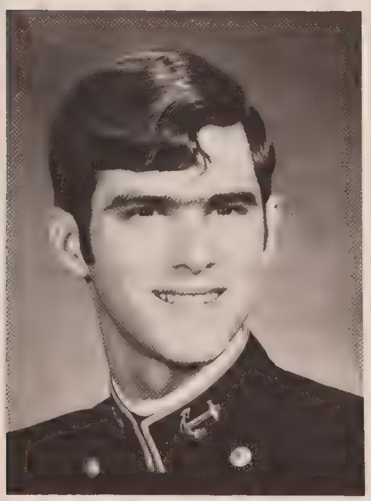


LOUIS FIELD MORRIS

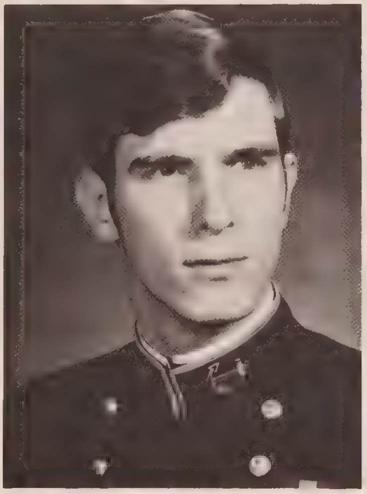
GEORGE JOSEPH SCOTT, III

Mellow paced up his Villanova wires books and sauntered down to USNA in the summer of '70 to grace the Navy with his career and striper aspirations. George has blitzed Navy academics, but has seen his stars dimmed by the o-course, and run, and a-strength. Undaunted by Heinz, George can still mow a heavy six-pack down with the buddies any weekend. His goals for a destroyer are only out-shown by the certainty of a long and illustrious future in the Navy.

STEVEN EMILE RASIN



GEORGE JOSEPH SCOTT, III



STEVEN WARE SMITH

STEVEN EMILE RASIN

Rase decided he should see the world back in '70 so he packed up his spikes and switched shores for the jump at Navy. Once he got here, Navy academics took a jump at Steve and have played a sword of Daruacles since plebe year. But, scraping by, Steve has managed to win his gain to fame on the Navy track team and in the hearts of the maidens of Pennsylvania. Second class year, 4-3 locked with the "Sounds of Soul" live, with Nimble Fingers himself strumming deep into the hearts of his classmates. Many hearts will be broken as Rase joins the fleet for a trip to the bright shores of success.

STEVEN WARE SMITH

Gallopin' in from dusty Dallas, Texas, Smitty, away bac in '70, parked his horse but brought his boots with him in through the gates of the University of Navy. Wanting desperately to sail the seas, having come from an arid and parched state, he was sadly disappointed. Smitty's future was sealed after it was reported that an officer in a biting and caustic mood, wrote, "I find Mr. Smith not an exceptionally able shiphandler, and though he most deservingly merits an A for performance, I give him a C and recommend he goes Air."

GARY ALLEN WIRSING

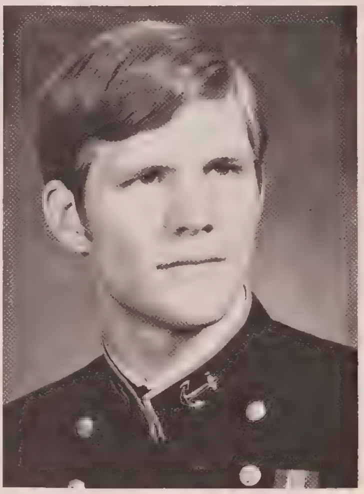
ROBERT ELMER STUMPF

An Army brat, Bob hails from the not so distant historical city of Alexandria, Virginia. He brought to the Academy a distinguished background in rowing and a healthy appetite for real challenge. As stroke of the heavyweight varsity eight, Bob led the crew team to many victories. When not pursuing his athletic prowess, he could usually be found escorting one of the finest of the fairer sex, while still managing to master the matrix of the oceanography major with relative ease. Bob will be most remembered for his moral courage and deep personal convictions which he proudly defended. Naval Aviation will gain more than just a capable pilot in Bob; it will gain a dedicated naval officer with a future as bright as he wants to make it.

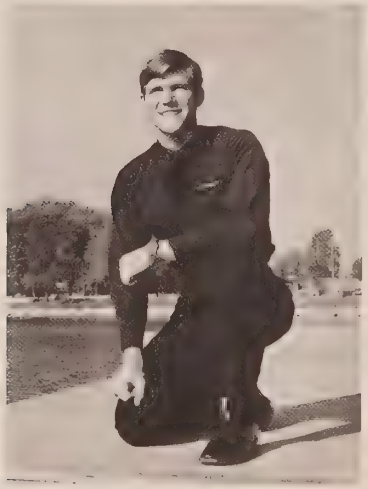
MARC PETER WELKER

GARY ALLEN WIRSING

Gary brought to the Academy his slide rule and boundless determination to become an Engineer. Plebe football collided with his rough approximations and Gary was forced to turn to intramural football for letting off the steam acquired from posting a consistent set of stars on his collars. This combination of sports and studies, a carryover from his days at Bay City Handy High School, won Gary the envy and admiration of his classmates and the smiles of a certain Cathy back home. Spare moments in "Arrow's" otherwise busy life are filled with bottles, with the pad, reading up on his football plays, or down in the photo lab developing his works of art. The Navy can consider itself fortunate that Gary only wants to go Nuc Power or Surface Line.



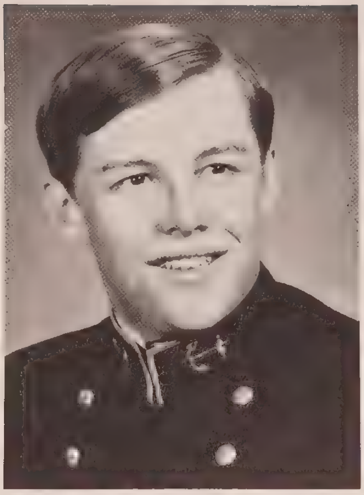
ROBERT ELMER STUMPF



MARC PETER WELKER

Frenchie arrived at the Academy fresh from Europe. He was looking forward in finding something new out West. Well, the Academy has been quite an experience. He was usually busy with the International Ball or anything concerned with foreign languages. So much so, that he was asked whether he would be joining the French Navy after he graduated. As far as academics went, Marc had no problem maintaining above a 3.0 during his four years. He was active playing varsity soccer, and in his spare time, he usually was out with "Jolie demoiselle." His ideal is to become a naval attache in due time. Marc is anticipating Navy Air upon graduation.

KEVIN MARC MUKRI



RONALD ROBERT RAHN

ALLEN BLAINE WORLEY

Al came to the University of Navy back in the summer of '70 from the "Star City of the South", Redneck Roanoke, Virginia. He came telling tall tales of the beautiful phantom girl back home that nobody ever saw. Perhaps she was just a figment of his imagination, created in a moment of despair after picking physics as his major. Struggling through, Al will be going to Aviation Maintenance School in Memphis before reporting for flight school. He looks back on the four years at Navy with pleasant memories of his Vietnamese Connection, The Missouri Compromise, and two wars of Texas independence. Good luck with Navy Air!

ALLEN BLAINE WORLEY

KEVIN MARK MUKRI

Muks decided in his senior year in high school that USNA's diet program was the place for him, so he packed up his wallet, kissed his Mother and Lupe good-bye, and flew into the waiting arms of Birdman. His scared body are ample recognition of his fights on 1-O and his continuing scrapes with academics. But with the charter membership in the buddy brigade, Muks has found time every Tuesday from 3:00 to 5:00 to hit the books and rob the AC board of another prey. But the PE board waits expectantly each time he straps on his mud encrusted spikes for another shot at the Navy mile. A large appetite for command, away from the dinner table, promises a 16 course reward in the Surface Navy.

RONALD ROBERT RAHN

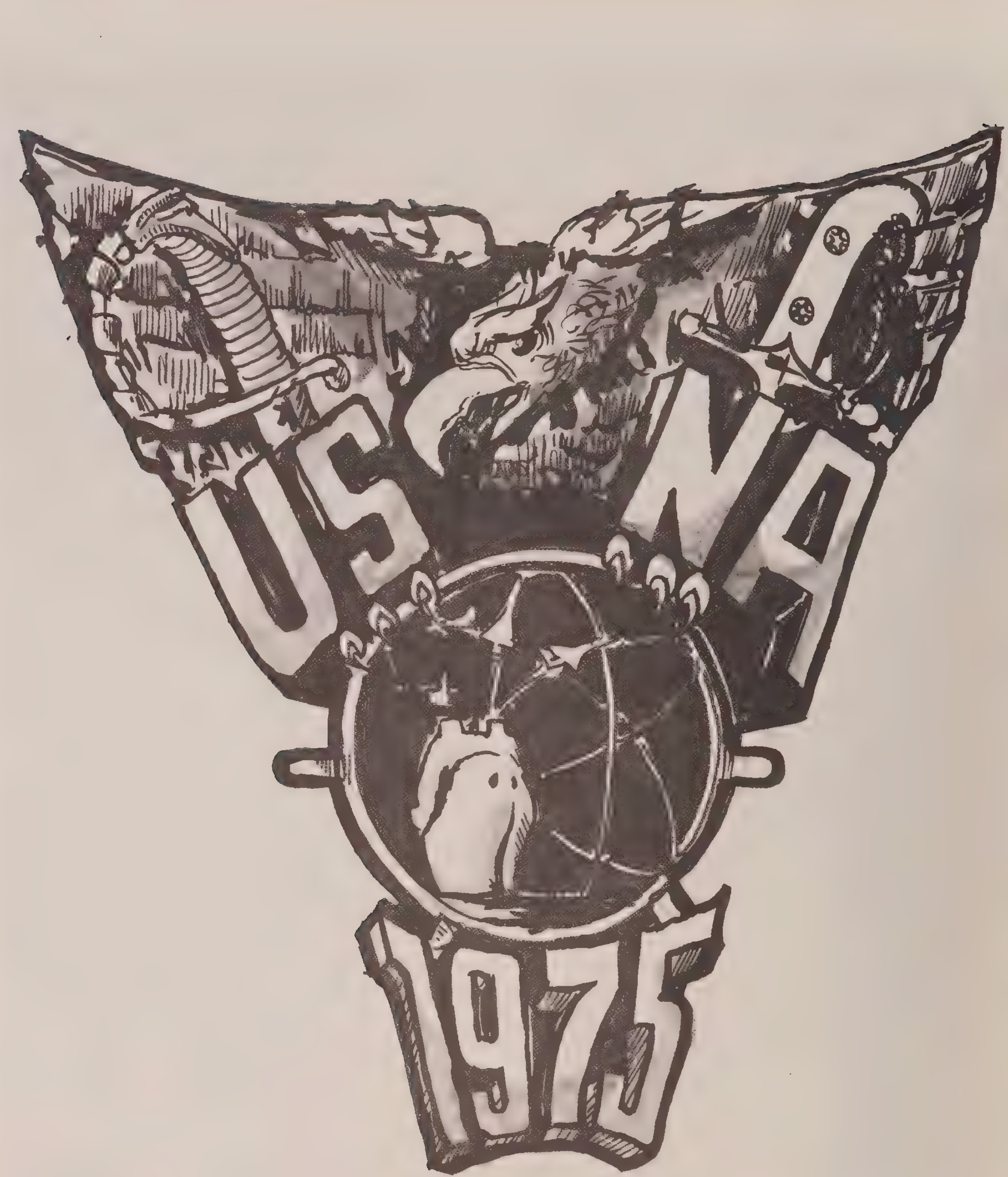
Rcubed drank his way from Appleton, by way of NAPS, to the shyest campus in the country. But weekends have not been without the consolence of sudsy drink to the organizer of the buddy brigade. Between his weekend splashes, Ron has found time to win the Navy's 2.0 ribbon in the scathing war at USNA, and win the respect of his mangled opponents on the lightweight and under 5'5" team. A roaring 2/c year has seen quiet weekends in Maryland with the Buddy hunting rings and things in New Jersey (under the amazing grace of God). The fleet is sure to provide a bright and wet future for the Buddy.

IN MEMORIAM

. . . all other objects that are sought after are severally suited to some one single purpose: riches, that you may spend them; power, that you may be courted; honors, that you may be extolled; pleasures, that you may enjoy them; good health, that you may be exempt from harm, and perform the functions of the body. Whereas friendship comprises the greatest number of objects possible: wherever you turn yourself, it is at hand; shut out of no place, never out of season, never irksome; and therefore we do not use fire and water, as they say, on more occasions than we do friendship . . . And while friendship embraces very many and great advantages, she undoubtedly surpassed all in this, that she shines with a brilliant hope over the future, and never suffers the spirit to be weakened or to sink. He who looks upon true friends, looks as it were upon a kind of image of himself: wherefore friends, though absent, are still present; though in poverty, still rich; though weak, yet in the enjoyment of health; and, what is still more difficult to assert, though dead, they are alive.

—Marcus Tullius Cicero
"From Friend to Friend"

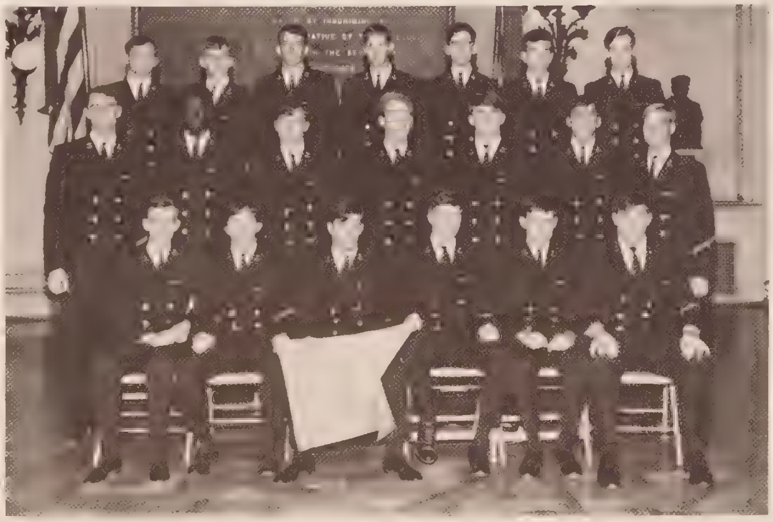
For Jim Cowdery, and all our friends, remember.



On our class crest are the initials of the Naval Academy and our class numerals which symbolize our allegiance to our class and the Naval Academy. At the top of the crest is the eagle, symbol of our country's strength. The eagle on the class crest side is offensive while on the side of the Academy seal, the eagle is defensive. This signifies the defensive as well as the offensive might of our country and her armed forces. In the center of the crest is the atom, the symbol of the future of our Navy and our country.

FRONT ROW: R. HAYWARD, D. NIEDERMAIER, J. PARK, E. GUERRAZZI, W. NEIL, C. NORTON, R. SHAW
MIDDLE ROW: D. LAHREN, T. BARBIERI, R. RAMEY, W. KIRKLAND, W. SQUIRES, W. DIXON, G. HORRMAN, T. POWERS, A. JOHNSON, M. DUNCAN
REAR ROW: R. McISSNER, J. CHEMAN, B. FLANNERY, E. JABLONSKI, T. HARDEN, J. GRAHAM, G. MADSEN, A. STEVENSON

FRONT ROW: S. HALTER, P. HARRAR, S. DOCAT, J. POND, S. GAFFNEY, R. KAMMIER, D. KEVER
MIDDLE ROW: D. SIMON, S. ROGNESS, S. HILL, K. OWEN, K. DONALD, J. MACKINZIE, J. LISOWSKI
REAR ROW: H. DANIELS, D. GALICKI, G. TUSING, T. NOLLIE, T. METZ, P. PAPISH, J. OCHENKOSKI, R. SCHENK, K. KLINE



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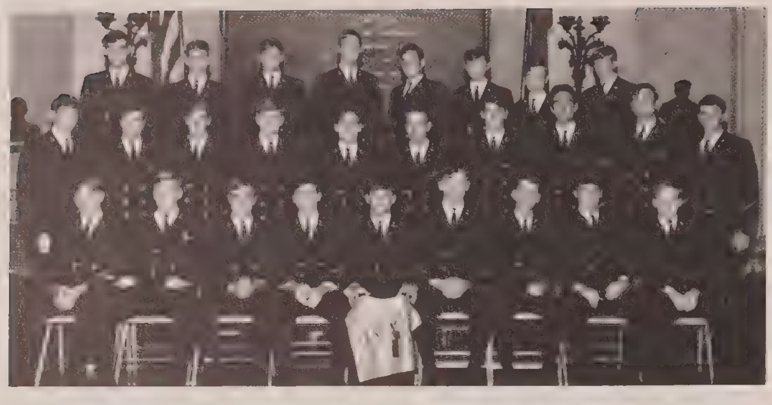

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MIDDLE ROW: J. DONNELLY, A. BAPTISTA, J. O'ROURKE, R. BUSH, T. BORN, L. WOLF, R. WARMBRUNN, W. SULLIVAN, M. MASLEY, L. RASMUSSEN
REAR ROW: J. CAVALLI, T. BRANNON, H. SELSOR, J. KUCINSKI, D. BAILA, J. DAY, N. VEBER, C. ABSHER

FRONT ROW: N. WHAM, G. THOMAS, D. OLIVERIA, M. JOSEPH, E. BREWINGTON, M. JOHNSON, S. BUESCHER
MIDDLE ROW: T. HIRSCH, J. MAYNARD, R. DAHLEN, T. MASSICOTTE, J. JEFFERSON, D. PENMAN, J. ROBINSON
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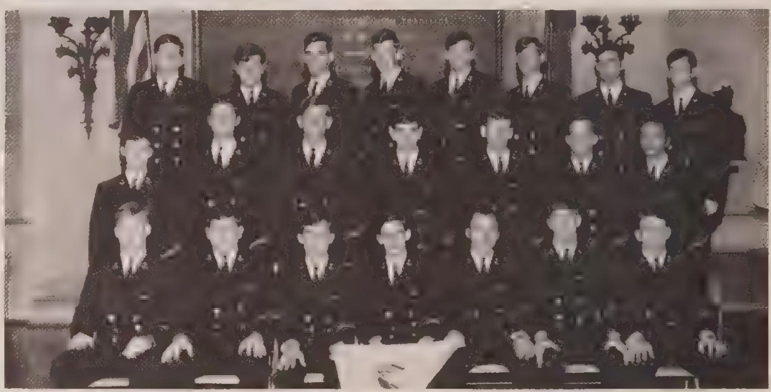

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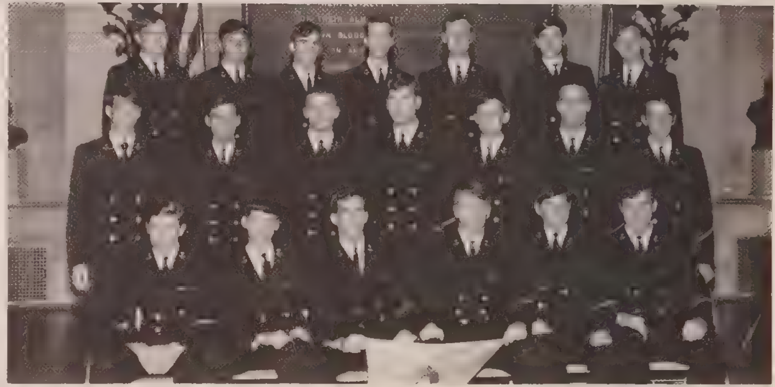

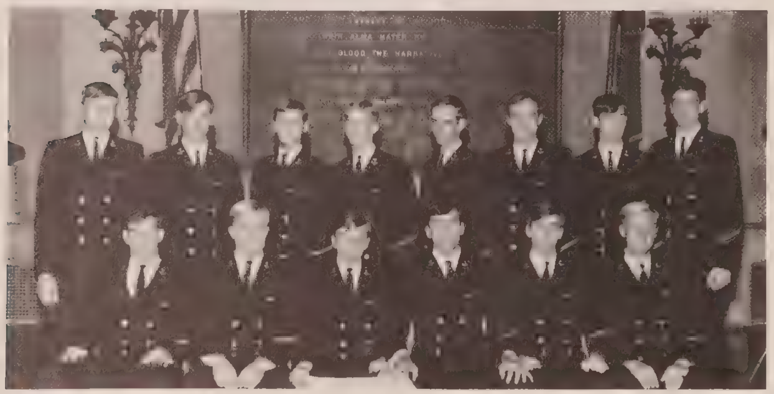

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FRONT ROW: J. CROWLEY, M. BROWN, D. ELINS, R. AVERS, W. MEYERS, W. WEYAND
MIDDLE ROW: G. BURGER, D. JENSEN, R. YOUNG, L. KLOTH, J. PAULIS, J. STUFFLEBEEM
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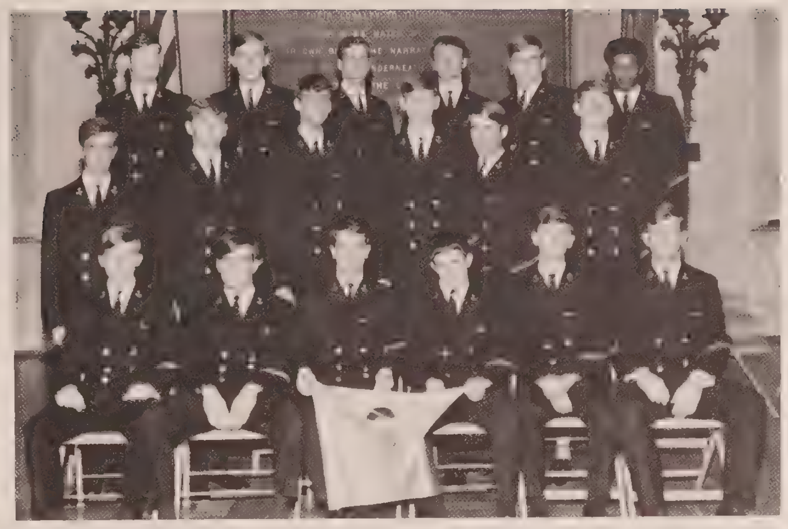

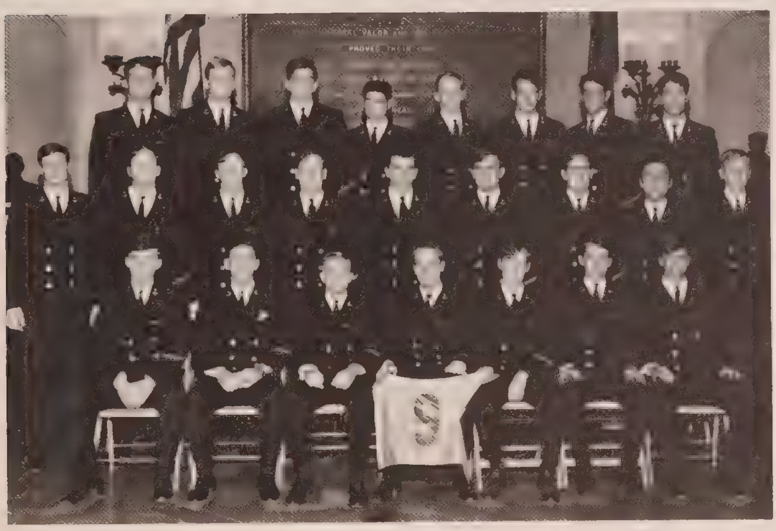

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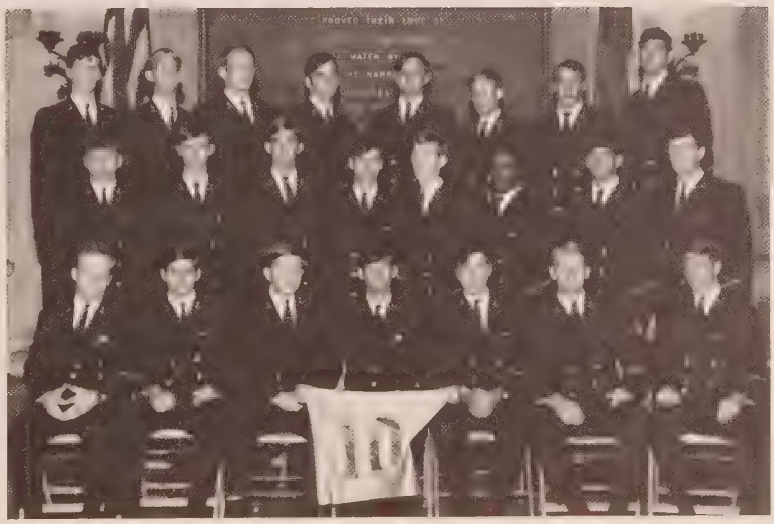

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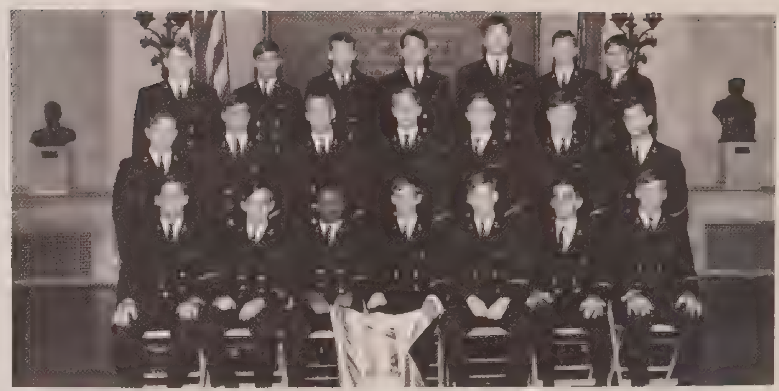

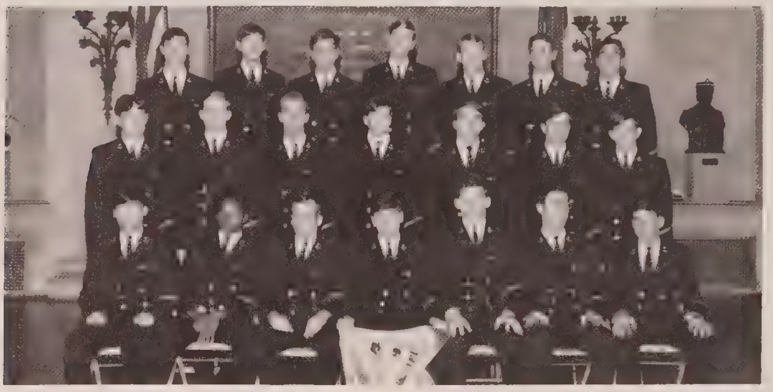

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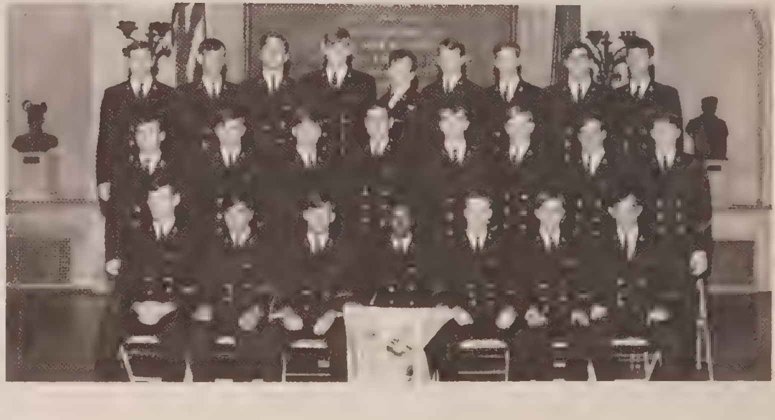

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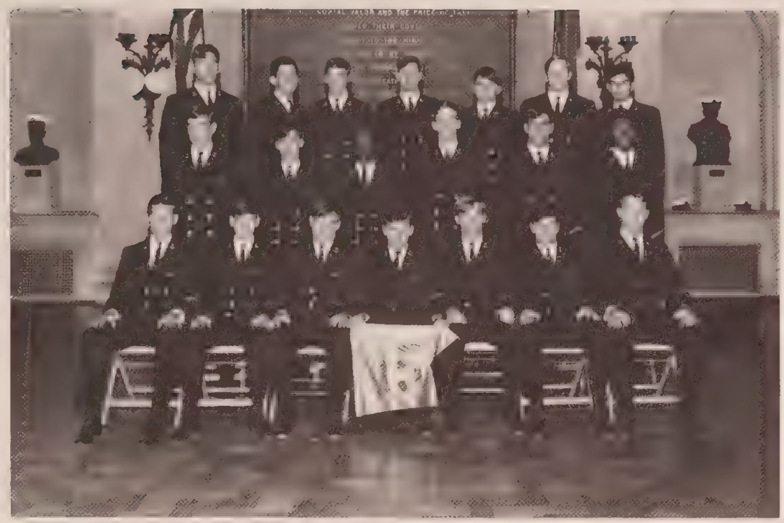

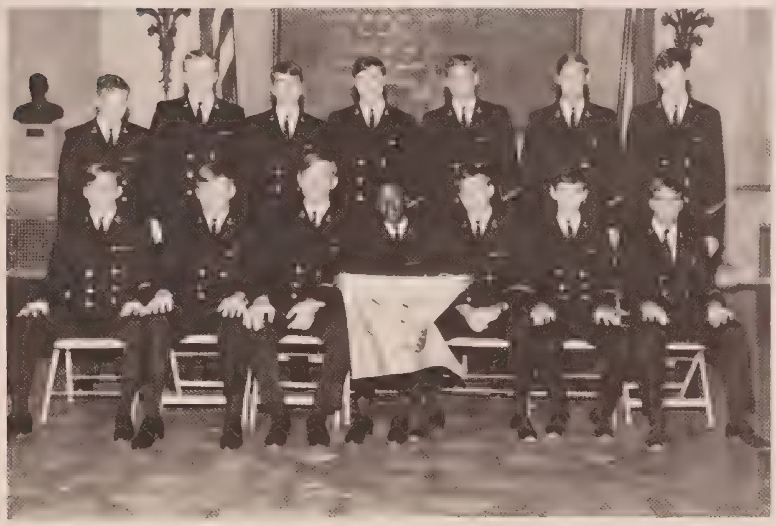

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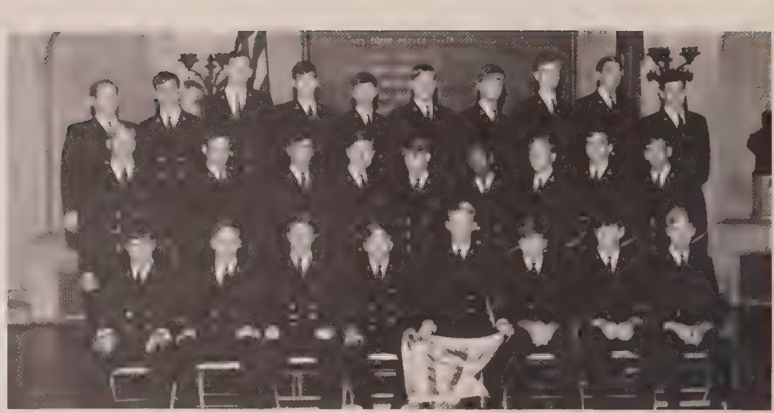

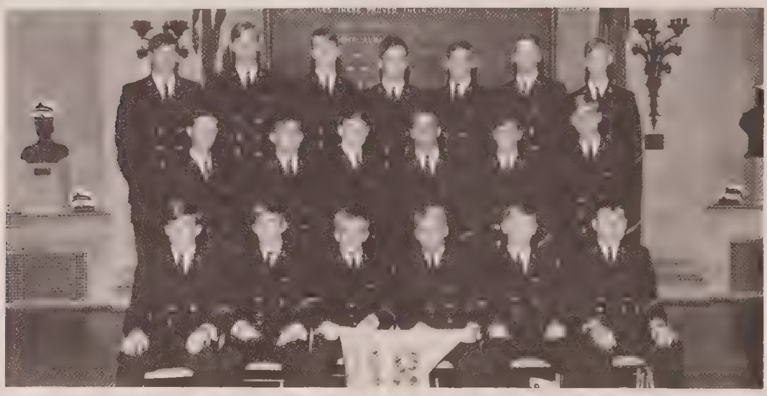

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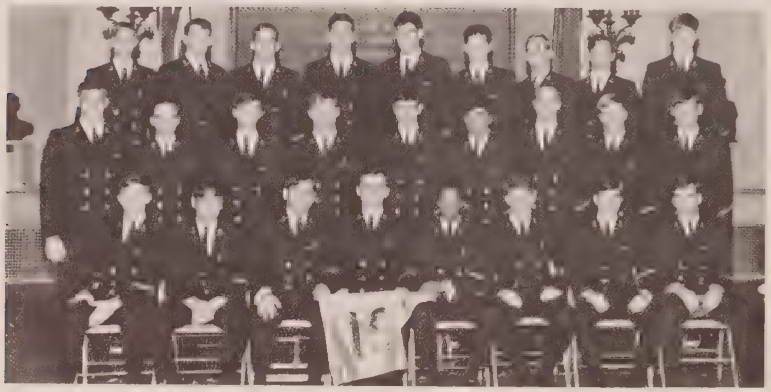

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REAR ROW: B. BORRIES, C. JUNE, R. LOWELL, B. LUEBKE, L. WARRENFELTZ, R. WALKER, D. MEARS, J. BAUMGAERTEL, W. KONRAD

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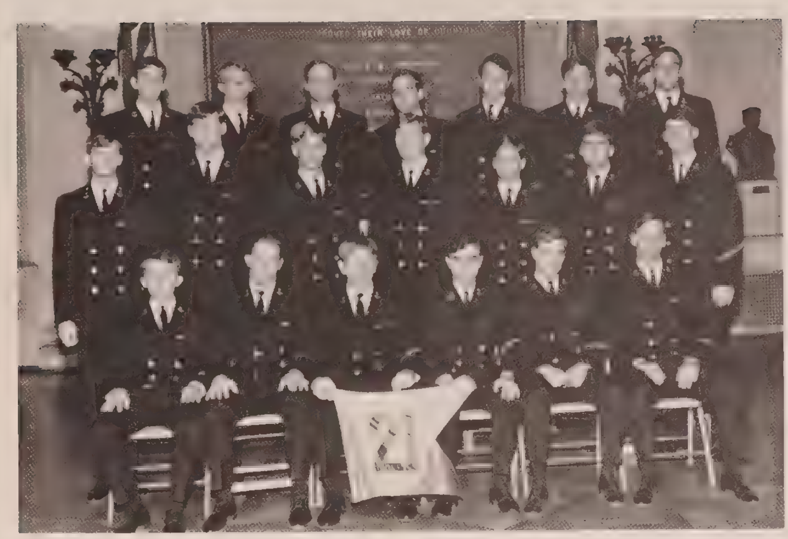

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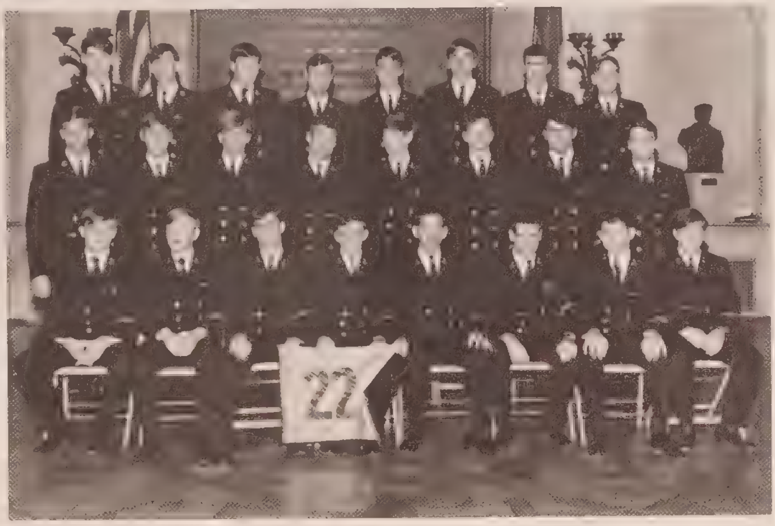

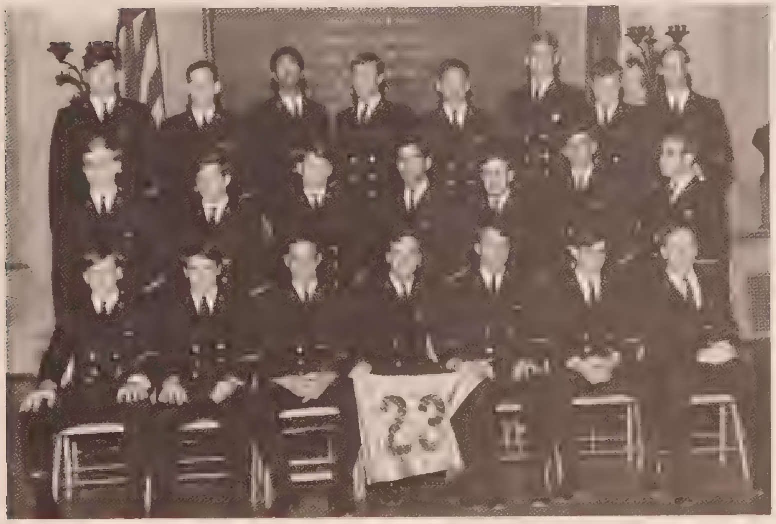

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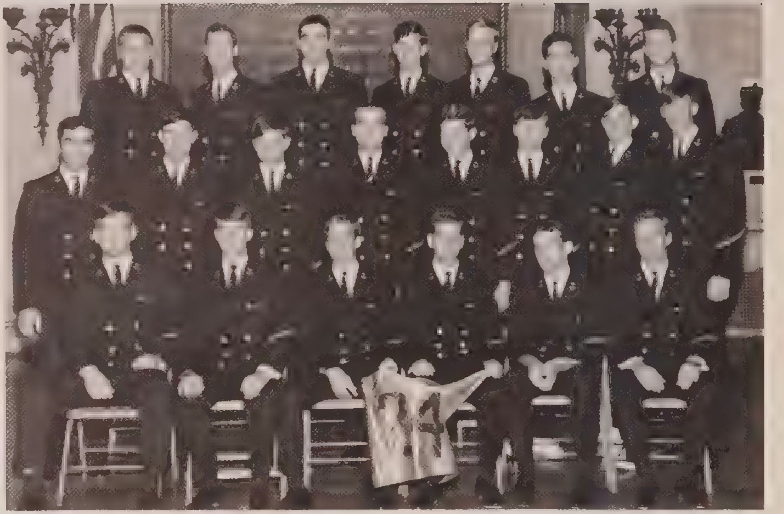

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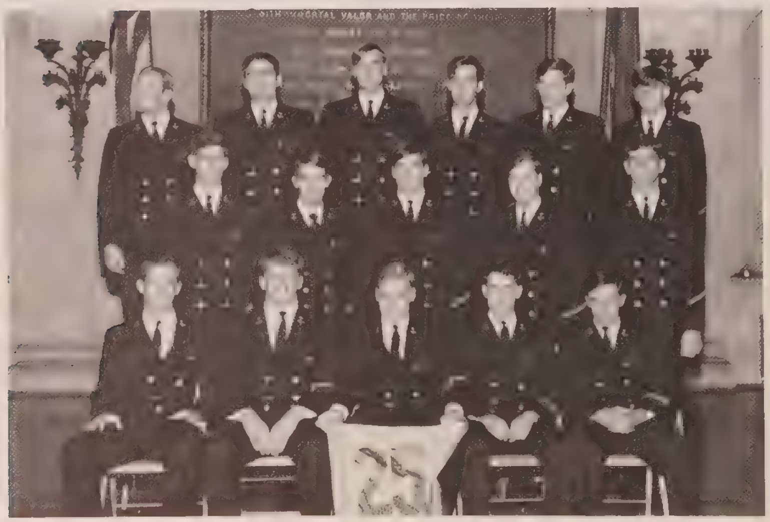

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REAR ROW: M. SIMPLE, M. MILLIKEN, F. BERFFUL, P. TROY, A. NERD, Jr., J. BENIGNO

FRONT ROW: R. SPOTO, R. BARBIERI, B. COVINGTON, R. SCHWARTING, G. INGOLD, J. TENUTO, L. MARTIN
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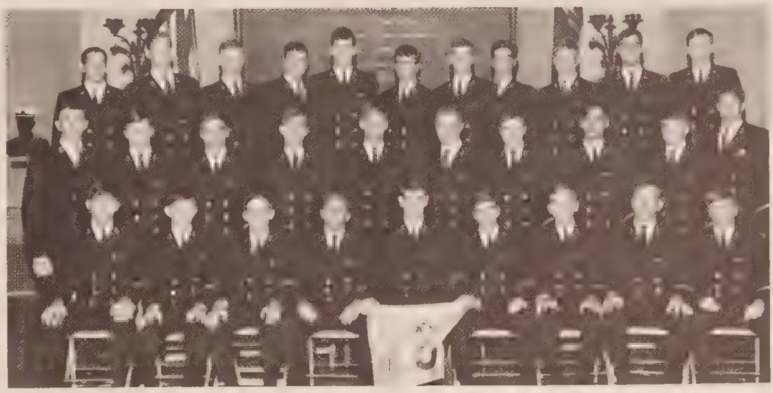
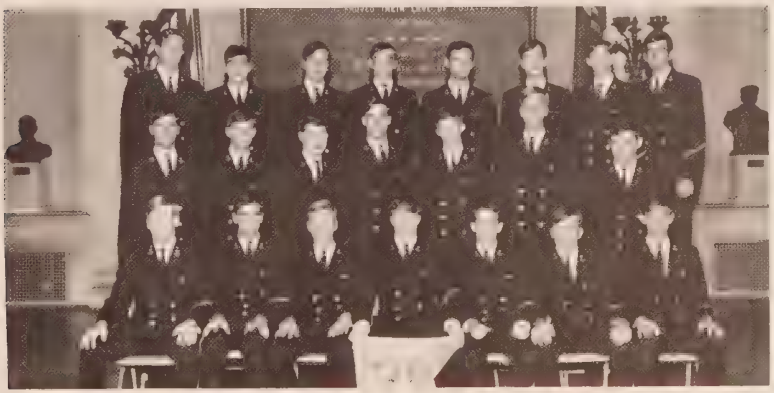
REAR ROW: S. NEWBERRY, S. WHEELER, J. THEEUWEN, M. DARROW, P. ENGLISH, R. SWEENEY, J. EMERY, J. SWEENY, B. CLEARY

FRONT ROW: M. LINDSEY, J. BEEBE, G. FLYNN, S. VON CHRISTIENSON, J. SAMPSON, B. DALEY, S. PERKINS, E. WUNDERLICH, C. RANKIN
MIDDLE ROW: V. SPUNAR, J. GIBSON, D. TOMASZEWSKI, M. PRAY, B. BULLOCK, R. CONRAD, B. FORMAN, D. SULLIVAN, D. GOTHARD, R. WILCOX
REAR ROW: P. GOOLEY, M. LUNNY, T. LEAHY, F. DAVILA, B. BEEMER, B. BALKO, S. HALL, R. DAVIS, J. MATYSKIELA, J. ENNIS, J. KNIGHT





FRONT ROW: M. HARPER, J. MOORE, J. GABOR, S. COHE, J. ARILDSEN, N. CHRISTIENSEN, R. DAVIS
MIDDLE ROW: T. BRASCO, K. HART, R. SNYDER, M. LINGERFELT, T. MADRE, A. EATON, P. REARDON
REAR ROW: D. VILOTTI, M. CECERE, P. GRIESE, J. GREENERT, R. JENCKS, P. CORRIGAN, S. BAUER, D. DIANTONIO

FRONT ROW: C. AREIZAGA, R. GIBSON, W. GARRETT, R. FLICK, A. HOWARD, C. LASKO, L. PATRICK
MIDDLE ROW: H. LAWSON, R. HAWKENS, R. WASSEL, D. GRAY, R. THOMAS, M. LANGLEY, C. McCLELLAN, F. MARANO, D. MASLOW, G. GRIFFIN
REAR ROW: J. MURRAY, P. KILCLINE, S. RICHARDS, T. CIHLAR, R. CHARLSEN, C. SOLEM, T. SCHIEVELBEIN, R. BARBA, L. FUSCO

FRONT ROW: S. CASSIN, C. FOLEY, J. MOODY, J. McCONNEL, T. WARREN, M. PETER, C. BECKER
MIDDLE ROW: M. JIURETT, P. MANGAN, B. BUCKIEWICZ, B. SICHKO, R. RYBOLT, T. WAECHTER
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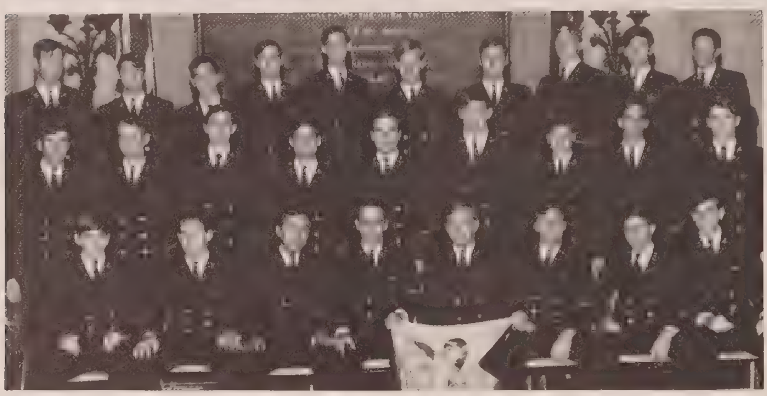

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REAR ROW: W. BRECHTEL, T. BIGGS, E. CASEY, J. JOHNSON, M. PURCELL, A. TURNER, R. ADAMSON, D. SCHLAEFER, R. ROLLINS, M. WASHINGTON

FRONT ROW: J. PHILLIPS, B. McGLOON, T. SCHAACHERER, J. DOWNER, F. COOK, T. ALMANZOR
MIDDLE ROW: D. WOOD, D. PHILLIPS, W. MAXIMUCK, R. TRYON, R. DICK, R. MORGAN
REAR ROW: B. BREWER, S. ANDRIKO, E. BOYD, B. BROWNLEE, J. DRODDY, B. HANSEN, J. INGHRAM

FRONT ROW: M. WOOSTER, M. DOUGLAS, M. KLEMM, B. FOSBERG, K. MILLER, M. MANLEY, P. TOMPKINS
MIDDLE ROW: B. WEGNER, S. SILVAST, G. STEEL, R. BRIDGEMAN, N. WHITE, J. HANNA, M. MANFREDI
REAR ROW: M. ENGLER, R. CHURCH, D. THOMPSON, C. COLLIER, P. ENGLEMAN, G. LANZER, W. FERRI

FRONT ROW: M. SHAFFER, J. WINSTON, B. DURST, T. NAPLE, M. BOURNE, R. PHIL
MIDDLE ROW: B. HOWEY, P. GREGORY, E. JOELL, T. KRENKEL, T. DETWEILER, S. YANDLE, L. CAREY, D. WHIPPLE
REAR ROW: B. SWEET, T. JOHNSON, D. GALLAHER, D. DRIEGERT, M. BLOOMQUIST, J. RESKUSICH, R. SOHA

FRONT ROW: L. RYAN, J. MONGER, B. FOERSTER, S. BUTLER, H. GUTZMAN
MIDDLE ROW: T. HILL, R. BLUMMER, L. LOVELL, F. KEARNEY, R. ZELLER
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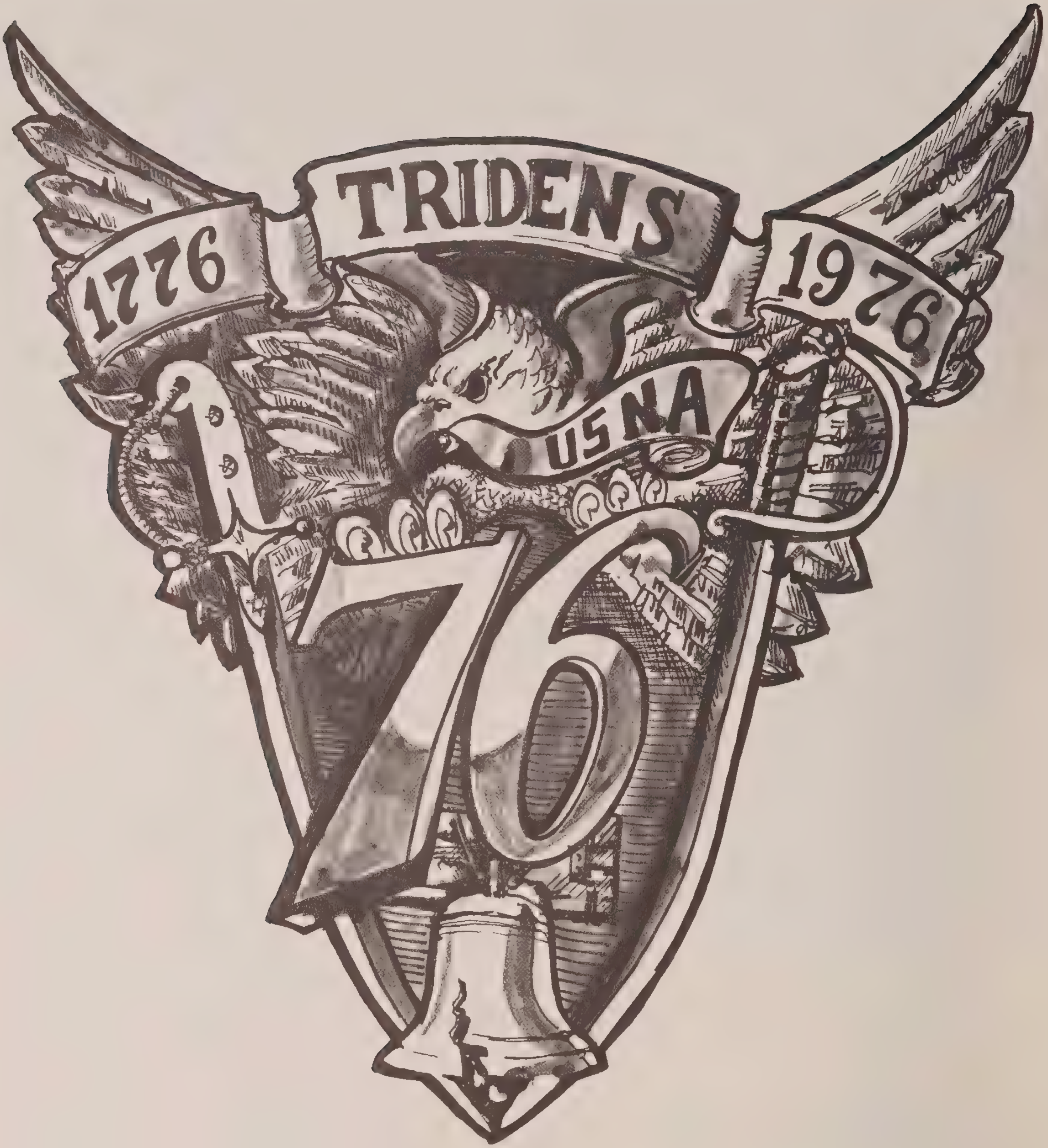


The Class of 1976 adopted this distinctive crest as its symbol of unity and as a tribute to our country's 200th anniversary. The eagle, our symbol of strength and freedom, dominates the crest, flanked by the swords of the two powerful arms of our Naval Service, the Navy and United States Marine Corps.

The ribbon at the top declares two centuries of growth through sea power. Sea power is the vital element so necessary for freedom of the seas and the right to worship God in our own land.

The liberty bell at the base reminds us of the solid foundation of the Constitution of the United States, upon which our forefathers built our country. The Class of 1976 stands boldly in the center, ever ready to defend the Constitution against all those who would want to destroy it.

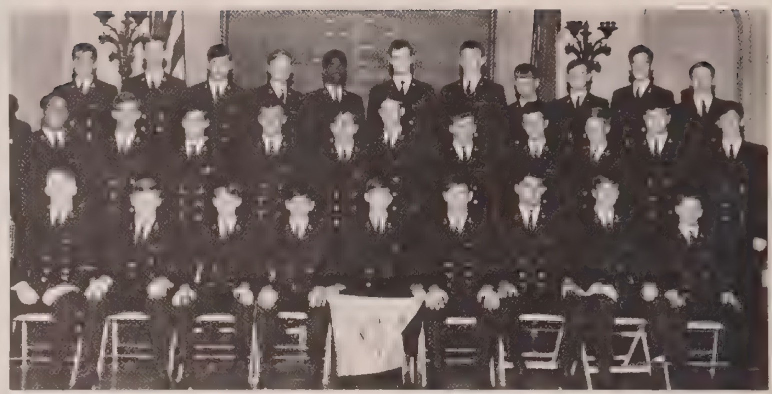
We are proud to be a part of the United States Naval Academy's Class of 1976, the United States Navy, and most importantly—a part of America.

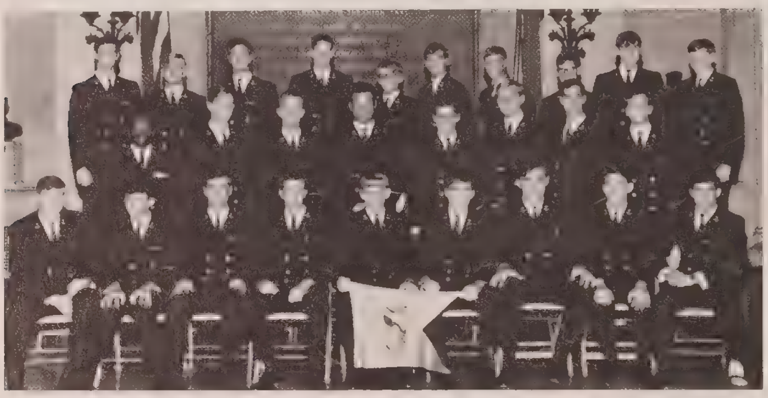
FRONT ROW: M. BUFLOD, M. AGOR, K. DEAN, J. JOLICOEUR, R. OHANSON, F. ORTLOFF, J. BALL, R. CATLIFF, R. HAMMOND, W. GERRARD
MIDDLE ROW: J. FOX, J. ENGELS, D. BEALER, R. SOMERS, C. HILL, C. DECKER, K. MONROE, J. KELLEY, B. VORGANG, W. LOEFFLER
REAR ROW: M. CLARKE, N. DAVIS, J. BUTLER, K. SICHAU, H. TYLER, G. LANGLEY, W. PISEZ, F. MURPHY, J. CARWILE, B. STUTSMAN

FRONT ROW: L. PIANO, D. DILUCENTE, D. MEYER, E. JUBB, M. FUSSELMAN, G. LITTLEJOHN, H. WHALEN, T. THEDY, J. MOBLEY
MIDDLE ROW: D. CORSBERG, R. GREEN, M. UHRON, P. WHITNEY, C. HANDLEY, D. THIEME, P. FOWLER, G. BICKSELL, M. ANTHONY, H. NEIGHBOUR
REAR ROW: D. HAINES, J. PAQUETTE, D. THOMPSON, J. NEUFELD, T. SPROWLS, E. BUCKLEY, P. DEVERILL, C. SNEE, D. ROBBINS, R. SMITH

FRONT ROW: S. WALLEY, G. BLUME, T. STEINER, J. CHRISTMAN, R. ALEXANDER, D. DEGOES, R. EMMEL, S. NIMITZ, J. STURM
MIDDLE ROW: O. STANFIELD, S. EVANS, A. BLACKY, M. WALKER, E. WILLIAMSON, R. WEISS, P. GARY, J. WHITSETT, R. GOFF, R. O'DONNELL
REAR ROW: J. GROVER, W. SHEPPARD, S. McWILLIAMS, A. MARTIN, D. McGUIRE, H. WILLIS, J. THOMPSON, D. BARCLAY, T. LEPPEARD, P. WIETLISBACH, W. STRANGE

FRONT ROW: W. McMINN, M. BACON, M. KISER, V. SANCHEZ, S. GIORGIS, J. GARNEY, M. KELLY, B. WEBSTER, R. SEIZERT
MIDDLE ROW: G. MOORE, B. INGHAM, W. DAZE, C. MIHALKO, D. FISHER, M. McKENNY, R. EMMERSON, R. CHRONISTER, R. PRATT, M. LOGAR, M. MURTON
REAR ROW: A. CHENAULT, R. MACDOUGALL, J. SCHUMACHER, S. HASTINGS, L. PAYTON, D. CROWSON, B. NORTHRIDGE, G. BROCK, F. CRAFT, D. GUTHE, P. BOLE





FRONT ROW: L. SPARR, D. MANTILLA, G. SPRAITZAR, J. MANN, D. HERRINGTON, J. PETERSEN, R. FECKLER, M. PRENDERGAST, R. AMEEN
MIDDLE ROW: W. VICTORIAN, R. McNEILL, B. CLARK, R. GRADNEY, A. HANKET, F. FAUER, T. BREMER, J. POOLE
REAR ROW: R. DAPRATO, T. CRINER, W. BEESON, P. JOHNSON, G. WADOWIEC, D. DESILVA, D. WATTS, M. TOBIN, G. WEST, R. BUTT

FRONT ROW: M. CLEMENTS, W. DASILVA, S. KOVALEC, J. KNIGHT, E. KILBOURN, D. COGGAN, T. HARTER, E. NEIDLINGER, S. KOHLER,
MIDDLE ROW: R. PAPAK, G. MUNN, J. BLASKO, R. PETROKA, J. JANOSEK, M. WALDROP, L. REPUCCI, T. PANIK
REAR ROW: M. WILLIAMS, H. BUTLER, W. HARNEY, J. GILLESPIE, S. BEATON, M. MOORE, C. SHARPERSON, J. CANTU, A. CHAMPION

FRONT ROW: C. TRUDE, J. GARDINER, S. RAHER, H. GAITHER, S. REED, W. OSTENDORFF, F. DIAL, B. HINKLEY, S. KAPITAN
MIDDLE ROW: F. INZIRILLO, S. SIZEMORE, P. OLIVIERI, J. RAVOLD, C. RENNER, C. LANGFORD, D. DOBBERT, W. JAKULBOWSKI, H. FOSTER, J. NEPSHINSKY
REAR ROW: J. VOLKERT, D. VENLET, S. KUNDRAT, R. BROTERTON, S. LEDBETTER, F. HURD, E. WOUMNM, E. LEIDIGER, H. GREINKE, J. SCOTT

FRONT ROW: F. SEARL, R. DACANAY, P. HARRIS, R. GUILD, J. CALAHORRANO, B. CARTER, O. PAULDING, V. SMITH, E. BROWN
MIDDLE ROW: P. NEVITT, M. REDDIX, C. STATEN, R. STUTLER, P. ABBOTT, S. TEAL, S. WILEY, T. TIELKING, T. HESKETH, D. BOZEMAN
REAR ROW: J. PAGAN, S. EMSLIE, L. MOSS, B. SCOTT, J. GAULT, G. ESTEP, T. REILLY, M. KARSNER, S. EWERS, R. PUTT

FRONT ROW: P. MIZESKO, J. EPPS, R. MITCHELL, W. HAWN, R. NATHANSON, C. LITZ, J. HANN, D. WARD, A. COBBLE
MIDDLE ROW: R. PETERMAN, L. MAYS, W. CRAIGHILL, J. MACIESCZYK, R. TREITZ, S. GRAY, H. ESTABROOKS, M. DAILEY, L. SPOSATO, J. DRERUP
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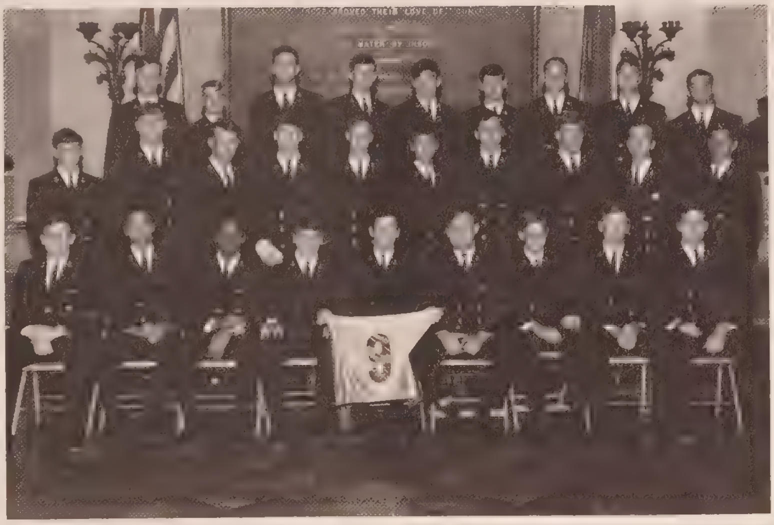

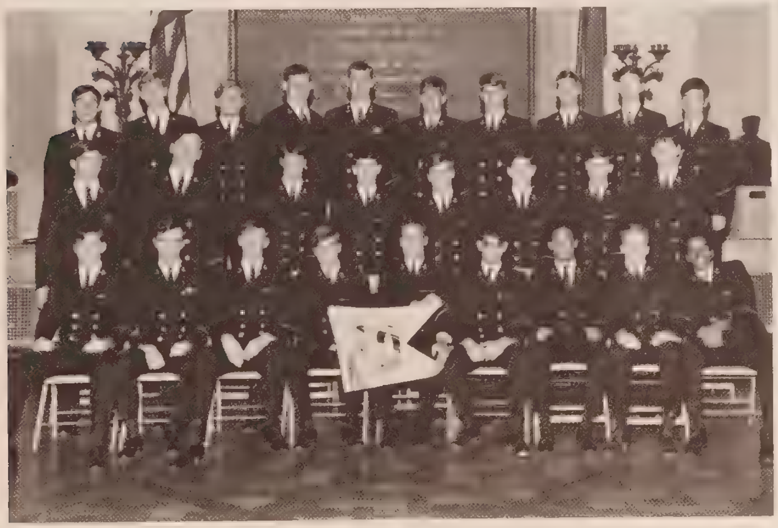

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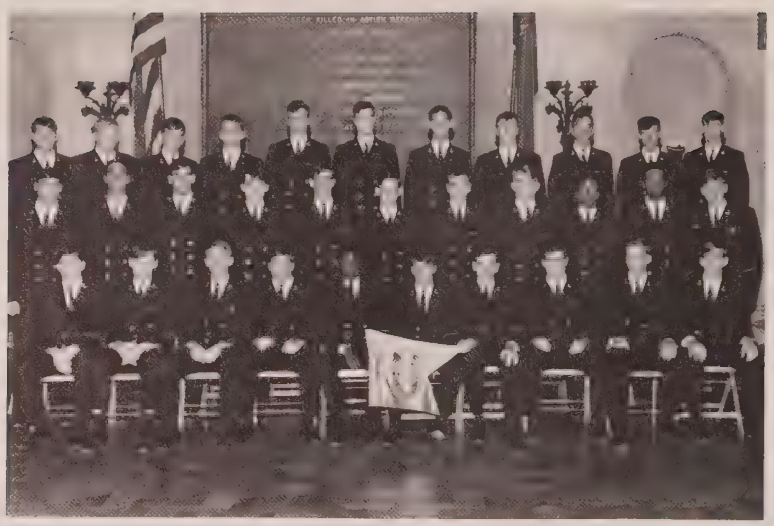
MIDDLE ROW: A GAMBONE, J. SHEPARD, L. MEMMINGER, T. DOWELL, A. GERTSCH, D. COLT, R. McHUBH, A. ROSS
REAR ROW: S. EWELL, P. DELONG, W. ZOBEL, B. LAUER, B. MARSHALL, F. HUGHES, J. DAVIS, D. LASKOWSKI, K. CRAIN, P. GRANT



FRONT ROW: K. KIDD, M. SWIRMICKY, K. KOCHSMEIR, M. DUFFY, A. SEIDE, C. BUSH, C. SCOPPA, M. CHIDLEY, R. OFTEDAL, G. GREENWOOD
MIDDLE ROW: S. SOULES, P. SIWEK, B. LEONARD, D. SAMUELSON, D. LOVE, D. WARD, J. MARRIN, T. JONES, B. FRANKLIN, J. SPARKS, C. DARNALL
REAR ROW: S. YAEGER, J. WILLIAMS, J. McKHEE, F. PAGE, M. BROWN, P. RICHARDSON, S. KATCHER, D. FLEISCHMAN, C. DIRIENZO, W. CASEY, R. BARDEN

FRONT ROW: S. O'CONNOR, M. STEVENS, H. BRYSONS, R. CARPER, B. DAVISON, C. HOFFMAN, C. HARGO, S. CHAPMAN, P. GATEWOOD
MIDDLE ROW: B. HINGLE, R. BRUNSON, D. KITCHIN, M. BENSON, S. DAUGHETY, M. MOORE, F. HORNE, M. THURWANGER, S. ALBANESE, F. CARDOZA
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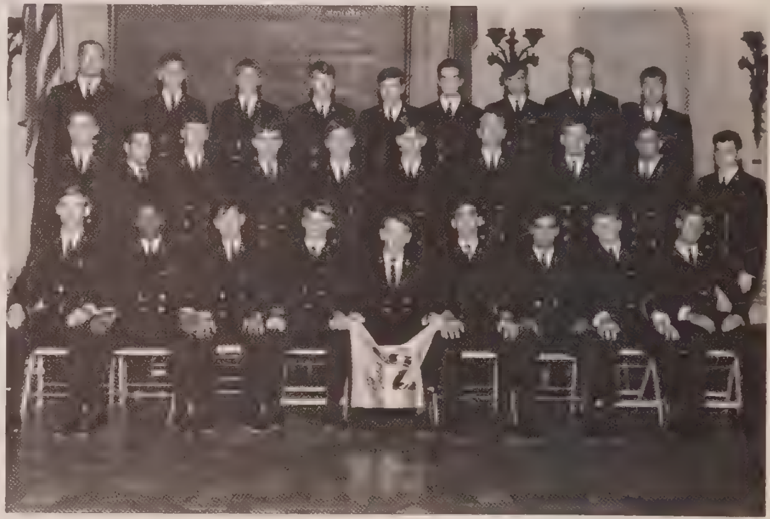

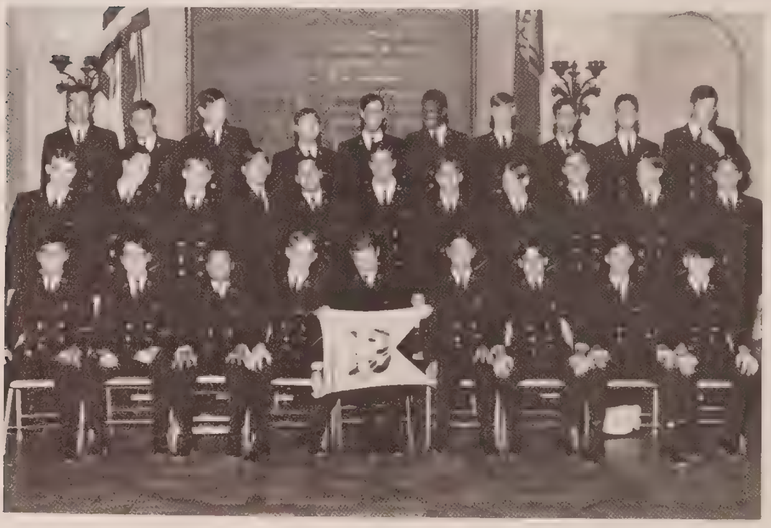

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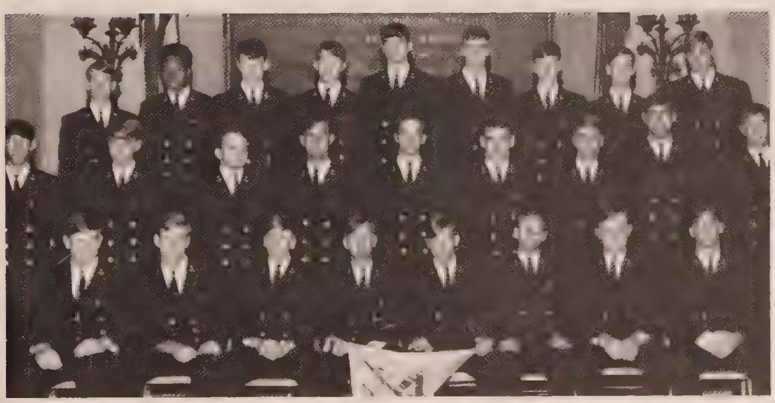
REAR ROW: K. KENNEDY, G. BATTI, M. KOONE, J. MOORE, B. BAGNALL, C. BROWN, J. BAUMAN, D. GRIFFITH, G. WOLFRUM, A. COMO



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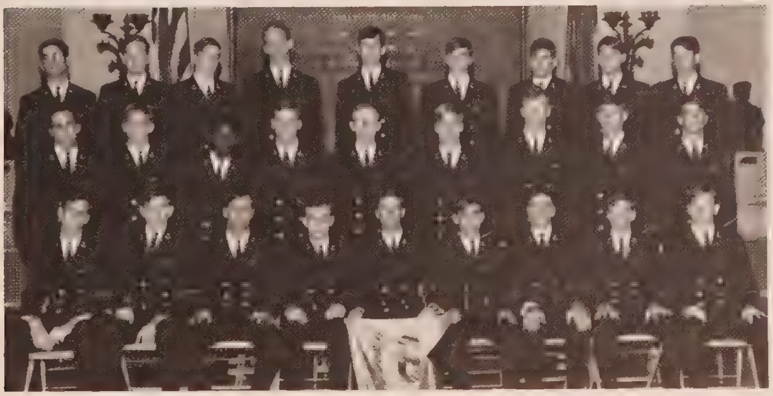
REAR ROW: R. EIKENRODIE, E. HOLMES, E. YOUNGBORG, J. STAHURA, D. KEENE, J. WILCKENS, J. TOMLIN, R. GALLAGHER, W. PFANDL

FRONT ROW: K. CURLEY, T. PUMPHREY, B. BAUMAN, T. BLANCO, H. BARLOW, R. LETT, M. FRANCISCO, S. LONG, J. TANDY, J. SCHAEFFER, C. TOWER
MIDDLE ROW: F. HAUCK, P. NEWMAN, M. GOLDEN, C. HANSON, M. WEST, L. ERDMAN, S. VON DOLLEN, J. MEDINA, D. MITCHELL, M. HALLORAN, C. SHAFFER
REAR ROW: B. PARKER, M. SMITH, B. LEYTEM, M. O'HARE, M. McCONNELL, M. YAEGER, T. PENNEKAMP, M. ALLSHOUSE, M. BRITTINGHAM, G. HARRELL, R. BADSGUARD, J. PETTIT, D. WINTERS



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MIDDLE ROW: W. SILLIMAN, D. MANNERS, K. LEONARD, L. DAVIS, R. HOLLOWAY, C. McDONALD, G. PARKS, L. MUCZYNSKI
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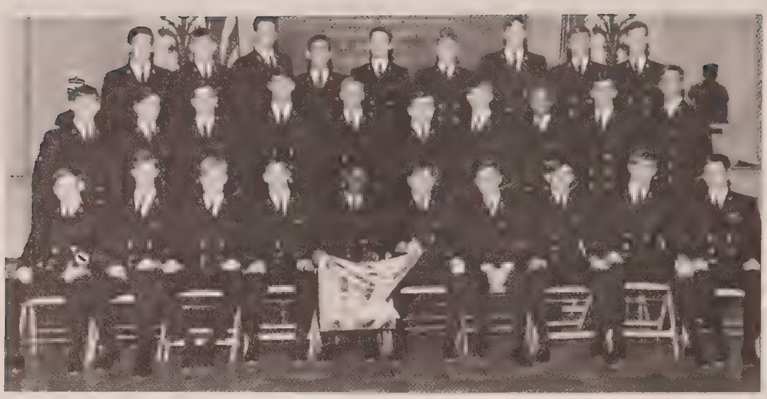

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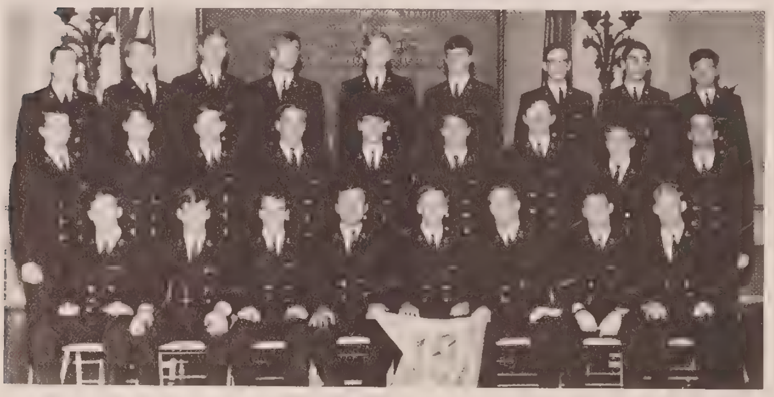
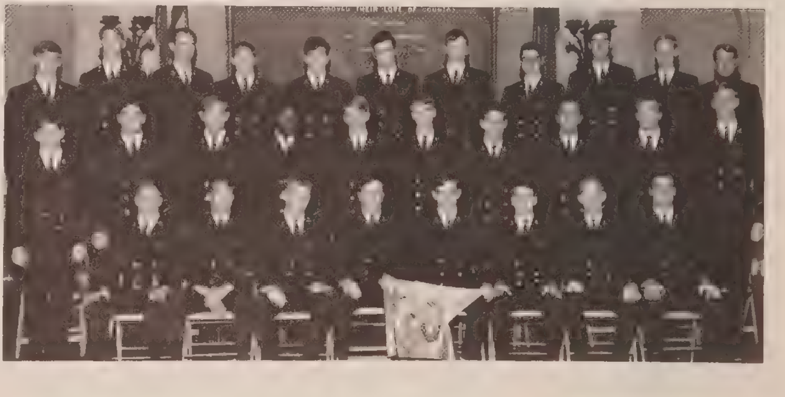
MIDDLE ROW: J. KOCBECK, B. DOLAN, C. McFARLAND, G. HESSENAUER, P. DUKE, P. O'BRIEN, M. DRENNAN, J. SMITH, D. FRETZ, C. AMES
REAR ROW: G. JEWETT, S. HINRICHS, C. OPEL, K. BOLIN, J. MORO, J. VIRDEN, M. PEARSALL, R. WEISERT, D. SIMONS

FRONT ROW: F. JOHNSON, J. McALILEY, R. ANDERS, L. COOK, J. WADE, R. HANNA, D. STIVER, J. LOCKS, K. LOMBART
MIDDLE ROW: J. KLEFISCHI, J. HUTCHISON, E. GARDNER, J. MULLINER, R. BASS, S. BREAUX, M. BOSWORTH, M. TRENOR
REAR ROW: D. MEYER, W. SHARP, G. MOE, J. BICKINGS, R. McCURDY, J. GREENE, G. BLACK, J. SWANSON, C. GORUM, D. KERRICK



FRONT ROW: J. DAVIS, J. WHITAKER, D. CRISALLI, R. ELIZALDE, R. BENT, R. FRANKHOUSE, A. MANZI, K. GRIFFITHS
MIDDLE ROW: K. WRIGHT, L. RAITHEL, T. PATTERSON, R. HAST, M. HOFFMAN, P. McKIM, T. FREDERICK, R. MITISKA, R. CULLER
REAR ROW: G. MUELLER, G. McKINNEY, R. STEINHAVER, B. MASON, M. FRONZAK, R. PARMAN, P. PASKEY, F. SWIERSKI, R. BRUNNGRABER

FRONT ROW: M. LEFEVER, P. STUBEZ, R. PALMER, R. McNALLY, E. CHENOWETH, M. DAILY, D. MILLS, T. COLELLA
MIDDLE ROW: T. VENIER, S. ZACHARZUK, T. TEATERS, E. FORD, E. WOOLDRIDGE, S. O'CONNELL, G. JOHNSON, E. EDARD, W. MEEKS, G. DAVIS
REAR ROW: C. MOELLER, P. CORRELL, R. SHAFFER, C. BROWN, D. CROOM, T. DYGARD, M. MILLER, D. MESSENGER, P. WILYELM, D. PETERSON, D. PORLIER



FRONT ROW: J. LEWIS, J. DENNIS, D. McDANIEL, C. KIDD, M. SEFERT, M. HYLWALK, R. AGUENZA, C. NAPORA
MIDDLE ROW: P. TRACY, G. RAU, F. ERIKSON, T. ANDERSON, M. O'LOUGHLIN, M. MARRIOT, S. ANDERSON, P. PRICE
REAR ROW: J. JOHNSON, J. SCOTT, B. BEVARD, D. ACKERSON, R. CONNELY, D. SOLLIDAY, T. BOSSE, D. SKRAJEWSKI, R. JONES, P. BRADY

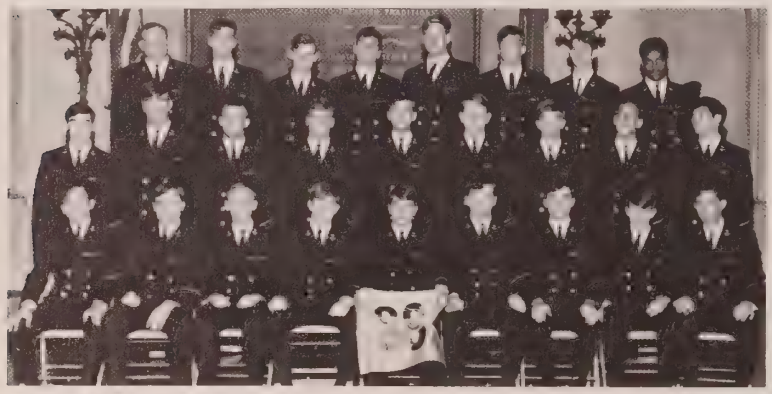
FRONT ROW: B. IVERSON, J. SAMPLE, D. SWEEDE, S. WEST, D. TIBBETTS, S. HAUGE, R. HAMME, C. BOYD, H. LISLE
MIDDLE ROW: D. SCHAUS, P. ROLLINS, E. JETER, J. SNODGRASS, P. NALLY; E. ROESKE, J. ROTTAR, L. SPAIN, A. CLARK
REAR ROW: J. McCLAIN, T. SMITH, J. BRINK, R. OLSEN, K. DONALDSON, G. SUTHERLAND, P. KLEIN, A. SCHMIDT, J. MANLEY, R. CAULK, Z. HARRISON

FRONT ROW: D. CROSSMAN, M. REGISH, J. KOHLER, R. LATIMER, R. NAVILLE, D. STEUDLER, R. NAVARRE, T. ZELIBAR, E. JACKSON
MIDDLE ROW: J. COVERICK, R. RHYNE, J. WATKINS, A. LENZI, D. HARRISON, W. ROGERS, J. THERIAULT, C. PHILLIPS
REAR ROW: R. FALOTICO, K. HIGGINBOTHAM, R. FEDICH, J. RICHARDSON, P. GALLATI, K. CHEATHAM, T. PRICE, M. KAPSCH, J. LEGERSKI

FRONT ROW: J. KERR, W. GLENNEY, C. RUMFLET, A. VANDERSCHAAF, L. WASHINGTON, L. SACCOCCIO, S. MOORE, M. LINN, D. HART
MIDDLE ROW: R. SEARS, L. BELL, L. THOMAS, L. ROBERTSON, M. SCHWEER, C. GRAZEL, M. WITT, M. CURRY, P. CORNELL
REAR ROW: S. FONK, M. SCONE, J. FOY, J. MARK, J. TITSWORTH, D. PALETTI, C. HUDSON, T. O'HAGAN, R. CLIPP, K. BEEKS

FRONT ROW: D. COPENHAVER, A. BROWN, R. DIXON, K. THOMPSON, E. BLOXOM, J. WOOD, M. CROW, H. WHITE, R. MAZZA
MIDDLE ROW: B. COOK, W. CHAMBERLIN, D. MORAN, C. RUDIGER, S. TAYLOR, N. JENSEN, M. EDWARDS, E. WILEY

REAR ROW: J. MACALLISTER, M. GRISCHY, D. BELL, J. BROWNELL, K. LASER, R. KENNY, J. TAPLETT, A. DAVISON, W. HARRIS, G. HAPLEA



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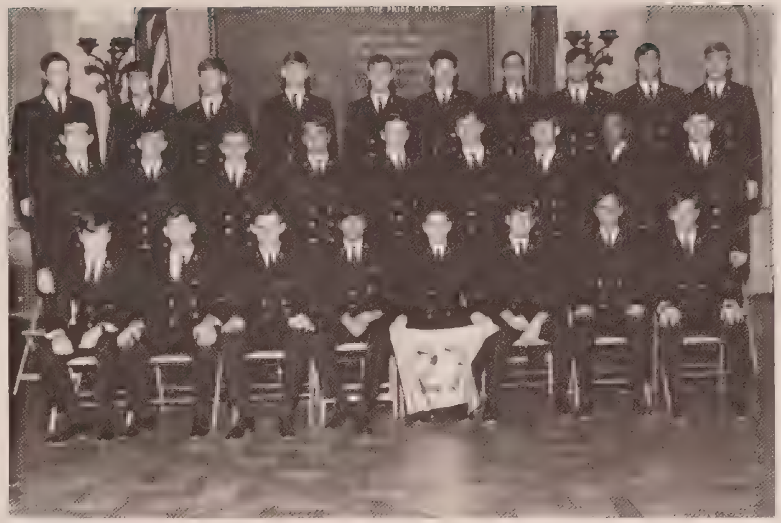
MIDDLE ROW: J. STALEY, T. KENNEDY, C. CUSTER, H. BLAIR, D. DEFORD, C. WEBER, T. ABBOTT, V. NEVES, S. NAKAGUMA
REAR ROW: F. DEVEREUX, M. WILLY, P. KOMPIS, E. HARPER, D. DYKHUIZEN, D. FORD, M. HUBBARD, G. JENKINS

FRONT ROW: R. MILLER, M. HUGHES, D. GALIK, D. YEE, J. STAMOS, A. VIOLANTE, S. STROBEL, R. KASPERS
MIDDLE ROW: D. TRIBOUT, J. LOVASZ, T. HAGEN, S. JENKINS, M. McKINNEY, M. WELTSCH, D. SMITH, D. CURTIS, T. MURRAY
REAR ROW: T. FARRELL, K. NICELY, K. WHITAKER, J. GRAYSON, S. HALL, D. SNEERINGER, T. HARRIS, G. WILLET, T. TRAAEN, R. ANDA



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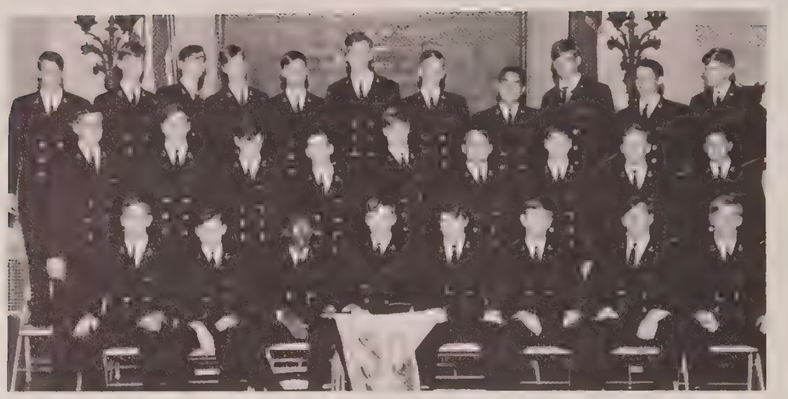

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REAR ROW: B. MILLER, K. McNAMARA, R. SCHULLER, C. ANDERSON, J. BLISS, S. CHAMPLIN, P. VARSANYI, S. CLARK

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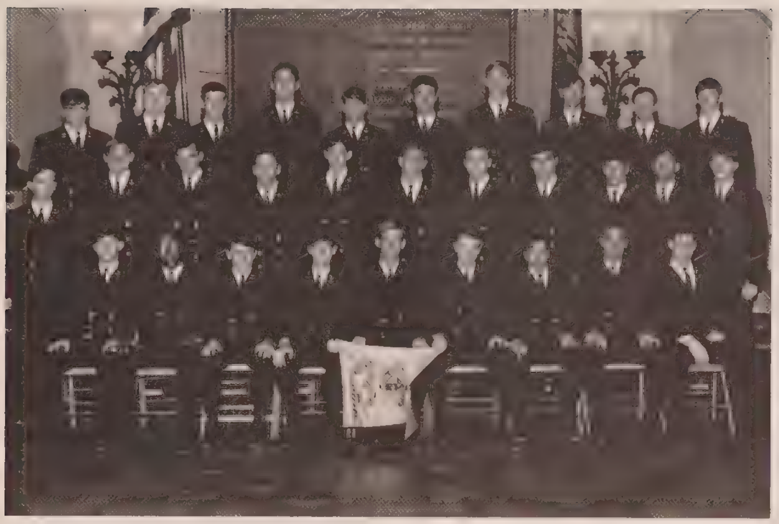

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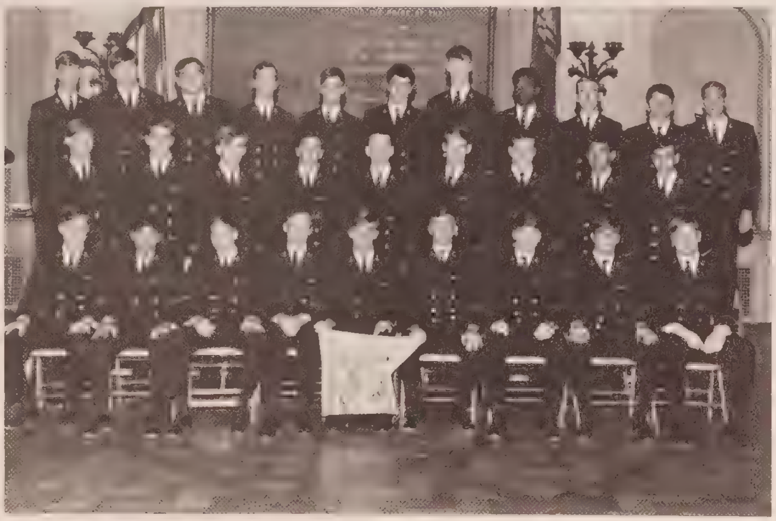

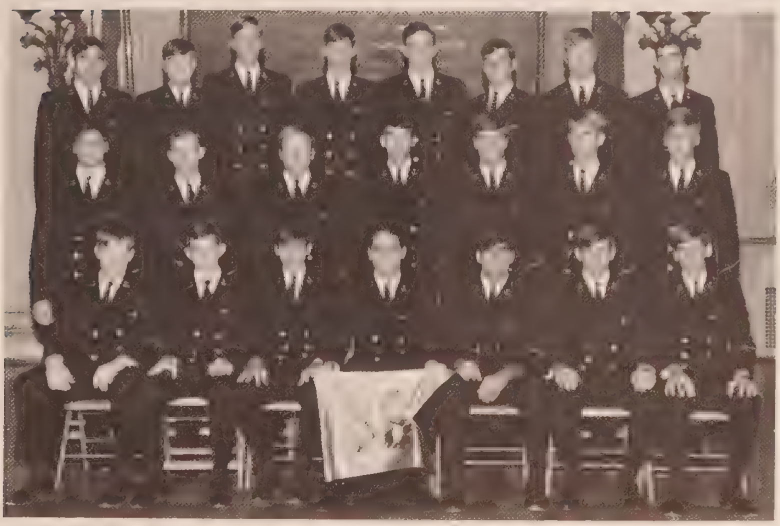

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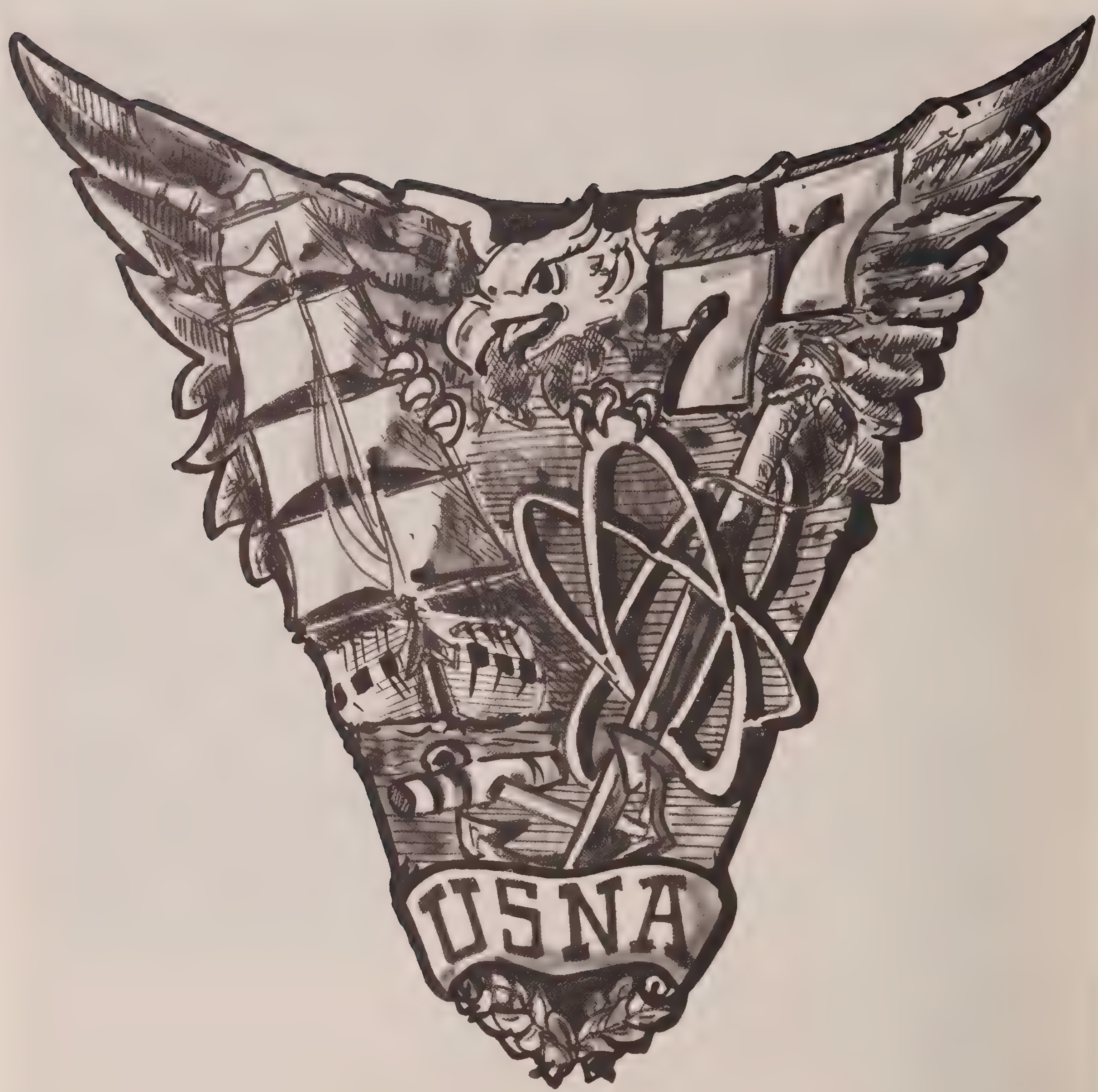
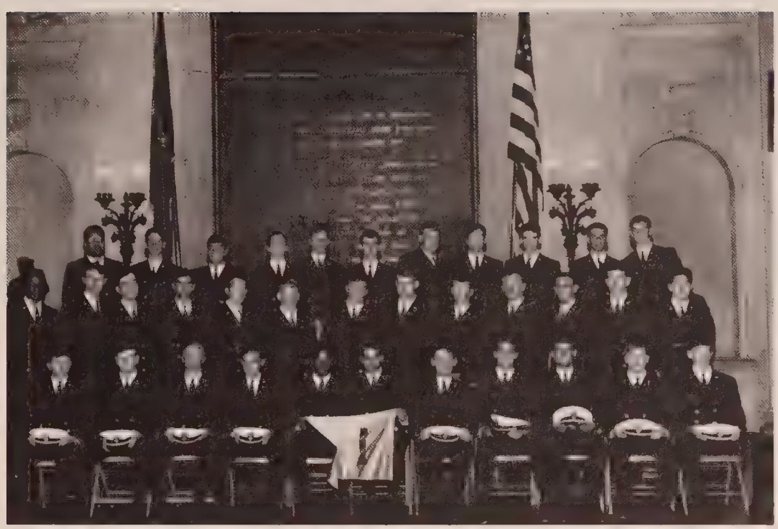


The eagle, with its enormous spreading wings, representing the United States and its heritage, is grasping the past and future of the Naval Service. Resting on the nuclear emblem of the future, looking forward to accomplishment, the Class of 77 will use the strength of the mighty sailing ship of the past, reflecting on the legend "tall ships, tall men", as a foundation for its growth. The sword, a symbol of midshipmen, exemplifies the leadership acquired during the years at the Naval Academy. The anchor reflects upon the Brigade of Midshipmen and its memories. The olive branch is an indication of the class crest's conception at a time when our Nation was not in combat on foreign shores for the first time in over a decade, and the hope that USNA '77 would have the opportunity to maintain peace with honor.



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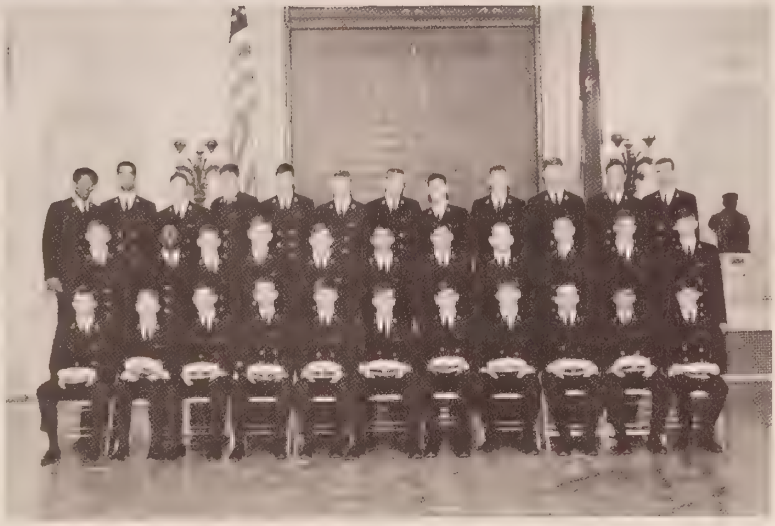

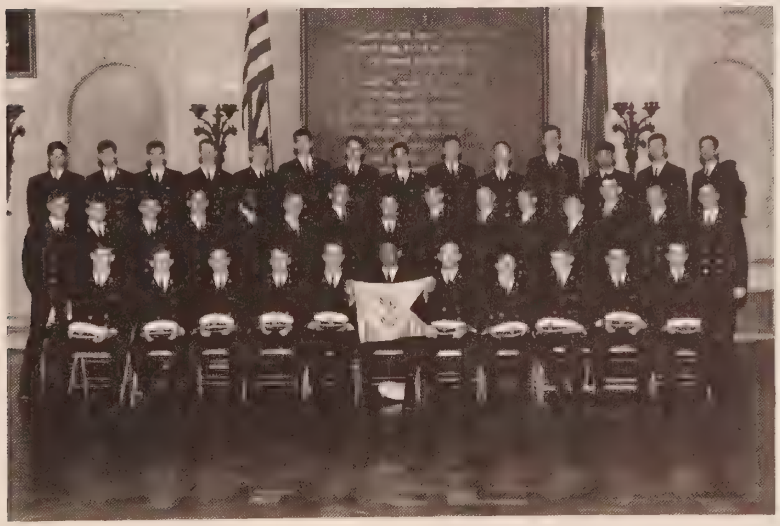

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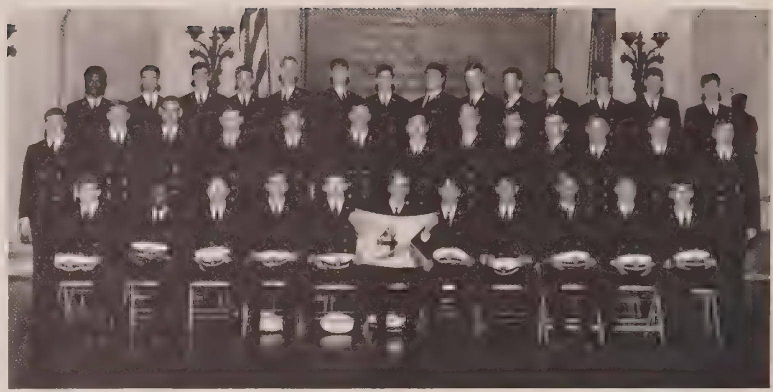

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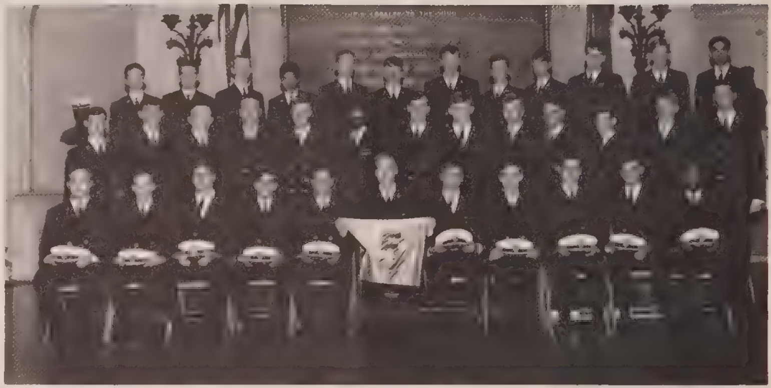

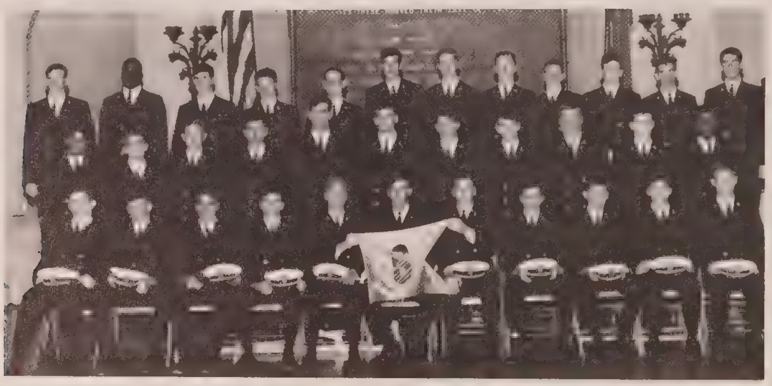

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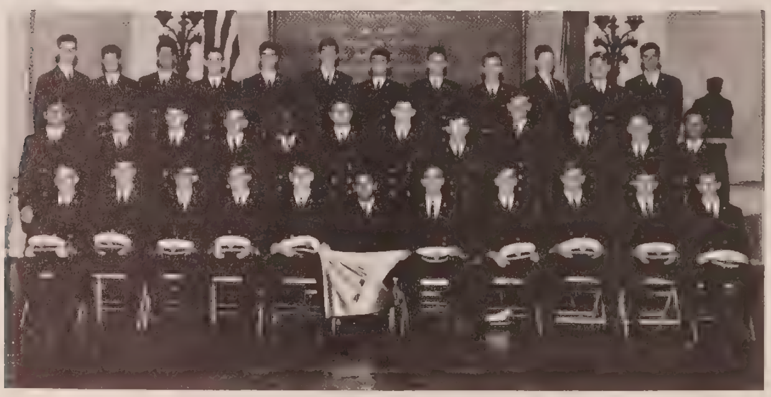
MIDDLE ROW: V. WILLIAMS, R. DERBY, J. JENKINS, W. FROST, G. LIONII, D. COSS, D. REIDY, K. SPANGENBERG, R. CREVIER, R. LAWTON, D. OLLIVER
REAR ROW: M. BOILER, R. DUPLESSIS, R. LAMB, G. MONTGOMERY, M. THORP, P. SATNER, H. BRUS, R. KIRSTEN, D. ALLSOPP, R. HOFNER, C. LAUGHLIN, J. ZBERG



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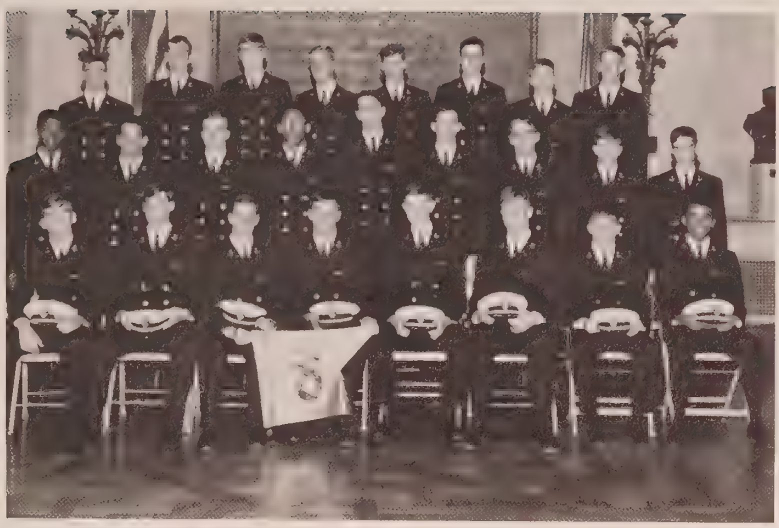

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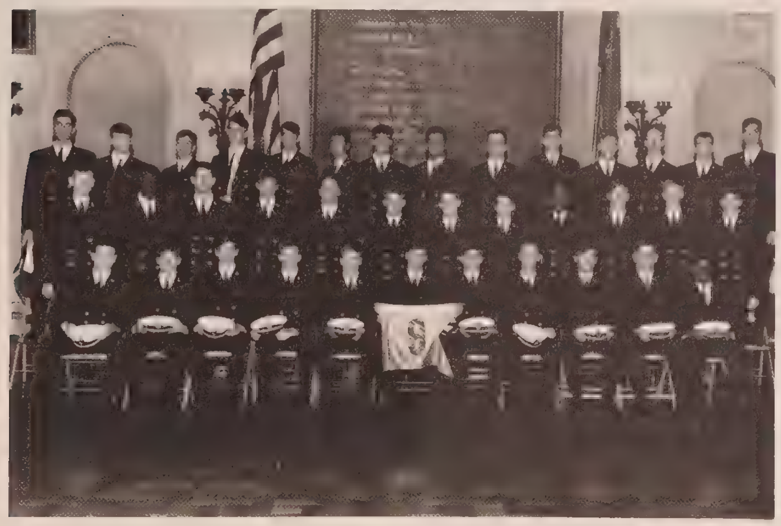

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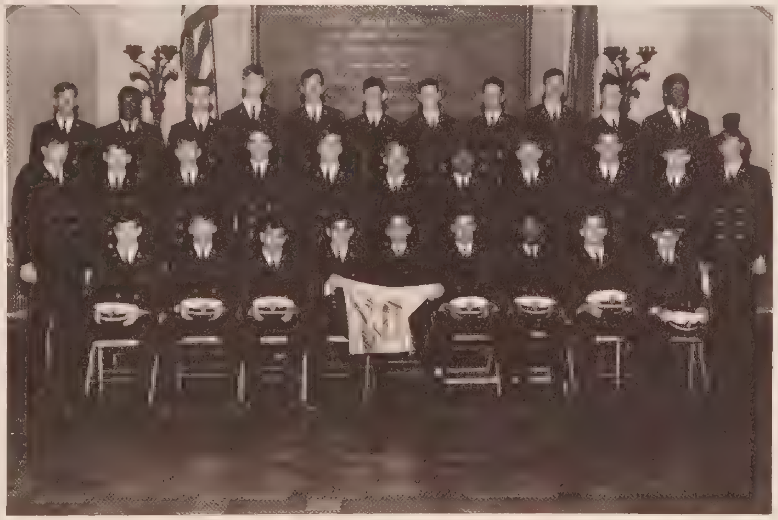

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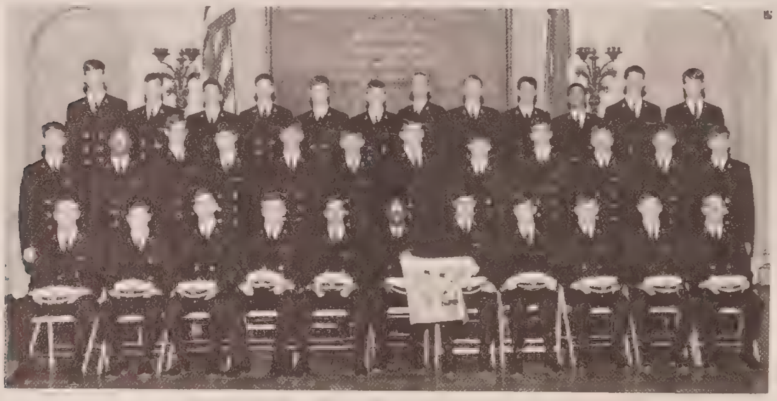

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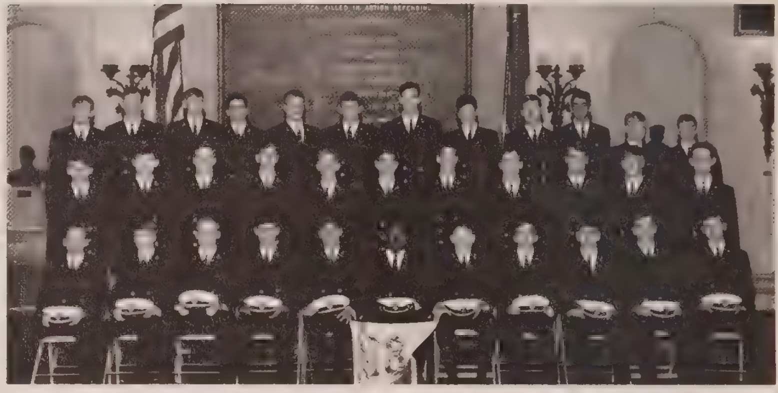
FRONT ROW: D. JOHNSON, D. BEACH, A. HORN, M. BOSARGE, S. SIEGLER, M. McVAY, T. STEVENSON, J. WISECUP, J. ROBERTS, D. SMITH, D. FREEMAN, M. TOGUCHI
MIDDLE ROW: J. SMITH, T. LORENTZ, T. LINDNER, R. ATWOOD, R. McWHORTER, S. NEAL, J. CAESAR, M. HAMEL, C. KAST, S. HILL, D. COMIS, H. WITHERS
REAR ROW: D. KLIMEK, H. PRITCHETT, D. SCHWARTZKOPF, D. VALLERIE, J. CONNORS, T. FREY, M. HANSEL, M. DIUNIZIO, J. CHAMBERLAIN, S. BESCO, N. MILLWARD, G. VENERELLA

FRONT ROW: M. FORD, R. DODSWORTH, J. HAMRE, E. CHINN, B. CAMPBELL, R. SPEED, G. FOSTER, A. WILSON, P. JOHNSTON, C. GLAB, D. EVENSON
MIDDLE ROW: F. ELLIOTT, K. BROWNING, C. GARDNER, D. ISLEIB, G. MATRANGA, B. HAMBLIN, P. VARVARIS, M. LOSTED, D. KIRKMAN, D. WILLIAMS, J. CARDOSI
REAR ROW: J. GOULD, M. KOZICZ, R. CREAMER, S. MORRISSEY, D. HEUGHAN, R. MAGEE, B. CALDERWOOD, G. McCARTHY, S. O'BRIEN, B. STEIN, B. VENOHR, T. THOMAS



FRONT ROW: T. ALDERN, W. ANDERSON, D. MIESTER, D. ZIEMBA, M. SEMENTELLI, D. SMITH, J. LINENGER, H. HIGH, C. TACOOSIN, J. O'CONNOR, J. MARQUES, D. O'LONE
MIDDLE ROW: J. KERNAN, G. FALZETTA, W. JONES, T. ELLINWOOD, M. DAIGLE, D. ELLIOTT, A. VERHOFSTADT, T. SLAVINSKI, J. MILLER, A. THOMAS, T. EASON, M. CLARK, R. SHEPPARD
REAR ROW: W. PETERS, A. HEGEMAN, R. GOODRUM, C. RYAN, G. BOOKER, C. KRCHA, M. CALFEE, M. CARON, C. McCARTHY, M. SATTISON, M. MYERS, P. COLMAN, K. LOCKETT

FRONT ROW: B. SMITH, B. CHRISTENSEN, G. GRAY, R. CURRENT, P. CAMERON, W. HIRKO, D. DOWD, J. DUDAS, P. DIEGO, M. SCULLIN, M. LAVIANO, B. ROBERTS
MIDDLE ROW: B. WILBUR, K. CLARK, J. BAUMGARDNER, S. KERKHOF, W. REPETA, J. HARTIGAN, D. GRIMES, R. KUEHNE, J. BRANSON, P. ENGEL, D. SMART, N. CALDWELL
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FRONT ROW: D. BAYSIC, J. SPENSER, J. CHILDRESS, E. MOORE, R. THOMPSON, C. WHITZEL, J. LEARY, S. HARPER, M. TREMBLE, G. DAVIS
MIDDLE ROW: W. BRADLEY, M. ALCAMO, M. CHABAL, R. UHDE, R. BELL, D. THOMPSON, R. SIMMONS, B. D'AMICO, M. JOHNSON, G. RICE, D. ANDERSON, J. BLAKE
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FRONT ROW: M. TUCKER, R. HOLMAN, G. WALDRON, F. CHRZANOWSKI, T. OSSECK, S. COGGINS, R. WOOD, D. WIGGINS, R. McGRAW, C. PAGANO, M. SNOW, E. GARCIA
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REAR ROW: C. COOK, L. PERUFFO, J. ROBERTS, D. HOUSEHOLDER, C. BOLEY, G. THIESSEN, J. WILSON, R. MARCANTONIO, W. NASH, R. PRODOEHL, C. SARGENT, J. STEINMULLER, J. CLOWARD, W. PATTERSON

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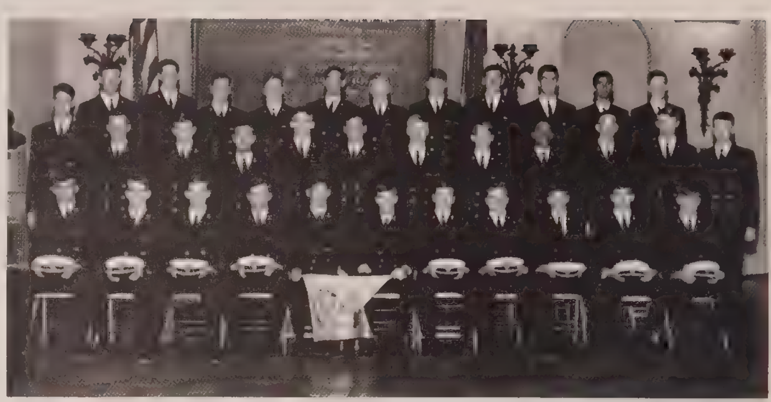

FRONT ROW: E. YETSKO, P. WAGNER, G. NAVVARETTE, K. SHELDON, D. BROADWATER, R. STEWARD, D. ALAND, M. BAIN, R. WALL, F. HARVEY, L. TAYLOR, G. MILES
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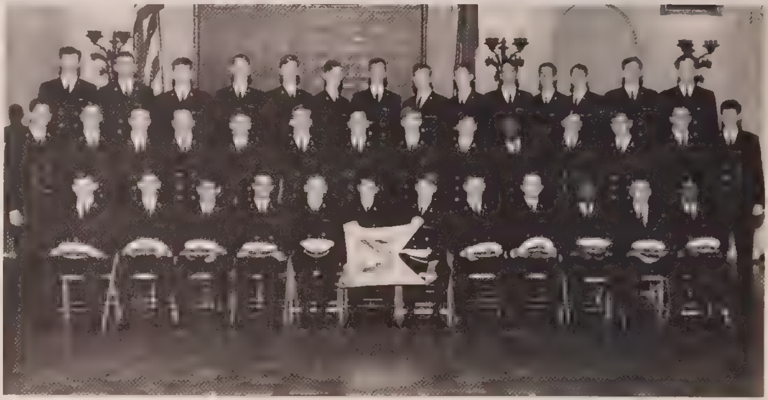
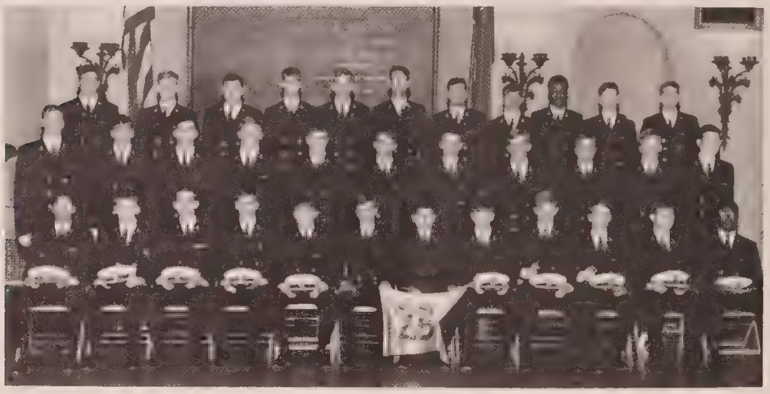
REAR ROW: S. McNALLY, J. AMYX, J. McGOWAN, M. McCORD, A. PIERCE, B. STUVER, P. REINHART, M. STURM, S. SHEPHARD, D. BUSCH, M. BRUNSKILL, P. MISIEWICZ, D. CARL, J. REINHART





FRONT ROW: R. BOOKER, K. WILLIAMS, G. WHITACRE, T. PICKLES, D. DOWNER, P. LEBLANC, E. BALLESTEROS, B. NICHOLS, C. CLEAVER, D. BRADY, D. WOOD, D. DONNELLY
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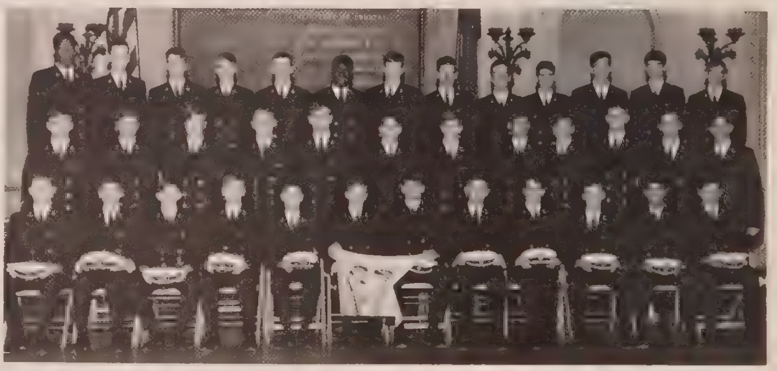

FRONT ROW: R. HUMPHREY, D. MURPHY, J. WILTON, D. WILKINSON, M. MacNAMARA, J. STORTO, J. BLASKO, J. HEW, R. ARRELANO, C. PERRY, B. GRAY
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MIDDLE ROW: D. GORMAN, T. HOPKINS, M. OTWELL, M. JONES, J. HERR, A. ANGLEMAN, M. WADSWORTH, G. LOVAN, J. DRANCHAK
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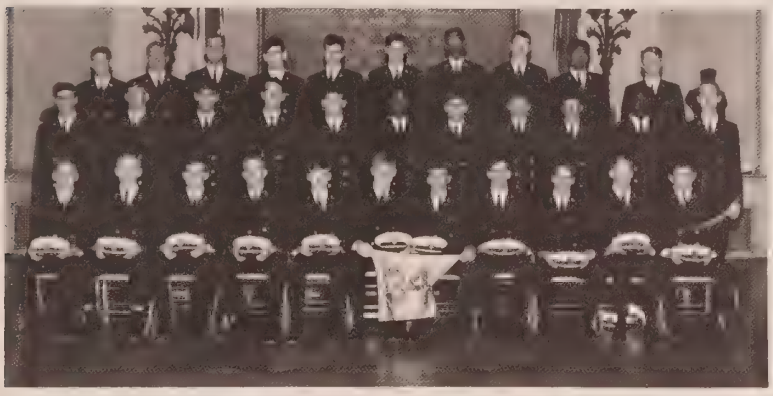
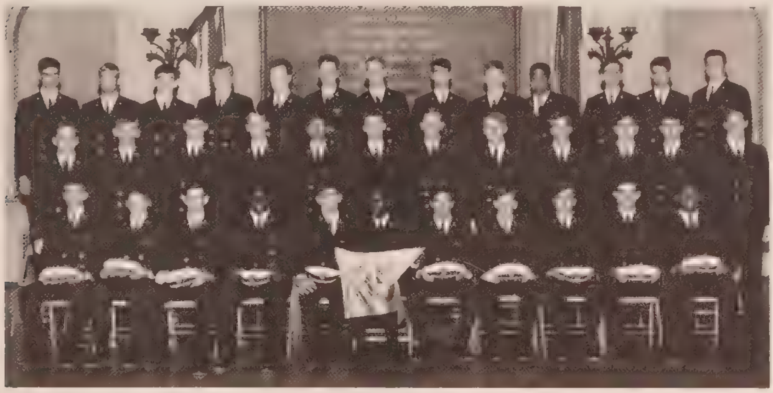
FRONT ROW: S. FOGARTY, J. WASHINGTON, J. CLARK, G. SMITH, B. STULB, S. OLMSTEAD, S. JACKSON, M. MAGNOTTI, R. SHEPPARD, J. ROWAN, G. ELLIS
MIDDLE ROW: J. MOORE, B. CONDRY, J. POLLARI, S. ORCUTT, T. COOK, M. COULBOURNE, J. MORIER, K. TIBBITS, J. BETHMANN, J. LOCKLEY, R. BROWN, M. BRADLEY
REAR ROW: P. BRISTOL, J. McKINNEY, D. WADE, R. VESSELS, J. FAIRBANKS, P. VELZEBOER, R. VOYTEK, G. FULLERTON, R. BOZMAN, H. CORNETT, P. FALLON, J. CONNARD



FRONT ROW: J. KELLOGG, S. HANSON, D. FRANICH, D. ARMITAGE, J. KIERNAN, T. EDWARDS, B. BARTH, T. HAMILTON, R. COOK, D. JONES, M. McCLELAND
MIDDLE ROW: R. WALLACE, W. STEADMAN, M. HEROLD, M. BROWN, R. MENZ, D. OWINGS, M. MOORE, H. ROUSE, T. STENSTROM, E. McNAIR, K. KANIUT
REAR ROW: J. HUNSINGER, R. TRYGSTAD, S. COX, W. HARTMAN, P. MOMANY, J. McGUIRE, A. LONG, G. THOMPSON, R. McNEIL, D. GLOEB



FRONT ROW: P. PRZYBORSKI, K. ROUSE, J. HICKY, K. GRAHAM, J. LARE, L. BOOKER, C. WAHL, W. DURBIN, A. MOWBRAY, D. O'CONNOR, C. ROBINSON
MIDDLE ROW: M. BROWN, P. KNOESPEL, G. ERICSON, D. PYLE, G. LIZAMA, G. COFIELD, T. SALACKA, M. SOBCZAK, J. SHIELS, R. COAN, T. OVERTURF, C. LOWRY
REAR ROW: M. MUSSER, G. JIRAK, P. CROISETIERE, J. GARMON, S. MURPHY, C. FISHER, T. McKEE, D. LYNCH, C. FOSTER, R. SELDON, J. GARDNER, P. NORTON, M. STEPANOVICH

FRONT ROW: P. FINLEY, A. McKINLAY, K. MOSLEY, B. OLSEN, R. McMILLAN, G. KORCHOWSKI, K. HOSTETTER, R. KENNEDY
MIDDLE ROW: C. JAMISON, D. BUTLER, M. KIRK, T. WHITE, W. PATTERSON, P. HOLLICH, F. HOUSTON, S. SCOTT, J. HENDRIX
REAR ROW: M. TRUEBLOOD, C. AUGUST, F. VOGT, J. WARREN, J. CASEY, C. PARAMORE, J. MAHAR, M. REED, E. SHEWBRIDGE

THE CLASS OF 1974

Abriam, Ariel	170	AIR
Acree, Russell Garnett Jr	191	NL
Adams, Richard Allen	343	AIR
Adams, Rickey Ted	306	NPP
Adkisson, Gregory Hugh	114	NL
Agnew, James Duncan	192	AIR
Ainsworth, Thomas Roy	162	AIR
Albano, Michael Charles	84	USMC
Alderson, Patrick Lee	88	USMC
Aldinger, William Tyson Jr	294	NL
Aldon, James Andrew	34	NL
Alexander, Earl Robert	123	AIR
Alford, David Charles	71	NPP
Alleman, Lew Earlington	258	NL
Ames, Morgan Paul Jr	314	NL
Andersen, Gary Wayne	357	AIR
Anderson, Lance Orville	123	AIR
Anderson, Richard Lewis	295	AIR
Anderson, Ross Earl III	314	NL
Anderson, Raymond Magnus III	248	NL
Anderson, Thomas Jay	120	AIR
Andrews, James Nielsen Jr	72	NL
Angel, Eddie Jefferson	344	AIR
Antanitus, David Joseph	146	NPP
Antonelli, John	230	NL
Ashcraft, Raymond Joseph	52	AIR
Ashton, Stuart Arthur Jr	19, 24	AIR
Avery, Stephen Sellers	257	AIR
Avveduti, Joseph Peter Jr	34	AIR
Ayers, Ronnie Lee	219	AIR
Ayres, William Thomas Jr	296	NL
Babcock, Earle Stanley	266	NL
Bachmann, Michael Charles	316	AIR
Bailey, Willcox Keith	72	NPP
Baker, Joe Franklin	204	AIR
Baker, William Calvert Jr	240	USMC
Baldwin, Donald Bruce	124	NPP
Ball, Fredrick Joseph	62	USMC
Ballard, Douglas Don	323	USMC
Barbera, James Harold	106	AIR
Barnes, Stephen Wayne	180	AIR
Barnett, William Eugene	243	NL (AIR)
Barhrett, Frank Stanley Jr	212	AIR
Barrett, James Douglas	333	NL
Barry, Kevin Michael	276	NL
Bartek, Stephen Anton	283	AIR
Bartlett, William James	62	USMC
Basilone, Garry Michael	283	AIR
Baucom, Charles McIntyre	93	AIR
Bayly, David Eugene	188	AIR
Beale, Charles Hoomes III	334	USMC
Beam, Doyle Houser	295	USMC
Beaudoin, William George	106	NPP
Beaulieu, Joey Donald	239	AIR

Becker, Michael David	196	USMC
Becker, Robert Myron	114	AIR
Bednar, George Arthur	248	NL
Behney, Gary Gene	19	NL
Belet, Robert	180	AIR
Belinki, Joseph Eugene	306	AIR
Benedict, Van Leslie	20, 24	AIR
Benere, Daniel Ernest	293	CEC
Bennett, David Wayne	189	SC
Bennett, William Andrew Jr	324	USMC
Benway, Charles Joseph	266	NL
Berg, Bernon Edward III	353	NL
Besch, David Lawrence	42	AIR
Blackburn, William Richard	250	AIR
Blanik, Mark Alan	323	USMC
Bloomquist, Douglas Leon	146	CEC
Boling, Ernest Monroe III	166	USMC
Bomberger, Charles Roy	343	NPP
Borchardt, John Andrew	224	NPP
Bosse, Michael Joseph	196	MED School
Bostich, Dennis Nick	362	AIR
Boswell, Mark MacGregor	93	NPP
Boswell, Mitchell Curtis	298	AIR
Boulay, William Joseph	146	NPP
Boustead, Barry Craig	170	AIR
Bowell, John Howard Jr	286	AIR
Boyd, James Thomas	159	NPP
Boyd, John Bruce	278	NL
Boyer, James Charles	44	AIR
Bradley, Richard John	304	AIR
Bramer, John Robert	44	NL
Branchflower, John Lyle	204	AIR
Brandon, Paul Aaron	240	NPP
Brannon, Charles Travis	344	AIR
Bregar, Theodore John	124	NL
Brewer, Stephen Jeffrey	299	NPP
Bristow, William Davis	193	NL
Brookman, Steven Paul	129	AIR
Brooks, James Norman	231	AIR
Brooks, Richard Earl	204	AIR
Brower, David Almy	192	NPP
Brown, John Robert	266	USMC
Brown, Kevin Donnelly	150	Law School
Brown, Martin Stevenson	159	NPP
Brown, Robert Stewart	219	NPP
Bruce, Robert Cleveland Jr	243	NPP
Brueckbauer, Roger Irvin II	175	AIR
Bruen, William Derry Jr	48	AIR
Bruno, John Christian Jr	248	USMC
Brunson, Bruce Hood	88	AIR
Buehrle, Jeffrey David	71	NL
Bullock, James Lee	124	NL
Bumgarner, Barry Gil	73	NPP
Burich, Stephen John III	152	AIR
Burns, Daniel Allen	353	NL
Burns, James Joseph	94	Med School
Busch, Steven John	308	NL
Butler, Kevin Francis	289	Res. Line
Butler, Willard Clinton Jr	146	NPP
Byers, Earl Louis II	362	AIR
Byram, Michael McBride	32	AIR
Cadwell, Bradley Hugh	275	AIR
Cagle, Benny Clyde	247	NPP
Calland, Albert Melrose III	257	Special Warfare
Camp Herman Harman	280	NL
Camp, Neil Wesley	160	AIR
Campbell, James Byron	44	NPP
Campbell, Michael Patrick	278	NL
Cannon, Charles Holbrook Jr	284	NPP
Caren, Mark Stanley	216	AIR
Carey, Patrick Leo	241	USMC
Carlson, John Eric III	131	NPP
Carnes, Michael Arthur	95	AIR
Carpenter, Jack Royal Jr	114	NL
Carter, Gary Thomas	152	AIR
Carty, John Thomas	314	NL
Caspari, Wilson Baden III	298	AIR
Casper, Richard Mark	160	NL
Cassara, Richard John	293	AIR
Cavey, Bruce Wesley	278	NPP
Cayia, Alfred Joseph III	354	NPP
Caylor, Edward Nelson	172	AIR
Cereghino, Philip John	94	AIR
Cerney, Gary Michael	230	AIR
Cerny, Gerald Joseph	172	AIR
Cesar, Joseph Harland	205	AIR
Chabza, Frank William	324	AIR
Chambers, Craig Arthur	147	NPP
Champagne, Lynn Michael	180	USMC
Chandler, Kim Harry	276	AIR
Chaplain, Michael James	276	NL
Chapman, Thomas Earle	106	AIR
Chappell, Donald Paul	300	USMC
Checchio, Mark	197	Air
Chestnut, Stephen Hamilton	52	NPP
Chesterman, Charles Wesley Jr	160	NL
Christal, Neil James II	139	AIR
Christensen, Frederik Holmes	313	NPP
Christensen, John Douglas	180	NL
Christian, Anthony James	220	NL
Christian, John Eric	304	NL
Cina, Frank Salvatore	73	NPP
Clark, Richard Guilford	91	NPP
Clark, William John Jr	46	NL
Clemens, Evan Alan	324	AIR
Cliburn, Wayne Eric	73	NL
Clifford, James William	105	NPP
Clites, David Philip	315	NL
Cohee, Frank Earle III	192	AIR
Cole, Jeffrey Ulric	62	USMC
Cole, Thomas Keith	20, 24	NPP
Coligan, William Ernest	305	AIR
Colli, James Edward	74	AIR
Collier, Richard Hale	142	Law School
Collins, Charles Michael	252	AIR
Condra, Mark Edward	46	USMC
Connors, James Edward Jr	205	NPP
Conrad, George Michael	94	NPP
Cook, Douglas Philip	345	AIR
Cook, Frank Emmett Jr	126	NPP
Corpin, Owen Darrell	344	AIR
Corrigan, George Cyril	276	NPP
Costello, Richard Dennis	152	AIR
Costigan, Richard Michael	333	NL
Cox, James Crawford Jr	62	NL
Cox, Stephen Anthony	315	AIR
Coyle, Theodore Alan	347	NL
Craig, Raymond Price Jr	133	AIR
Cranney, Richard Maxwell	241	NPQ
Creamer, Paul Justus	294	AIR

Crenshaw, Lewis Womack Jr	247	AIR
Crimm, Kenneth Laurance	84	AIR
Crowder, James Michael	30	NPP
Crowder, William Douglas	62	NL
Crowe, Dennis	125	AIR
Crozier, Rodney Blaine	113	AIR
Crull, Henry IV	30	NPP
Crumley, Edward Craig Jr	334	NL
Cull, Jeffrey Franz	224	AIR
Culler, Robert Duane	81	AIR
Culver, Paul Christopher	152	Law School
Culver, Richard Lee Jr	75	USMC
Curtiss, John Paul	75	NL
Cvrk, Stuart Jay	115	NL
Dambrosio, Wayne Brian	318	AIR
Danks, Paul Douglas	279	AIR
Davenport Richard William	221	USMC
Davis, Bryan Marion Jr	46	USMC
Davis, John Scott	191	AIR
Davis, Paul	61	USMC
Davis, Philip Jary	211	AIR
Davison, Dwight Oran	51	NPP
Deasaro, Louis Paul	62	AIR
Debrow, Carles Damian	125	AIR
De Goey James William	63	NPP
De Greeff, Raymond Lawrence Jr	252	NL
Demetropolis, George John Jr	107	NL
Deppe, James Frank	180	NL
Derrick, Emory Joseph	354	NPP
Derrick, Jerry Floyd	266	AIR
Diamond, Steven Jay	133	NPP
Diaz, Jose Arnaldo	197	AIR
Diehl, Albert James III	252	USMC
Dietrich, John Scott	212	NPP
Dietrich, Rolf Adam	212	NPP
Differding, Gregory Allen	194	AIR
Dilley, Kevin Legrand	194	AIR
Dion, Thomas Clifford	266	NPP
Donahue, Raymond Patrick Jr	134	AIR
Donnelly, William James	354	NL
Donlon, Michael Patrick	362	NL
Donoghue, Daniel Richard	55	AIR
Donovan, Michael Richard	268	NL
Donovan, Walter Joseph Jr	129	AIR
Dotson, Leslie Alan	20, 24	NPP
Doubleday, Edward Charles	152	NPP
Dow, Michael John	205	AIR
Driscoll, Daniel Aloysius Jr	325	USMC
Duer, Leslie Frank	20, 24	USMC
Duhamel, David Paul	304	AIR
Dunham, Wayne Harold	297	AIR
Dunn, John Francis	142	AIR
Dunn, Kenneth Duwayne	358	USMC
Dunn, Robert Patrick	179	NPP
Dupouy, Douglas Kent	141	AIR
Duras, Gregory John	107	NL
Eads, John William	241	AIR
Easley, Preston Warham Jr	337	NL
Ebersole, Michael John	364	AIR
Eckert, Christopher Charles	88	NPP
Edkins, William David	63	NPP
Edwards, Stephen Bruce	75	USMC
Eikermann, Douglas Ralph	222	NL
Elger, Wallace Michael	134	NL
Ellis, William Richard	287	AIR
Ellsworth, Gregory Charles	194	AIR
Endacott, Steven Mark	20, 24	AIR
England, Dennis James	318	AIR
Epstein, Kenneth Benjamin	152	AIR
Erikson, Lawrence Eugene	253	NL
Etter, John Alan	270	AIR
Eustace, George Neil	231	CEC
Evans, David Lloyd	75	NL
Evans, Thomas Joseph	355	USMC
Evans, Timothy Scott	248	AIR
Ewing, David Edward	213	AIR
Falkenstein, Marc Andrew	335	NL
Fataeas, Stefan John	116	AIR
Feaster, Thomas Kenneth	355	AIR
Feig, William Robert	355	AIR
Fenzl, David Paul	279	AIR
Fessler, Charles Burdell Jr	42	AIR
Fiebig, Victor Raymond	161	NPP
Filz, David Bruce	206	NL
Finn, Walter David	105	AIR
Firks, Steven Franklin	345	AIR
Fischer, David Charles	326	NPP
Fitzpatrick, Brian David	325	AIR
Fitzsimonds, James Russell	125	NL
Flannery, Kevin Lee	36	AIR
Fleming, Donald Gordon	264	AIR
Fogler, William Earl	129	AIR
Foltyn, Robert William	348	USMC
Fort, Jeffrey Edward	34	NL
Foster, Douglas Kemp	102	AIR
Foster, Richard Preston	134	AIR
Fox, Roger Dickerman	356	AIR
Franklin, John Mark	76	AIR
Frazier, Robert Leo	315	AIR
Freeman, James Walter	154	AIR
Fretwell, Burlington Alexander Jr	211	AIR
Frost, Mark Douglas	253	AIR
Fry, James Thomas	84	NPP
Gagalis, James George	40	AIR
Gallo, James John	230	AIR
Gandenberger, Donald Joseph	303	NPP
Garfield, Rodney Allen	347	AIR
Garnett, Lloyd Moss	239	NL
Gatewood, John Daniel	231	NL
Gazzolo, Victor John	172	AIR
George, Stephan Paul II	222	NPP
Giancatarino, Anthony David	307	NPP
Gibbs, James David	161	NPP
Gilbert, Timothy Ray	107	NL
Gilmore, Gregory Charles	166	AIR
Gilmore, Stephen Douglas	178	AIR
Gilroy, Michael Lawrence	180	AIR
Glenn, James Greene Jr	135	NL
Glenny, Allen Richard	195	AIR
Glesser, Thomas Holton	203	AIR
Glover, Thomas Franklin	40	AIR
Goddard, Claude Philip Jr	305	Res. LINE
Goins, Larry Keith	232	NL
Gombo, Johnie	52	USMC
Goodman, Thomas Charles	90	NL
Gorder, Timothy York	336	AIR
Gordon, Richard Eric	40	NL
Goulette, David Arthur	307	AIR
Grace, James Anderson	316	NL
Graf, Gary Lynn	275	NPP

ZE SMOOTH BORE GUN, NAMED
PTUNO
STATES NAVY FROM THE
HUA IN 1847

Graham, James Frank....221....NPP
Graupmann, Gary James....76....NPP
Greene, David Lavern....220....AIR
Greene, Jeffrey David....135....Supply Corp
Grey, Richard Jay....20, 24....AIR
Griffin, Bruce William....220....NPP
Griffin, John Joseph Jr....210....NPP
Griffith, John Carroll....108....NPP
Groh, Gary Edward....232....NPP
Gross, Carl John....86....AIR
Grote, Thomas Alan....55....NL
Guido, Anthony Salvatore....91....AIR
Gunkle, Florian Joseph Jr....214....NL
Hagerling, Donald Woodford....95....AIR
Hahndorf, Fred Robert....116....AIR
Halbreiner, Carl Michael....97....NPP
Hall, William Allan....346....NL
Hall, William Eugene....296....NL
Hallenbeck, Mark Arthur....175....AIR
Hallowell, Paul Evan Jr....250....AIR
Haltiwanger, Rufus Daley III....63....NL
Hamel, Steven Robert....66....AIR
Hampton, Leonard Paul....116....NPP
Hampton, Roy David....284....NPP
Handlan, Mark Jerome....149....AIR
Haney, Patrick Michael....85....NL
Hardesty, David Lee....221....AIR
Harnden, Willard Joe Jr....30....NPP
Harris, John Joseph....108....NPP
Harris, Ward Lee Jr....76....NL
Harris, William Mechiel....54....USMC
Harrison, John Edward....66....NPP
Hartman, Robert Lee....206....AIR
Harvard, William Davis....356....NL
Harvey, Lawrence Michael....258....AIR
Harwood, Theodore Leonard II....161....AIR
Hassinger, Jack Phelps Jr....254....AIR
Hassler, Albert McKell II....324....AIR
Hause, Herbert Ralph....317....NL
Hayes, Edwin James....284....AIR
Hayes, Richard Davis....172....Supply Corp
Hazlett, James Arling....277....NL
Hazzan, Michael Joseph....285....NPP
Heinzman, William Earle II....66....USMC
Hendricks, Stephen Kent....21, 24....NPP
Hendrickson, Charles Raymond....178....NL
Herther, David Ray....232....NPP
Hickcox, Richard Cullen....136....AIR
Higbee, John Joseph....277....NPP
Higginbotham, David Franklin....126....Supply Corp
High, Warren Michael....338....NL
Hikade, Christopher Robert....350....AIR
Hill, Howard Edwin....126....USMC
Hill, Stephen Warren....336....AIR
Himes, Stephen Jonathan....154....AIR
Hines, Gary Alan....363....AIR
Ho, Winston Baldwin....303 .Foreign National
Hodges, Donald Ricky....325....AIR
Hoffman, Donald Frederick....117....AIR
Hogan, Robert James II....250....NPP
Holden, Cornelius Ford Jr....166....NPP
Holt, Robert Lewis....280....AIR
Holton, Michael Anthony....270....AIR
Holzmer, Mark Mathew....289....NPP

Hood, John MacPherson	240	NPP
Horrigan, Thomas Robert	259	AIR
Houston, Paul Kenneth	194	NL
Howard, Daniel Patrick	89	AIR
Howard, Dee Hart	206	AIR
Howell, Terry Alan	98	NL
Hribar, Herbert Ronald	213	CEC
Hubitsky, John Mark	363	NL
Hughes, Jack Loren	39	USMC
Humenansky, David Fowler	96	NPP
Humphreys, Charles Edward	233	NPP
Hunter, Harlan Gregory	30	NL
Hurst, Gregory Alan	254	AIR
Huston, Kenneth Ray Jr	45	AIR
Hutcherson, Charles William Jr	21, 24	USMC
Hutchison, Ernest Lee III	127	AIR
Hyett, Larry Francis	233	AIR
Igyarto, David Paul	303	NPP
Ingraham, Donald Steven	222	NPP
Iovanna, Joseph John	277	NL
Jacobson, David Lee	214	USMC
Jaeger, Gary Michael	310	NPP
James, Brent Snyder	224	AIR
Jan, Kolin Marc	86	AIR
Jarosz, Martin James	258	AIR
Jasper, Stephen Charles	77	AIR
Jenkins, George DuBois	327	AIR
Jennings, Thomas Mitchell	363	AIR
Jensen, Richard John	154	AIR
Johns, Ronald Emile	356	NPP
Johnson, David Alan	127	NL
Johnson, James Leslie	142	AIR
Johnson, Mark Kenneth	77	USMC
Johnson, Richard William	280	AIR
Johnson, Steven Kenneth	89	NPP
Johnson, Timothy Adrian	163	USMC
Jolly, Ernest Leon	66	NL
Jones, Allan Roper	213	NL
Jones, David Henry Jr	147	AIR
Jones, Houston Keith	259	NPP
Jones, Robert Bingham	294	AIR
Jones, Troy Homer III	53	AIR
Juul, Kenneth Horton	195	AIR
Kailey, Richard Franklin	117	AIR
Kane, Stephan Patrick	163	NPP
Karalis, Darius Chester	234	AIR
Karson, Randall Francis	295	NL
Kaskie, David Joseph	108	NPP
Kelley, Kevin Joseph	54	NPP
Kelly, James Michael	336	AIR
Kennedy, Reed Barron	30	NL
Kenyon, Kevin Bruce	67	AIR
Kernan, Robert Furey	309	AIR
Keville, Michael Thomas	31	NL
King, Gregory Stuart	67	USMC
King, Michael Rogers	309	NPP
Kirk, Forrest Larue	127	NL
Klein, Christopher Kennedy	357	Restricted Line
Kleshefsky, Warren Daniel	97	NL
Koch, David Louis	173	AIR
Koch, Glenn Flagg	86	USMC
Koenig, Larry Donn	249	USMC
Kohler, Gary Anthony	347	AIR
Kokosinski, Mark Edward	173	NL
Kollmorgen, Leland Stanford Jr	258	AIR
Komraus, David Kenneth	268	NL
Kophamer, Maurice Scott	148	AIR
Korson, George Wencil	147	AIR
Kovacs, Gary Ernest	288	NPP
Kowalsky, Michael Arthur	141	AIR
Kozikowski, Raymond Thomas Jr	357	AIR
Kramer, James Randall	339	USMC
Kramer, Jeffrey Ned	21, 24	USMC
Kranz, Jeffrey Martin	96	AIR
Kranz, Richard John III	364	AIR
Krug, Andrew Clarence	215	AIR
Krummel, Terry Wayne	260	USMC
Kuhlmeier, Theodore Anthony	45	USMC
Kupresin, Sam Henry	22	AIR
Kushner, Peter Michael	364	AIR
Kutzer, John Francis	268	NPP
Kvamme, James Craig	53	NPP
Labarre, Stephen George	299	AIR
Lahneman, William James	40	NPP
Lalonde, Tarry Michael	216	NL
Lambert, Christopher Lange	260	Spec. Warfare
Landry, Stephen Thomas	326	NL
Lane, Henry Carroll Jr	135	AIR
Langerman, Mark Merlin	22, 24	AIR
Langfitt, David Vernon	67	NL
Larson, Robert Dean	214	USMC
La Turno, Thomas Warren	286	AIR
Laws, Richard Douglas	337	NL
Lawton, Donald Marvin	53	AIR
Leary, James Marcellus	360	NL
Lee, William Harvey	163	NPP
Legg, Max Eugene	86	NL
Leitch, Scott Edward	165	USMC
Leon, David George	261	AIR
Leonard, Ralph Royden Jr	164	AIR
Lerchbacker, Alan Bernard	217	AIR
Lersch, John Henry	345	AIR
Leslie, Spencer Kirby	88	AIR
Lester, David Lee	365	NPP
Leupold, Gary Clark	56	USMC
Lewis, Bruce Lee	30	NL
Liggio, Jeffrey Michael	79	AIR
Lipinski, David Ralph	346	NPP
Little, Michael Eugene	113	NL
Little, Tommy Don	68	AIR
Lodge, William Kenneth	281	AIR
Loerch, Harold Joseph Jr	364	AIR
Loren, Donald Patrick	264	NPP
Lores, Michael Joseph	207	USMC
Lowe, Todd Davis	334	NL
Lowman, Bruce Dorn	174	Supply Corp
Lozier, Thomas Gerard	208	Supply Corp
Luketich, Thomas Matthew	45	NL
Lund, Jon David	191	AIR
Lyon, Michael Norman	68	Spec. Warfare
Lyons, James Edward	288	NPP
Lyons, James Edward	55	NPP
MacGovern, Robert Newton Jr	128	NL
MacMurray, Christopher	79	NPP
MacSwain, John Patrick	56	NL
Maddix, Chris Lewis	325	AIR
Madrid, Ronnie Robert	57	USMC
Maher, John Barrett	154	AIR
Mahon, John Frederick	68	NL
Malec, Ronald Stanley	174	AIR

Mallory, James Anthony	182	AIR
Manley, Clovis Elmer	97	NPP
Mann, Rick William	102	NPP
Marckesano, John Edward	182	AIR
Marino, Anthony Ralph	261	AIR
Marr, Kenneth William	109	AIR
Marra, David Louis	268	AIR
Marshburn, Robert White	182	AIR
Martin, Charles David	86	NL
Martin, Kyle Everett	270	AIR
Marusa, Daniel Fred	71	AIR
Mason, Donald Robert	22, 24	NL
Mason, Jon Donavon	98	Med School
Mason, William Robert	105	NL
Masterson, William Beall	57	NPP
Matheny, Allen Lynn	365	NPP
Mawson, John III	56	AIR
May, Leonard Joseph	242	NL
Mayo, William Dwight	335	NL
Mays, Daniel Patrick	117	NL
Mays, Steven Edward	234	NPP
McAliley, John Richard III	270	AIR
McBrayer, Kenneth Miles	262	NL
McBride, Robert Michael	141	AIR
McBride, William Michael	154	NL
McCabe, Robert Emmett III	174	NL
McCaffrey, John Joseph Jr	243	NPP
McCaughin, Daniel Charles	186	NL
McCauley, Kim Christopher	224	AIR
McClellan, Thomas Robert	336	AIR
McCollum, William Earl Jr	115	AIR
McDermott, Mark Lawrence	326	AIR
McEvoy, Roger Hoyt	103	AIR
McGhee, Ralph Lake Jr	32	NL
McGraw, John Arthur II	317	Spec. Warfare
McIlrath, Patrick Kelly	36	NL
McKay, Patrick James	305	USMC
McMillan, Harry Benjamin	182	NPP
McMillin, Robert Edward	340	AIR
McMonagle, Michael Joseph	348	NPP
McMullen, Thomas Bennet Jr	31	NPP
McNallen, Patrick William	136	Supply Corp
McQueen, Roderick Mclemore	130	AIR
Meaney, Patrick James	326	AIR
Mearsheimer, Thomas Joseph Jr	154	AIR
Meck, Karl Warren	337	NL
Mendehall, Richard Ray	40	NPP
Mendonsa, Arthur Adonel Jr	98	NPP
Mercer, Keith Anthony	99	AIR
Merrill, Gary Lee	317	NPP
Merrill, John Christian	168	AIR
Metskas, Michael Arthur	128	NL
Meyer, John Carl	316	NL
Meyers, Benjamin Charles Jr	164	NL
Meyers, Stanley Herbert Jr	59	NPP
Meyers, Timothy Albert	22, 24	AIR
Middleton, Steven Travis	289	AIR
Mikal, Randy Andrew	347	NL
Mildenstein, Boyd Allen	313	NPP
Miletich, Charles Anthony	347	NPP
Miller, Edward Mason	313	AIR
Miller, James John	268	AIR
Miller, Michael Harold	242	AIR
Miller, Richard Lee	215	AIR
Miller, Robert Lee Jr	309	NL
Miller, Stanley Vaughn	223	NL
Milligan, Mark Allen	307	USMC
Milliken, Logan George	298	NL
Mills, Dennis Alan	41	NL
Minor, Thomas Edward	109	USMC
Mitchell, John Walter Jr	216	USMC
Mixon, Ted Randall	162	AIR
Mizner, Jack Harry Jr	287	NL
Moe, Christopher Michael	229	AIR
Mohr, James Martin	198	NL
Molloy, William Dennis Jr	234	AIR
Monmaney, Scott Richard	118	AIR
Montgomery, Donald	119	NL
Mooney, Mark Emerson	137	USMC
Moore, Bradford Lee	338	NPP
Moore, William Jarmuth	307	NL
Mora, Michael Joseph	223	AIR
Moran, James Kevin	357	AIR
Moran, Michael Wilder	223	AIR
Morgan, Kevin Paul	48	AIR
Morris, Louis Field	366	AIR
Morris, William Lee	164	USMC
Morse, Thomas Richard	366	NPP
Morton, Barry Byron	177	NL
Mothershead, Jerry Lynn	358	AIR
Moye, William Cannon	23, 24	NL
Mudge, Joseph Krist Jr	134	AIR
Muesing, William Edwin	109	NL
Mukri, Kevin Marc	369	AIR
Mulder, Terry Alan	174	NPP
Munns, Larry John	350	AIR
Murdoch, John Greig Jr	242	AIR
Murphy, Patrick William	136	AIR
Murphy, William Francis III	268	NPP
Myers, Paul Michael	22, 24	NPP

Nadel, Marshall	32	NPP
Nadolski, Joseph Adam	244	AIR
Naeger, Henri William Jr	361	NL
Nagelin, Thomas Frederick Jr	207	AIR
Navarro, Richard	176	AIR
Nebbia, Karl Bruce	281	USMC
Nelson, William Lloyd	137	CEC
Netzer, Henry Joseph	149	NPP
Neumann, John Francis	32	NL
Nichols, Scott George	279	NL
Niflis, Andrew Pete	77	USMC
Nigon, Christopher Scott	338	NL
Noonan, James Raymond	335	AIR
Norbury, Michael Anthony Jr	78	NPP
Normand, Paul Emile	299	NPP
Nostrant, Keith Raymond	86	AIR
Nuttall, Joseph Gregory	142	AIR
Obrien, Jeffrey Michael	34	AIR
Obrien, Kevin George	80	NL
Odegaard, John Edward	78	NPP
Offer, Derek Francis	306	AIR
Olson, Larry Allan	87	NL
Olson, Michael Paul	365	Supply Corp
Omara, David Logan Jr	366	AIR
ONeill, David Brian	358	AIR
Oyster, David Kent	96	NL
Paczan, Michael William	348	NPP
Pallais, Enrique Jose	143	Foreign National
Parham, William Lynn Jr	308	AIR
Parkington, Richard James	119	AIR
Patterson, Donald Mayo	48	AIR
Patterson, George Gordon	305	USMC
Pattillo, David Douglas	32	AIR
Payne, Robert Allan	316	AIR
Pearsall, Gregory Howard	99	NL
Pearson, Marc Pierre	229	NPP
Peecock, Scott Thomas	61	NPP
Pembrooke, Peter Michael	235	AIR
Pennell, Robert Anderson	215	NL
Perrien, Christopher Ridgely	245	NL
Peskuric, John George	32	AIR
Petersen, Harry Jeffrey	119	NPP
Petersen, Mark Dean	327	NPP
Petrie, Frederic Andrew III	339	AIR
Phelan, John Joseph	259	NL
Phelps, Anthony Foley	339	USMC
Phillips, Mark Allen	39	AIR
Phillips, Michael Ray	244	NL
Pierzchalski, Lawrence James	176	NPP
Pinkel, Jeffrey Edward	87	AIR
Pinkl, Thomas James	340	AIR
Pisel, Kenneth Phillip Jr	39	AIR
Pitman, Dwight Walter	74	AIR
Place, Scott Thomas	80	AIR
Plasket, Mark Miller	327	NL
Plush, Richard Hamilton	328	AIR
Polefrone, Phillip Mark	58	NPP
Polkowsky, Ronald Leon	140	AIR
Powe, Howard Richard	296	NL
Powley, Curtis Nelson	234	NPP
Pranke, Dane Mason	68	AIR
Price, John Michael	182	AIR
Primm, Carles Eldridge	319	AIR
Proal, William Sumner	118	NL
Pruss, Thomas Albert	351	AIR
Pugh, Dale Henry	278	USMC
Purser, Guy Ronald	225	AIR
Pyell, Richard Kent	175	AIR
Quaranto, Robert Joseph	348	NL
Quinn, James Joseph	297	AIR
Rabe, Brian John	110	NPP
Racette, William Anthony Jr	42	AIR
Rahn, Ronald Robert	369	AIR
Rasin, Steven Emile	367	AIR
Rasmussen, Evan Richards	272	Supply Corps
Rastok, Timothy John	203	AIR
Rathbone, Thomas Myers	281	NL
Ratts, James Rinehart	263	AIR
Rau, Douglas Harris	90	Spec. Warfare
Readdy, William Francis	328	AIR
Reader, John Vincent	288	AIR
Reed, Robert Marston	329	USMC
Reehm, Robert Daniel	58	NPP
Reese, Franklin Timothy	272	AIR
Reid, Paul Arthur	235	NL
Repp, Robert Cecil	304	AIR
Reynolds, Hobson	144	AIR
Ricci, Michael Anthony	100	NL
Richard, Victor Harold	110	NPP
Richer, Pierre Joseph	177	AIR
Richner, Charles Harrison Jr	318	AIR
Ricketts, Gary Abbot	193	AIR
Riemer, James Duncan	47	USMC
Rien, Lawrence George	83	AIR
Rigazio, Richard Charles	58	NPP
Ripley, James Morris Jr	226	AIR
Rivandeneira, Mario Fernando	207	Foreign National
Rizzo, Anthony Joseph Jr	217	NPP
Robb, Joel Alexander	320	NPP
Roberts, James Gary	297	AIR
Robinson, Charles	23, 24	USMC
Rogerson, William Tunstall Jr	110	NPP
Rollins, Paul Allen	175	AIR
Rondorf, Neil Eugene	311	NPP
Rowan, Christopher John	330	USMC
Rowland, Dana Wells	310	NL
Rowley, Francis Edward	217	NL
Rucks, James Lowell	100	USMC
Rudd, Jerry Alan	182	NPP
Ruehlmann, David Samuel	36	NL
Ruppert, Joseph Murray Jr	120	NL
Rutknowski, Edward Joseph Jr	358	NPP
Ryder, Michael Andrew	42	NPP
Saba, David Lee	176	AIR
Salerni, Paul Larry	90	Spec. Warfare
Sams, Rodney Louis	345	NL
Sanderson, Steven Glenn	139	NL
Sanford, David Allen	188	AIR
Santi, Gary Stephen	24, 26	AIR
Santos, Robert Martin	69	NL
Sargent, Terry Randolph	24, 26, 184	NL
Savage, Rodney Wells	227	Med. School
Sawyer, Lloyd Merrill Jr	229	Restricted Line
Sawyer, Mark Anthony	184	AIR
Scherrer, John Cameron	236	AIR
Schilling, Dean Walter	113	AIR
Schindler, Ralph Lee	184	NL
Schlabaugh, Terry Edward	120	AIR
Schmidt, Ross Alan	236	USMC
Schndor, Robert Timothy	309	AIR

Schofield, Larry William ... 349 ... AIR
Schorn, David Michael ... 48 ... NL
Schreiber, James Edward ... 236 ... AIR
Schrock, Gerard Paul ... 167 ... NL
Schuller, Jeffrey Gordon ... 272 ... AIR
Schultz, Kelly Forrest ... 208 ... AIR
Schumacher, Stephen Edward ... 48 ... NPP
Scofield, Dane Thorp ... 167 ... AIR
Scontras, Andrew Peter ... 91 ... AIR
Scott, George Joseph III ... 367 ... NL
Scott, John Berryman Jr ... 299 ... NL
Seftas, George Randall ... 298 ... AIR
Selman, James Derward III ... 279 ... AIR
Semmes, Granville Martin III ... 346 ... AIR
Semple, Frank Monroe ... 293 ... NPP
Serfass, Paul Theodore Jr ... 196 ... AIR
Sergeant, John Winthrop ... 26 ... USMC
Sestak, Joseph Ambrose Jr ... 149 ... NL
Sharpe, David Alan ... 245 ... NL
Sharratt, Charles Raymond ... 198 ... NPP
Sheehan, John Joseph III ... 320 ... AIR
Sherland, Peter Winston ... 100 ... NPP
Sherman, Douglas Roland Jr ... 208 ... AIR
Shigley, Stephen Donald ... 138 ... USMC
Shive, John Charles ... 59 ... NL
Short, Francis Richard ... 32 ... USMC
Showalter, Kenneth Ross ... 111 ... AIR
Showers, Arthur Voss ... 272 ... AIR
Silakoski, Anthony Frank ... 285 ... NPP
Smith, Craig Alan ... 88 ... AIR
Smith, Duane Alan ... 255 ... USMC
Smith, Herschel Atticus III ... 130 ... AIR
Smith, Jay Gregson ... 198 ... AIR
Smith, Jerry Keith ... 139 ... AIR
Smith, Mark Steven ... 328 ... AIR
Smith, Nathan Edward ... 203 ... AIR
Smith, Robert Curts III ... 184 ... NL
Smith, Roderick Falter ... 237 ... NL
Smith, Roger Edward ... 285 ... NPP
Smith, Shawn Matthew ... 270 ... AIR
Smith, Steven Ware ... 367 ... AIR
Smyth, William John ... 143 ... AIR
Snook, William Vincent ... 319 ... AIR
Snyder, Duane Lynn ... 83 ... NPP
Sobeck, Gerald Robert ... 156 ... AIR
Solger, Michael James ... 290 ... AIR
Sophy, Paul Royce Jr ... 42 ... AIR
Spickett, David Lee Jr ... 349 ... AIR
Spies, Harry Christian ... 165 ... USMC
Stachelczyk, Gregory Joseph ... 168 ... AIR
Stahl, Hugh Randolph ... 184 ... NL
Standridge, Elmer Lawrence Jr ... 169 ... AIR
Stanley, Marc Thomas ... 162 ... NL
Staudt, Thomas Peter ... 16. 24. 26 ... AIR
Steele, Daniel Jenson ... 31 ... NPP
Steiner, Edward Francis ... 252 ... AIR
Stejskal, Randall Scott ... 156 ... AIR
Stell, Donald Earl ... 290 ... AIR
Stengle, Robert George ... 165 ... NPP
Stenovec, Gerald Michael ... 69 ... AIR
Stephan, Bradley Arthur ... 359 ... USMC
Stephens, John Russell ... 340 ... NPP
Stevens, James Stirling ... 111 ... NPP
Stevens, John Williams ... 328 ... NL
Steward, Daniel Nicholas ... 290 ... NPP
Stewart, Jeb Eric Butler ... 26 ... USMC
Stith, Scott Chandler ... 266 ... USMC
Stocknick, Walter Anthony Jr ... 320 ... AIR
Stone, David Malcolm ... 68 ... NL
Stone, Vincent Courtney ... 318 ... NPP
Storey, William Aquinas ... 255 ... AIR
Story, Hugh Goodman Jr ... 144 ... AIR
Stumpf, Robert Elmer ... 368 ... AIR
Sturdy, John Thomas ... 101 ... NPP
Stuvek, Fred Louis Jr ... 268 ... NL
Sullivan, Mark Dale ... 184 ... AIR
Sullivan, Patrick Joseph ... 42 ... NPP
Sullivan, Paul Edward ... 245 ... NL
Supko, Timothy James ... 177 ... AIR
Swailes, Don Walter ... 74 ... NL
Swain, Claude Dean ... 349 ... AIR
Swanson, Thomas Kirk ... 227 ... AIR
Sweeney, Joseph Eugene Jr ... 329 ... AIR
Sweeney, Mark James ... 216 ... AIR
Sweigart, Frank ... 130 ... AIR
Syer, Harry William Jr ... 186 ... NL
Szafran, Clifford Edward ... 264 ... NL
Talbott, William Dyer Jr ... 18, 24, 27 ... USMC
Tate, John Dennis ... 237 ... AIR
Taylor, Robert Joseph ... 143 ... AIR
Teixeira, John Gordon ... 319 ... AIR
Teply, David Rogers ... 263 ... NL
Terpstra, Richard Paul ... 136 ... NPP
Thomas, Robert Boyce Jr ... 300 ... NL
Thome, Robert Walter ... 48 ... AIR
Thorn, John Thomas Jr ... 237 ... AIR
Thornton, Wayne Allen ... 209 ... NL
Thrash, Gary Douglas ... 137 ... USMC
Thrasher, Robert Glenn ... 156 ... Cryptology
Tiffany, Thomas Albert ... 262 ... AIR
Timmes, Christopher James ... 287 ... AIR
Tomlinson, Donald Hughes ... 138 ... NL
Topolewski, David Robert ... 321 ... NL
Treichel, Thomas Albert ... 145 ... NPP
Treppendahl, Marshall David Jr ... 46 ... NL
Tromba, John Michael ... 359 ... AIR
Trosclair, Cecil Anthony Jr ... 27 ... NL
Trotter, James Sheldon ... 310 ... NPP
Truc, Tran Minh ... 361 . Foreign National
Turner, Larry Carlos ... 199 ... AIR

Turner, Michael Irving ..... 329 ..... NL
Tyler, Bruce Douglas ..... 243 ..... NL
Valdez, Arnulfo III ..... 289 ..... AIR
Van Loan Lawrence Russell ..... 257 ..... USMC
Venuto, Peter Joseph Jr ..... 291 ..... NL
Ver Schure, Robert Mark ..... 131 ..... AIR
Vidal, Dean Alexander ..... 340 ..... NL
Villnow, Donald Dean ..... 88 ..... AIR
Vint, Robert Dale ..... 156 ..... AIR
Virtue, Christopher Frederick ..... 334 ..... NL
Viverito, Richard Vincent ..... 349 ..... NL
Vizzier, Richard Morris ..... 186 ..... Supply Corps
Vogel, David Joe ..... 51 ..... NPP
Voorhies, Wiley Joseph ..... 193 ..... AIR
Wachendorf, Miles Benton ..... 18, 24, 27 ..... NPP
Wagner, Donald James ..... 242 ..... USMC
Wagner, Ronald Earl ..... 227 ..... AIR
Wahl, Michael Jay ..... 301 ..... AIR
Waickwicz, John James ..... 263 ..... AIR
Waller, Edward Carson Jr ..... 252 ..... AIR
Walsh, John Louis II ..... 145 ..... AIR
Walsh, William Aloysius ..... 291 ..... NL
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